The Saturday Evening
POST
April 14, 1956 — 15¢

APR 1 0 '56

The Stirring Drama
of the Quick, the Dead and the Insane
in One of the World's Great Hospitals

MY LIFE IN BELLEVUE

By DR. SALVATORE CUTOLO

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Floor is Armstrong Corkstyle* Excelon Tile, Style Nos. 798 and 799.

the living room that moved to the garden

As a family grows bigger, the living room often seems to grow smaller. This is especially true if a corner of it serves as your dining room. Here, the space problem was solved by turning the old living room into an honest-to-goodness dining room and building a lovely new living room in the garden—right by the back steps. It makes an ideal family living room, with that big window and the striking plastic floor of Armstrong Excelon Tile that looks just like natural cork. You'll be surprised to hear that this luxurious floor is actually one of the most inexpensive floors you can buy. And you can easily put it down yourself, if you wish. But before you rush out to buy Armstrong Excelon Tile, here's a word of warning. It's so delightfully easy to clean that you probably won't be satisfied until you have it all through the house—and you can, for you'll find styles and colors to suit every room . . . in Armstrong Excelon Tile, the modern fashion in low-cost floors.

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"PEOPLE are the Greatest Invention Yet"

Visitor to Telephone Company exhibit says: "The man of the house came out with a new reverence for engineering. I came out with a new reverence for people."

"We went to the Telephone Company's Open House," writes Evadne Scott Beebe in the Zion-Benton News, "and saw the electronic brain playing tick-tack-toe. My husband was enthralled with the performance but I was watching the deft, well-groomed hands of the woman displaying the machine. She wore a wedding ring and I wondered about her home and family.

"After we listened to her little speech we went to a man in a brown business suit who told us how telephone bills are made out. Then a clear-eyed young woman operated the machine for us. To be sure, it was an amazing gimmick, but not nearly so attractive as the girl who handled it so well.

"Outside we stopped by a truck with an 'earth auger' and other modern attachments. Explaining their uses was a big, jovial lineman.

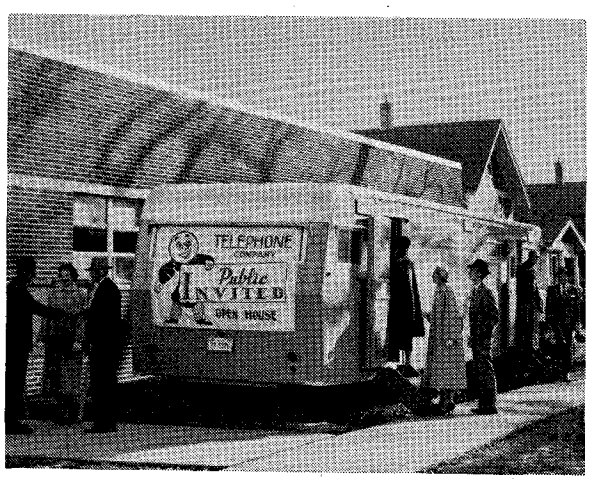
"While we listened to an account of how fast the auger could dig a hole, I was looking at the man and thinking that here was the typical lineman, strong, alert, capable and kindly, a person who, in times of disaster, becomes a kind of unsung hero.

"My husband said, 'This is what I want to see,' as we went into the equipment building. Here we saw switches and relays, ringing machines, countless colored wires in patterns like quilt blocks, and listened to technical explanations.

"That is, my husband listened. I watched the men as they talked so intelligently and wondered where they live, who cooks their meals and irons their shirts, what their problems are, and if they were ever in love."

EVADNE SCOTT BEEBE, *Zion-Benton (Ill.) News*

INTERESTED VISITORS — Pat Haan, a telephone accounting clerk, explains billing machine to Mrs. Beebe and her husband. "I was so impressed with everything I saw," says Mrs. Beebe, "that I went right home and wrote a piece for our local newspaper." It's so human and friendly that we are reprinting it here.



MANY OTHER EXHIBITS. In addition to Open Houses at telephone companies, there are many other occasions and places where the story of the telephone is brought to you. These include fairs, lectures, moving pictures and traveling exhibits. Everyone is welcome. Bring the children, too.

There is, indeed, a lot of wonderful equipment in telephone service. But it takes more than 740,000 Bell System men and women to bring it into being and make it work. And because more people are making more use of their telephones, the number of employees is growing all the time.

"People," as Mrs. Beebe points out, "are the greatest invention yet" in the telephone business.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Protect your eyes from glare when you drive. You'll find that you can stay more relaxed and fresher.

Be sure the next car you buy has a windshield of E-Z-Eye Safety Plate Glass with the shaded neutral blue band. You can have it in Buicks, Cadillacs, Chevrolets, Oldsmobiles, Pontiacs and Packards. It's worth far more than the little bit extra it costs.

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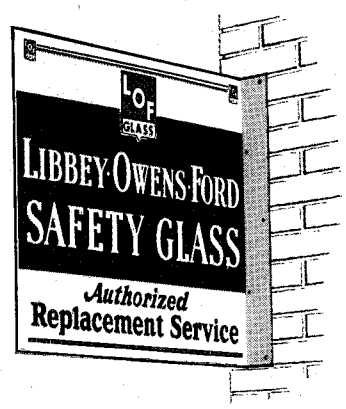

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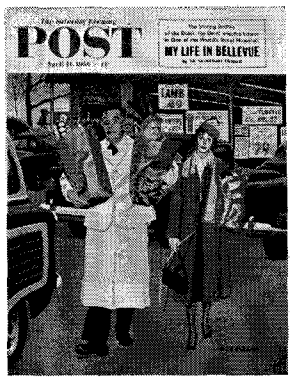

THE COVER

The Indian wars are over, and the miniature brave won. He was outnumbered, but the narrow trails and tin-can canyons of a superduper market provide easy escape from ambush, and the peace negotiations resulted just fine for little Chief Fiend-in-the-Face. The Chief did not have a steel-pointed arrow for his bow; so it is not sticking in that white man's back and doesn't account for his pain-in-the-face. The arrow, which had a suction cup, is in the store, sticking to a ham. Will the white man pinch the bag by mistake when he sets it down? And will the squaw ever get her headdress unbent? Dick Sargent, to assure realism in his art, borrowed a little boy to prove that one could be put in a paper bag. He let the boy's father do it, to assure that he himself would not get scalped.

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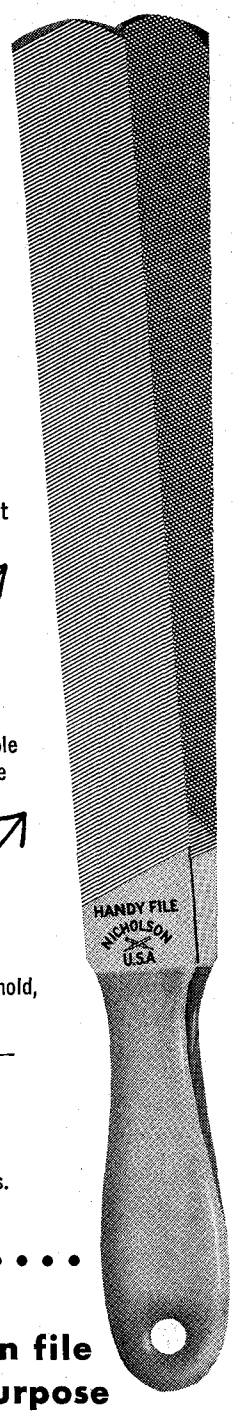

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HOUSE PAINT

Letters

Exotic Chow

Dear Sirs:

I have just read that fascinating, intriguing story of Joseph Alsop's entitled MY ADVENTURES IN EATING [March 10] with its colorful and appetizing illustrations. And now I will order a T-bone steak, medium rare, with mashed potatoes and apple pie.

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

In his otherwise delightful article on adventurous eating, Mr. Alsop advises us to remember that terrapin Maryland, "our own most precious dish," is also made of an amphibian. The terrapin, a sensitive chap, is offended, as he is a reptile of the great Family Testudinidae (those with a hard shell, or "test"). Evolutionwise, the reptile is in a higher income-tax bracket than the amphibian, and tortoises everywhere may resent this error.

WILLIAM M. MASTERS
Pullman, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Alsop is thrilling as far as he goes. But has he never tried chickadees fried with the feathers on in yak butter and garnished with the tender leaves of skunk cabbage—each leaf holding a large raw grasshopper stuffed with pimento? He

hasn't lived. Then, too, there are marinated chunks of rhinoceros tail, covered with chocolate sauce and sprinkled with horseradish and shredded coconut. And poached butterflies' brains on toast. . . .

ROY FRASER
Sackville, New Brunswick

Dear Sirs:

After seeing the piddly, revulsive, pebbly or mucilaginous mess that Joseph Alsop likes to eat, I now know why his column is often so wrong in its prognostications. . . .

GERALD N. WINN
Chicago, Ill.

Helen Keller in Japan

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for [THE DAY HELEN KELLER CAME TO TOKYO, by Laurence Critchell, Feb. 25] . . .

Thank you for the sad feeling, for the happy feeling and for the feeling it gave me that somehow, fundamentally and spiritually, all's well with the world. With patience, understanding and time, the decent people of the Universe will do the rest.

MRS. CLAIRE J. STAPLES
Thousand Palms, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Congratulations and more congratulations on the article. . . . It is a light in a world that has need of light. . . .

GRACE ADSIT
Manawa, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

. . . One of the most beautiful, inspiring accounts I have ever read. . . .

LARRY WOLF
Hazel Park, Mich.

Beethoven

Dear Sirs:

I have never read anything more fantastically ridiculous than the editorial BEETHOVEN WASN'T A "PEOPLE'S COMPOSER" by Felix Wittmer, Feb. 25. . . .

Beethoven's torture when playing a spinet he couldn't even hear is evidently beyond Mr. Wittmer's conception. He makes no mention of the composer's lack of money, which, coupled with his deafness and the difficulty, then, of assembling an adequate symphonic ensemble, explains a good deal of his irascibility, aside from the obvious: composing is hard, painful labor, seldom pleasurable even under ideal conditions. . . .

HARRY FILLER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Those who have read this, as it seems to me, spurious misrepresentation . . . should ponder now on Beethoven's own words: "O you men who believe that I am malevolent, stubborn or misanthropic, how greatly you wrong me. . . . From childhood on, my heart and mind have tended toward a gentle benevolence. . . ." And they should be reminded how, in his early twenties, Beethoven conceived the idea of setting to music Schiller's Ode to Joy, thus to give musical voice to the great dream of the ages, "All Men Shall Be Brothers." . . .

MRS. C. O. PETERSON
Beresford, S. Dak.

Flying Saucers

Dear Sirs:

The Saturday Evening Post is the best friend the Air Force has. Your article [HE RUNS FLYING SAUCER HEADQUARTERS, by John Kobler, March 10] helped a great deal in the Air Force's operation "cover up". . . .

E. VERNON SMITH, JR.
New Brunswick, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Such a subtle job of verbal blackjacking I have not encountered in quite some time.

You, in effect, have made anyone connected with unidentified flying objects look stupid; even the Air Force must be full of nitwits. Why are they continuing to investigate something that exists only in the minds of crackpots, charlatans and those with poor vision? . . .

PAUL C. MORRIS
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Mr. Kobler apparently wants to represent the lunatic fringe as typical, with minor exceptions, of all civilian inquiries regarding unidentified flying objects. . . . In the two brief paragraphs in which he describes CSI of New York, he says that the group consists mainly of "earnest young men in their twenties," and goes on to say that we suffer from an inadequate (Continued on Page 6)

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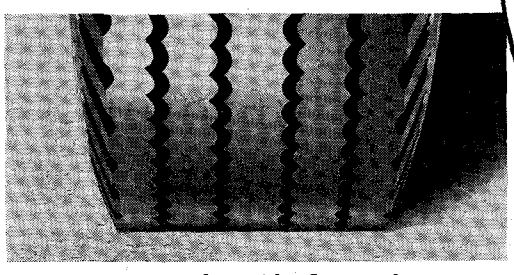

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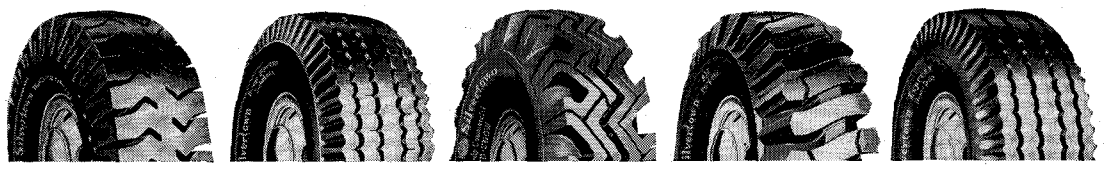

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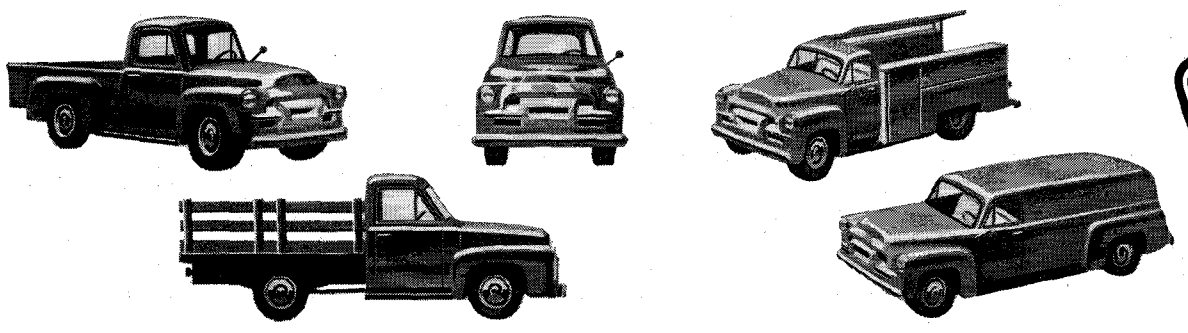

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

knowledge of aeronautics in our program of research. Among our membership there are included an airlines pilot, several pilots for the Air National Guard, the former aviation editor of a magazine, and an aeronautical engineer with the Office of Naval Research. . . .

TED BLOECHER
Research Director
Civilian Saucer Intelligence,
New York, N.Y.

Negro Diplomat

Dear Sirs:

May I commend you on publishing the article THEY ALWAYS ASK ME ABOUT NEGROES by Frank M. Snowden [as told to Leigh White, March 10]. It is excellent and there should be many more like it. I, for one, am proud that we have Americans like Frank M. Snowden.

MRS. R. L. NIX
Dallas, Texas

Dear Sirs:

. . . Doctor Snowden's experiences prove that our country is being held back in international relations by our ignorance of Man's God-given rights, which the institution of democracy is based upon. . . .

REV. JIM WILLIAMS
Mannford, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

. . . During my stay in India, Afganistan, Egypt, Syria and other Middle East nations as an exchange student, I was often disturbed to notice how the communists use the racial problem as a very effective propaganda weapon against the United States. . . . I am convinced that the psychological effect of having Negroes employed in the foreign service in Asia and Africa would be much greater than all the pamphlets and broadcasts on racial relations. . . .

RONALD A. HOFMANN
Bladensburg, Md.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I especially admire Doctor Snowden's moderation on a subject what we whites seem unable to be moderate about. Our government would benefit immensely from more Doctor Snowdens and less Senator Eastlands.

JAMES W. MILLER
East Norwalk, Conn.

Swimming Conditioning

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the March 3 article about Bob Kiphuth [HOW TO MAKE CHAMPIONS, by John Knowles].

There is one slight point where a good many people might disagree with Coach Kiphuth. Speaking as one who likes both swimming and tennis, I find tennis much the better of the two as a waistline reducer and general conditioner.

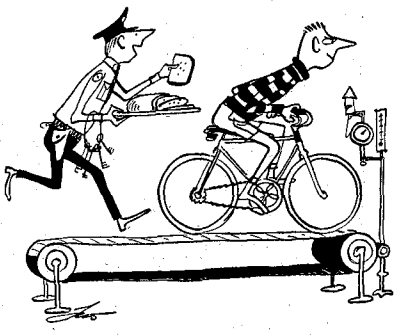
It may be that Kiphuth referred entirely to swimming at Yale, where the exercise is apparently seldom diluted with actual swimming.

EDWARD L. GORDY
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

. . . [Coach Kiphuth's] admonition to "cut down on bread, milk and potatoes" may be interpreted . . . [by some people to mean] that these foods are potentially harmful. However, bread and potatoes are excellent supplies of energy, especially bread.

In one of my experiments on county-jail prisoners, the man who developed the greatest amount of endurance, set a record of riding a bicycle ergometer for over



six hours. He ate 12-14 slices of bread for breakfast, 14-19 slices at lunch (Saturday and Sunday) and 23-25 slices at supper. He obtained up to 2300 calories from the bread. . . .

PETER V. KARPOVICH, M.D.
Professor of Physiology
Springfield, Mass.

Boss of the A.M.A.

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished the article by Greer Williams, March 10th—THE DOCTOR WHO STICKS HIS NECK OUT—and, while it is a fine story of ONE doctor, it certainly does not reflect the attitude of the average—especially the average doctor in California.

Here, the doctor and the undertaker seem to have but one idea in mind—take the client for all that he is worth. And, if the doctor doesn't, you can bank on it—the undertaker will. . . .

HARRY H. LEFLAR
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I have been doctor and surgeon since 1903 on the staffs of nine hospitals. . . . I have seen and known many doctors and, as the dean of Harvard Theological School said, as a whole they have a higher ethical standard than any other group in America including his own. . . . Of course, there are crooks among them as in all other groups. But I have known comparatively few doctors I could not trust. . . .

DR. P. C. MEANS
Chula Vista, Cal.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

25–Larry Fried. • 26–Two by Larry Fried; Culver, Larry Fried. • 27–Larry Fried. 28, 29–Bruce Bomberger. • 30, 31–Ivan Dmitri. • 32, 33–Thornton Utz. • 34, 35–Claude Jacoby. • 36–Perry Peterson. • 37–Wide World. • 38, 39–Frank Ross. • 40, 41–Edwin Georgi. • 42–Wide World. • 43–Bernard D'Andrea. • 44–Frank Ross, Ollie Atkins. • 45–Ollie Atkins, two from Popsie; Gamma. • 46, 47–Harold Von Schmidt. 48, 49–Bill Shrout. • 50–Sid Avery, anonymous, Warner Brothers. • 51–Eddie Carroll, two anonymous. • 52, 53–Joe DeMers. • 58, 59–Joern Gerdts. • 70–Culver, Bellevue Hospital. • 167–Bill Shrout. • 168–Claude Jacoby. • 196–Bill Bailey, Fred R. Bill, John R. Wells, Jim Wommack, Ray Fisher.

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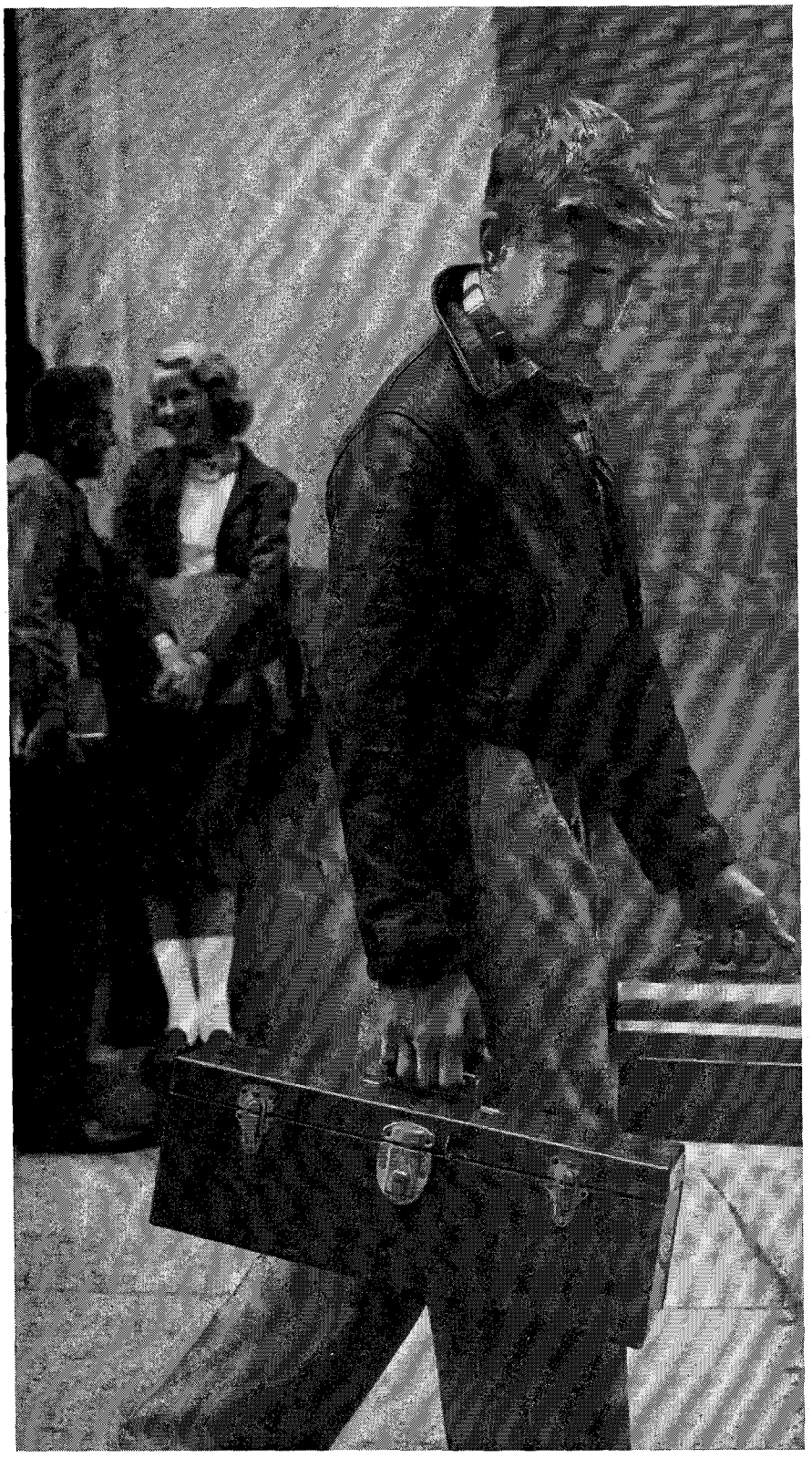
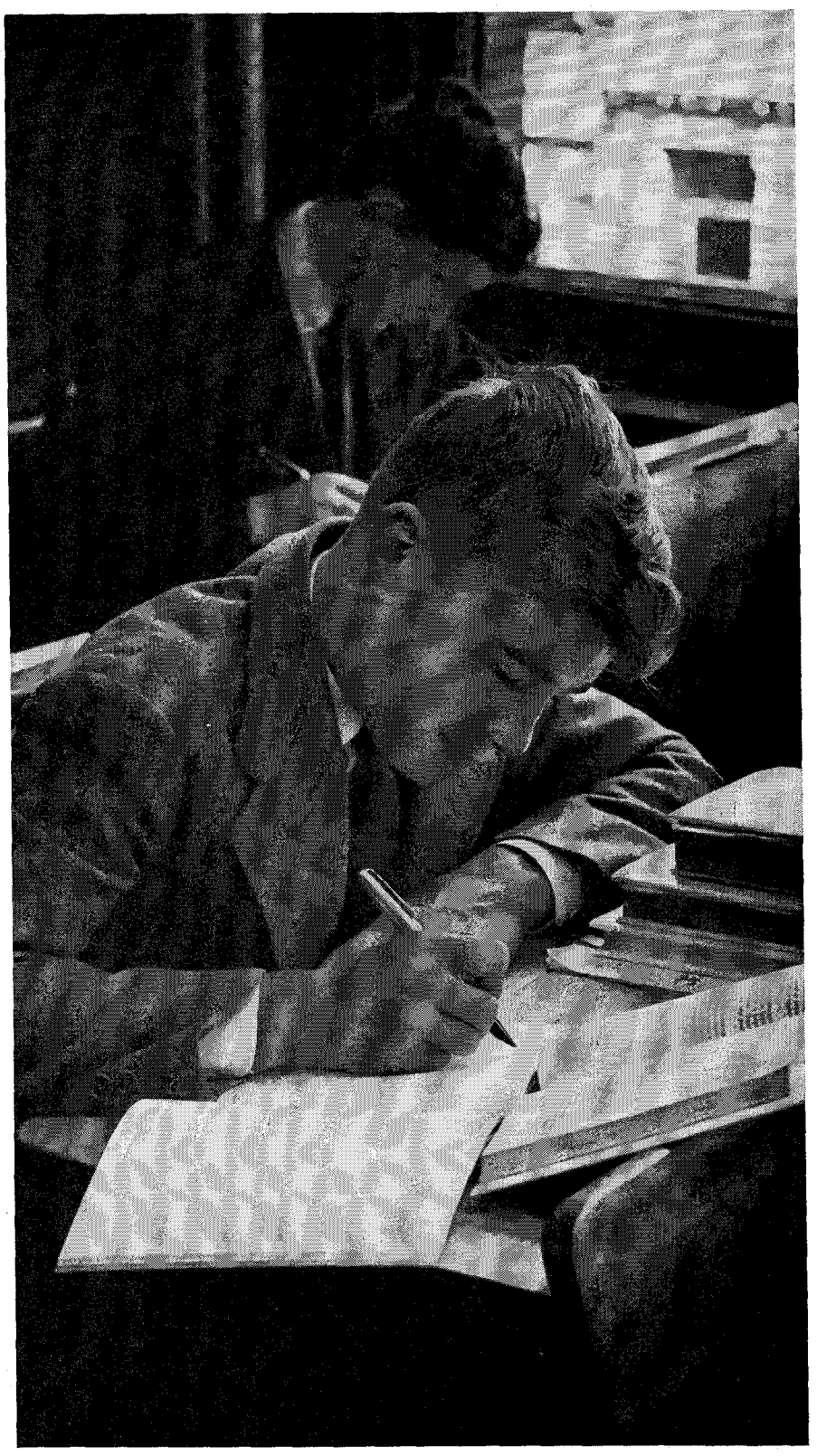


will he be the "kid who left school"...to whom *doors are closed* even before he begins?



or a boy who's sure of getting off to a good start in life, whatever happens!

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name.....**age**.....

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Editorials

Isn't There One Crisis Uncle Sam Can Ignore?

When the nation's policy makers hold their next conclave on what the United States should do about practically everything, it might be a good idea to search the global horizon for one area, however small or insignificant, of which it could be safely stated that its internal affairs were none of our business.

There are so many places in whose affairs we are forced to be concerned—places like some of those recently visited by Secretary of State Dulles with important results—that it would be soothing to the public if an area could be found whose crises we could calmly ignore. Possibly Tristan da Cunha might serve as a pilot project to provide practice for our statesmen in this unaccustomed field. With diligence our diplomats might eventually find themselves actually resisting the impulse to stick their necks out in areas where our "national interest" is at best remote. Too often the "For God's sake, *do* something!" bloc favors places outside our orbit of interest rather than posts held by essential allies, like Formosa.

In view of the dismal consequences of many of our well-meaning efforts to settle things all over the world, this suggestion for some new restraints on our meddlesome-Mattie impulses may not be so impractical as the apostles of "American World Leadership" think. As to Cyprus, we appear to have kindled the hopes of the Greeks while enraging the British, who, while feeling free to rebuke us for failing to see the virtues of communist China, simply loathe being criticized themselves. And the pressure to involve the U.S.A. in a possible "police action" along the borders of Israel poses grim possibilities which should be well explored before we edge closer to that melee. In short, political realism seems to suggest a statement from high sources which might be summarized as, "We deplore tyranny, oppression and rioting. We are sorry that so many people are discontented and belligerent. But Uncle Sam has only two hands."

Such a policy would undoubtedly be condemned in certain quarters as a modified "neutralism." Conceivably the description would be justified. However, even neutralism in matters beyond one's control or concern should not be condemned out of hand. Indeed, President Eisenhower, commenting on Cyprus, said that, while this country desired to contribute everything possible to a reasonable settlement, "the solution itself is going to have to be reached by the people most greatly concerned." Take the case of Nehru. The more neutral he becomes the more money he gets from us; and the more money he gets from us the more neutral he becomes, until finally, after a particularly vigorous denunciation of everything American, he is invited to come to Washington. The U.S.A. can hardly expect to duplicate Nehru's record, but we might venture "No comment" on at least one distant fracas.

Schools are Needed Most in Places That Can Pay for Them

The present bill to extend Federal aid to public-school systems calls for a commitment to spend $2,020,000,000 over the next five years. Does this answer a genuine need?

The White House Conference on Education came to the conclusion that "no state represented has a demonstrated incapacity to build the schools it will need." The resources are there. Schoolroom shortages do not arise in ghost towns and depressed areas with falling populations. On the contrary.

Since the last war there has been a heavy migration of foot-loose Americans, from the country into certain industrial centers, from the cities into suburban developments, and from the South to the West and North. These people's children are often described as if they were seventeen-year locusts, a plague to be countered only by an appeal to the disaster squads of the Federal bureaucracy. But they are, in fact, future citizens, future taxpayers, evidence of thriving growth and an increase in property values.

Breaking down the list of forty-eight States and the District of Columbia, and comparing school enrollments for 1935 and 1955, it appears that one group of twelve shows a combined loss over the twenty-year period of 712,729. This includes Arkansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont and West Virginia.

Another group reports a combined gain of 797,610 pupils. This includes a large number of states and the District of Columbia. New Jersey and New York have increases of less than 5 per cent, while the rise in eight others—Alabama, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, Montana, Wisconsin and the District—ranged from 6 to 10 per cent, hardly an unmanageable amount for local resources. Eleven states in this group—Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, South Carolina, Tennessee, Utah and Wyoming—accounted for an increase of 463,000 in the grand total. That can hardly be described as a crisis.

The really big upswing in enrollments is confined to fifteen states: Arizona, California, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Texas, Virginia and Washington. Of their total increase, amounting to 4,122,846, more than half, or 2,118,719, was reported by three states—California (1,306,573), Michigan (421,473) and Texas (390,673).

Not one of the states showing large increases in school enrollment can properly be described as "poor." Most of them, for the record, deny that they want Federal aid. Federal money always brings—sooner or later—Federal controls. To commit the schools to the supervision of an absentee bureaucracy would be to abdicate home rule in perhaps the most important single area of our public activities.

Truman Gets Award for Self-Confidence!

In the volume of his memoirs called Years of Trial and Hope, Mr. Truman deals with his seizure of the steel plants in the spring of 1952.

His novel doctrine of implied powers amounting to omnipotence was knocked down by the Supreme Court. Mr. Truman still believes he was right. Here is what he says:

"I would, of course, never conceal the fact that the Supreme Court's decision [voiding the seizure] was a deep disappointment to me. I think Chief Justice Vinson's dissenting opinion hit the nail right on the head, and I am sure that someday his view will come to be recognized as the correct one."

Mr. Vinson's dissent had alarming implications. He found that the United Nations Charter, duly ratified as a treaty by the Senate, conferred on the President extraordinary war powers.

His line of argument was simple. By joining the U.N. we committed ourselves to support it and advance its interests. When the Security Council ordained a "police action" in Korea, we were bound to throw our full weight into the scales. A steel strike would keep us from meeting our full treaty obligation.

Under the Constitution, a treaty is the law of the land. Hence, anything Mr. Truman did in support of the U.N. action in Korea must be within his powers. He needed no legislation by Congress, as would be the case if it were a purely American war.

Two other members of the Supreme Court followed the lead of the Chief Justice in this opinion, which may truly be called revolutionary. Six other justices, fortunately, found otherwise.

In Mr. Truman's memoirs there is no record of a time when he was wrong. Of him it may be said, as Sydney Smith said of a British Liberal prime minister:

"There is not a better man in England than Lord John Russell; but his worst failure is that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone, build St. Peter's or assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command of the Channel Fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died, the Church tumbled down and the Channel Fleet been knocked to atoms."

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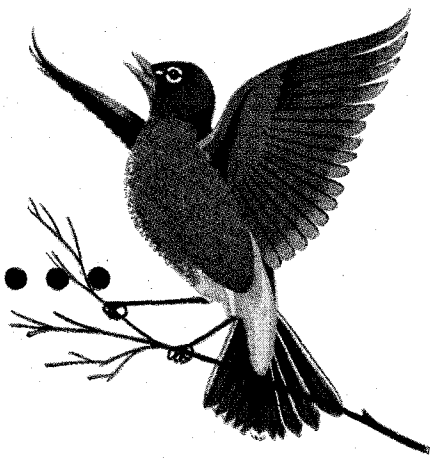
When it's tune-up time...



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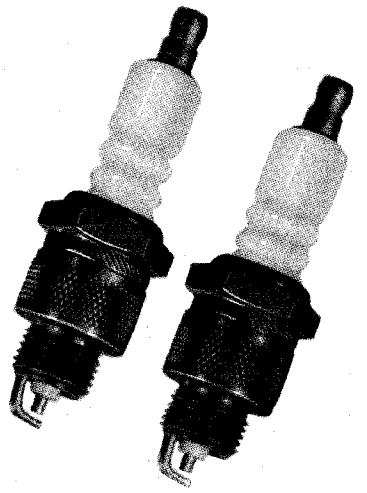

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SAFER BRAKING! MoPar Heavy-Duty Brake Fluid gives extra protection under all driving conditions—prevents corrosion and gumming—won't boil or freeze, whatever the weather.

PLAY SAFE! Have your muffler *checked periodically.* Mufflers can be dangerous without being noisy. Even tiny leaks spell trouble. If your muffler has been damaged, replace it with a *double-walled, safety-engineered* MoPar muffler.

Tune up your car with MoPar . . . at your Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer . . . or better repair shops everywhere!

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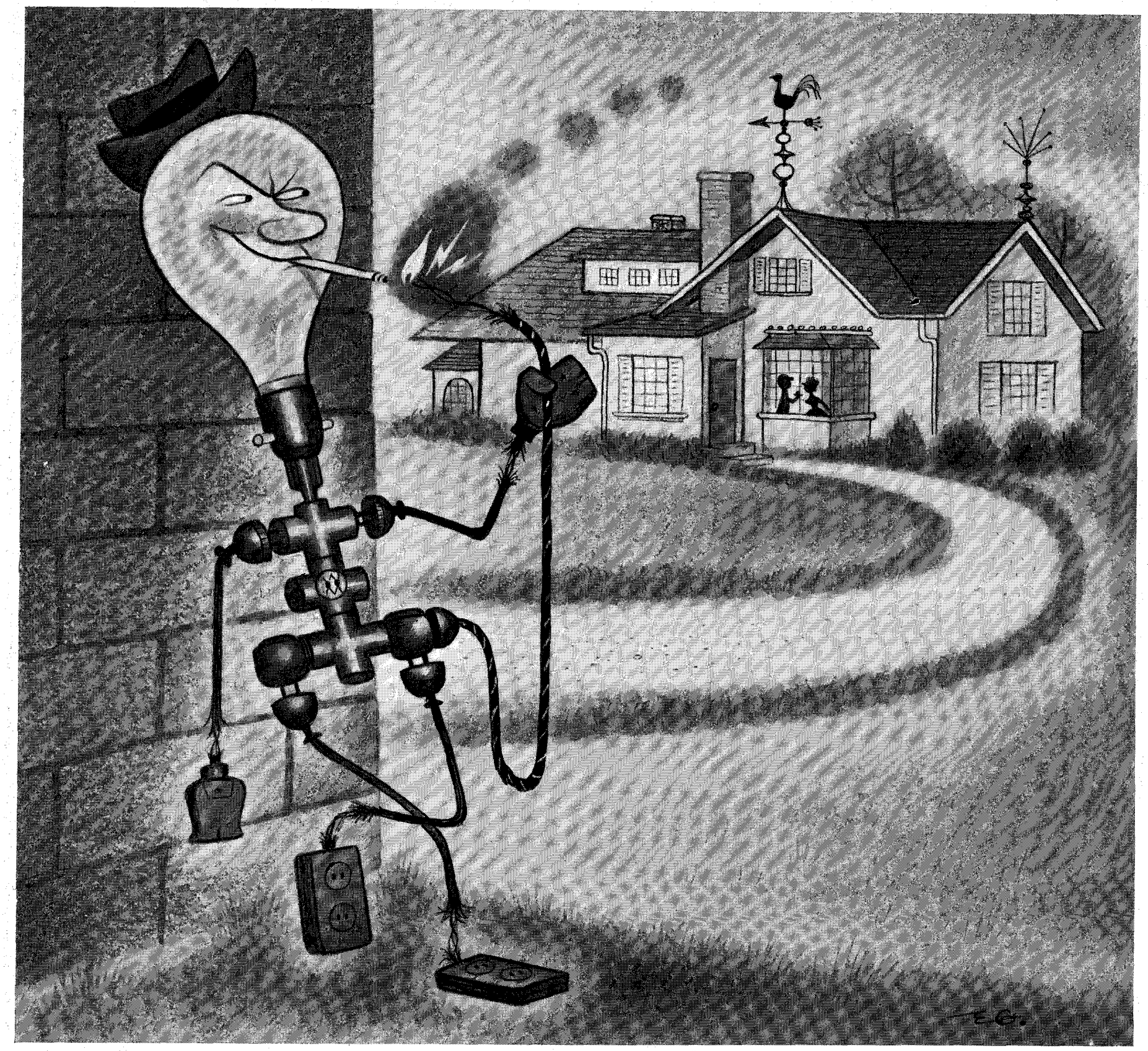
MEET SKIMPY WIRING



The Electrical Delinquent found in 35,000,000 homes!

Look at that tangle of plugs and sockets! Note the frayed, weak-looking wiring! That's him, all right – Skimpy Wiring – the villain responsible for the electrical woes of homeowners all over the nation.

Have *you* a toaster that heats slowly? Does *your* TV set twitch when other appliances go on? Do *your* fuses blow or circuit breakers trip too often? If so, beware . . . you are a victim of Skimpy Wiring!

Weak, worn-out home wiring cannot possibly deliver full power to your appliances. It wastes electricity, can cause appliance failure, may even be a source of fire!

If you see signs of Skimpy Wiring in your own home, call an electrical contractor or consult your local power company. Learn how easily you can have safe, *adequate copper* wiring installed to make your home more *electrically livable!*

. . .

Get FREE Booklet! "The ABC of Home Wiring" explains facts about your electricity, how you can make it serve you better. Write Kennecott Copper Corp., Dept. S46, Box 238, New York 46, N. Y.

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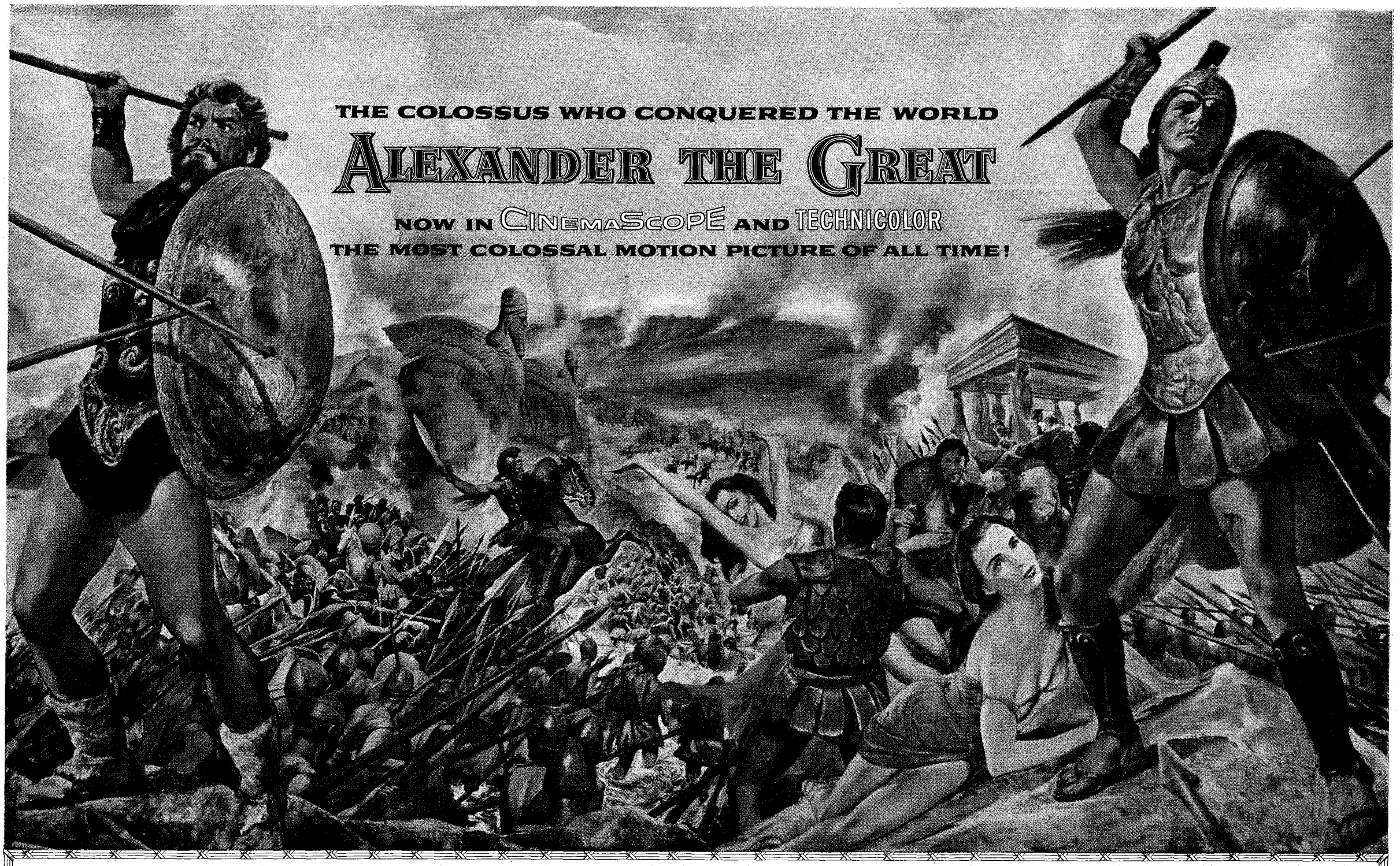
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The Captured Women Of Miletus
The Assassination Of Philip Of Macedonia
The Debauched Grecian Maidens
The Burning Of The Palace At Persepolis
The Victory Orgy At The Gateway To Athens
The Macabre Jig Of Triumph

THE SPECTACLES

The Mass Marriage Of Thousands Of Persian Women
The Human Juggernaut Of Shield, Sword And Spear
The 11,000-Mile Route Of Conquest
The Charge Of The Knife-Studded Chariots
The Court Of Darius At Babylon
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The Cutting Of The Gordian Knot
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The Awesome Siege Machines of Macedonia
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This is TOWN JOURNAL

The Family Magazine of Countryside America. Shown here in miniature are some of the pages from one issue of this sparkling magazine. You will see the variety of interest, a picture of world affairs looked at chiefly from the constructive cheerful side, and most importantly, page after page devoted to town, community and family living. It is new, youthful in spirit, teeming with ideas you can do something about.

In just three short years, TOWN JOURNAL has won the readership confidence of more than two million families. It is published by Farm Journal, Inc. and is edited with the same sympathy with readers' interests that has made FARM JOURNAL the most widely read farm publication in the world.

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Town Journal

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE OF HOME-TOWN AMERICA

MAY 1956 • 20 CENTS

In This Issue **A Home for Real Cou**

Together, TOWN JOURNAL and its companion magazine, FARM JOURNAL, form The Countryside Unit, read by more than 5 million families. It is the biggest thing in the countryside, a marketing *influence* of unmatched power in the vast and thriving areas outside metropolitan centers.

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Spirited way to take

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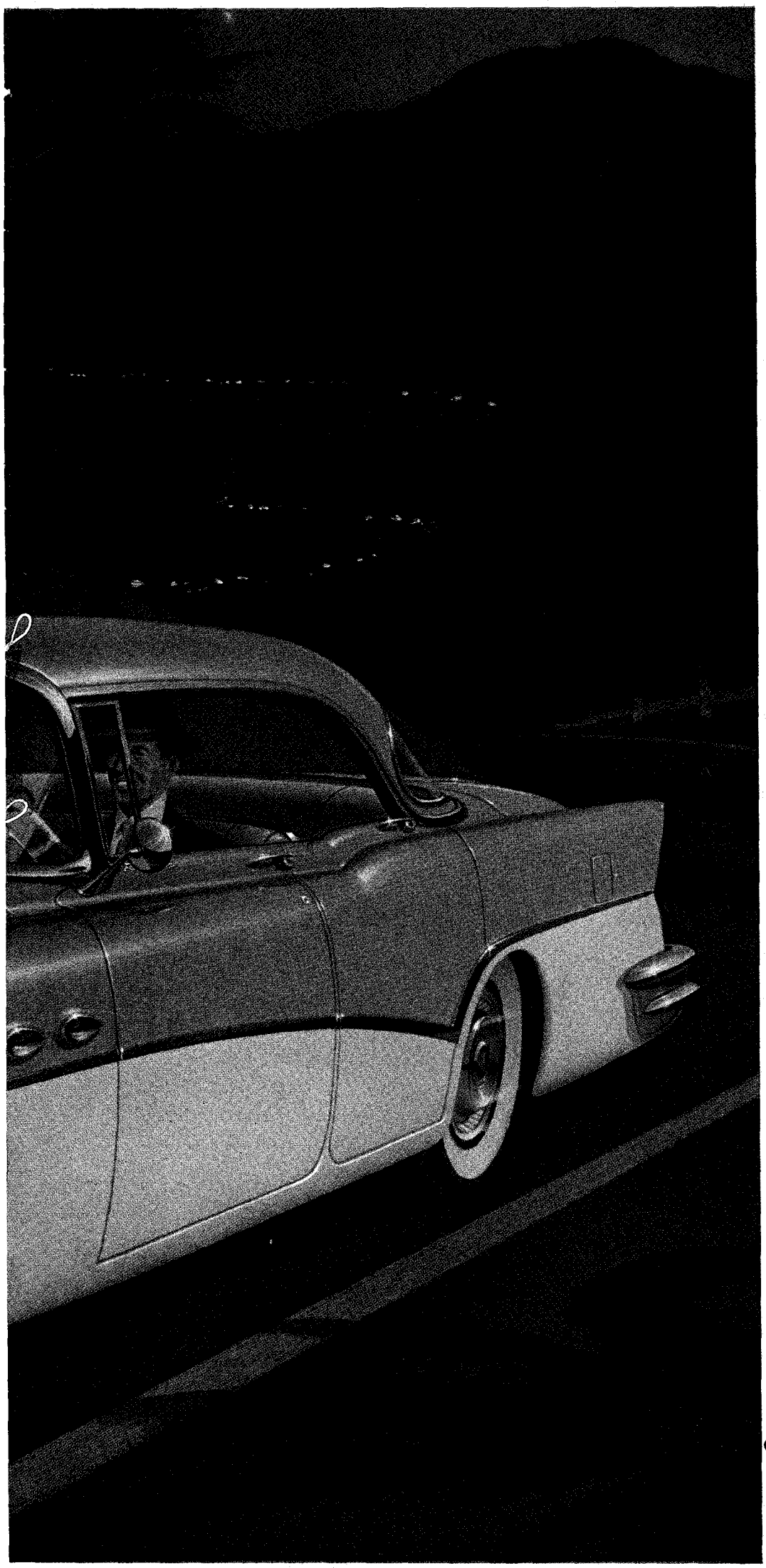
success for granted



SOME men who come to eminence make a display of their success – while others simply continue to display the qualities which earned it.

Thus, some men choose an automobile by price alone, as an obvious symbol of affluence – while others choose by merit alone.

And among those who wear success easily—who feel no need to prove their position – the growing preference is for ROADMASTER.

Obviously, their preference for this automobile—since it is *not* the costliest of fine cars—must stem from astute judgment of fine-car performance, and the sheer and spirited pleasure derived from such travel.

There is good reason for this.

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You find a surety of powered handling brought to a new level of faultless ease—together with the impeccable grace and stability of pace found nowhere save in this master Buick.

You find interiors raised to a new richness of tasteful luxury, and an exterior boldly and deftly distinguished in its individualized styling—for this automobile, of course, is custom-built by Buick craftsmen.

Above all, you find performance here that names this motorcar.

For not only does ROADMASTER respond with the marshaled might of a new high in V8 power and compression. It does so with the consummate ease and electrifying swiftness of an advanced new Variable Pitch Dynaflow—the most modern transmission yet brought to the American scene.

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See him soon and discover for yourself how much spirited suavity and sheer automobile can be yours when you take the wheel of *this* fine car.

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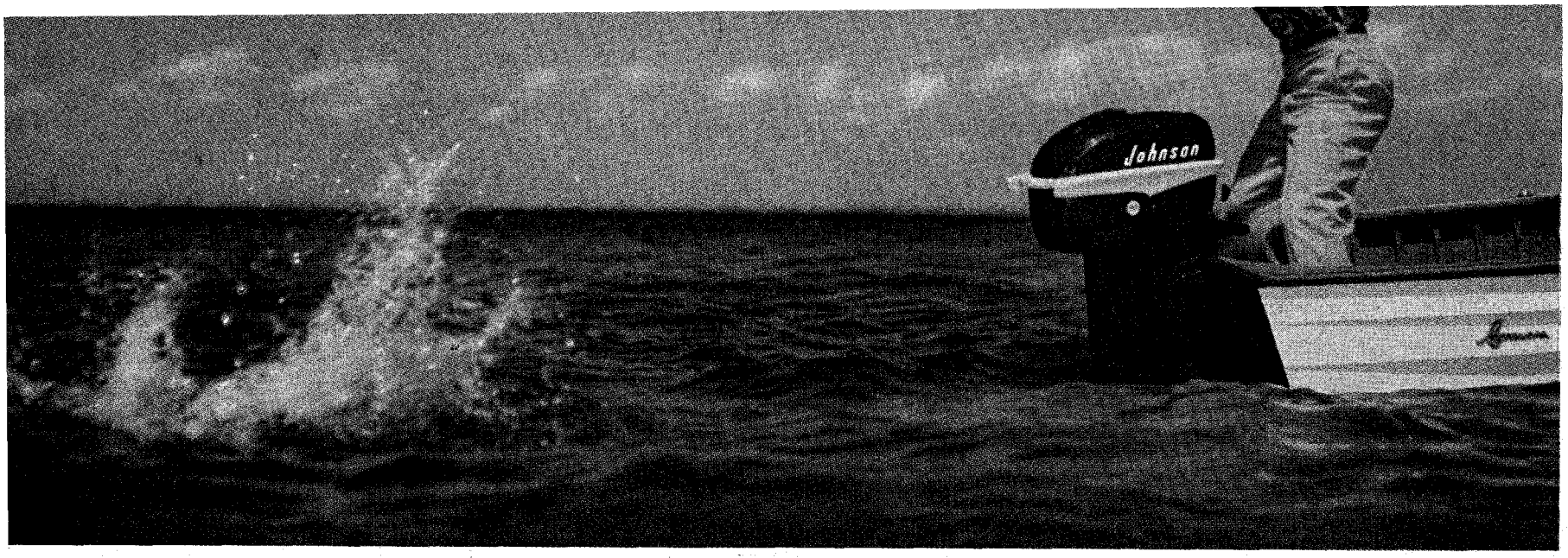

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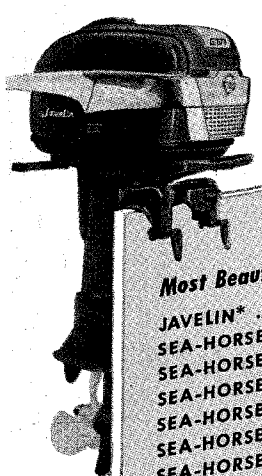

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SO MUCH IS NEW in the '56 line! Nine motors — from 3 to 30 hp — to give you Johnson DEPENDability in *every* power class! Balanced-Pull Starting in the small and medium sizes, for the smoothest, lightest starting pull you've ever known! Johnson's new Fuel Saver in the 30's, to save one gallon of fuel out of every five! Stall-Proof Idling! Smart, new styling in Holiday Bronze and Spray White! The beautiful, new high-fashion Javelin! Plus the heavenly quiet of Johnson's history making Suspension Drive.

SEE YOUR JOHNSON DEALER. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified telephone directory.

Free! For full details on all models of the 1956 line, write for the new Sea-Horse Booklet. Complete, factual, helpful.

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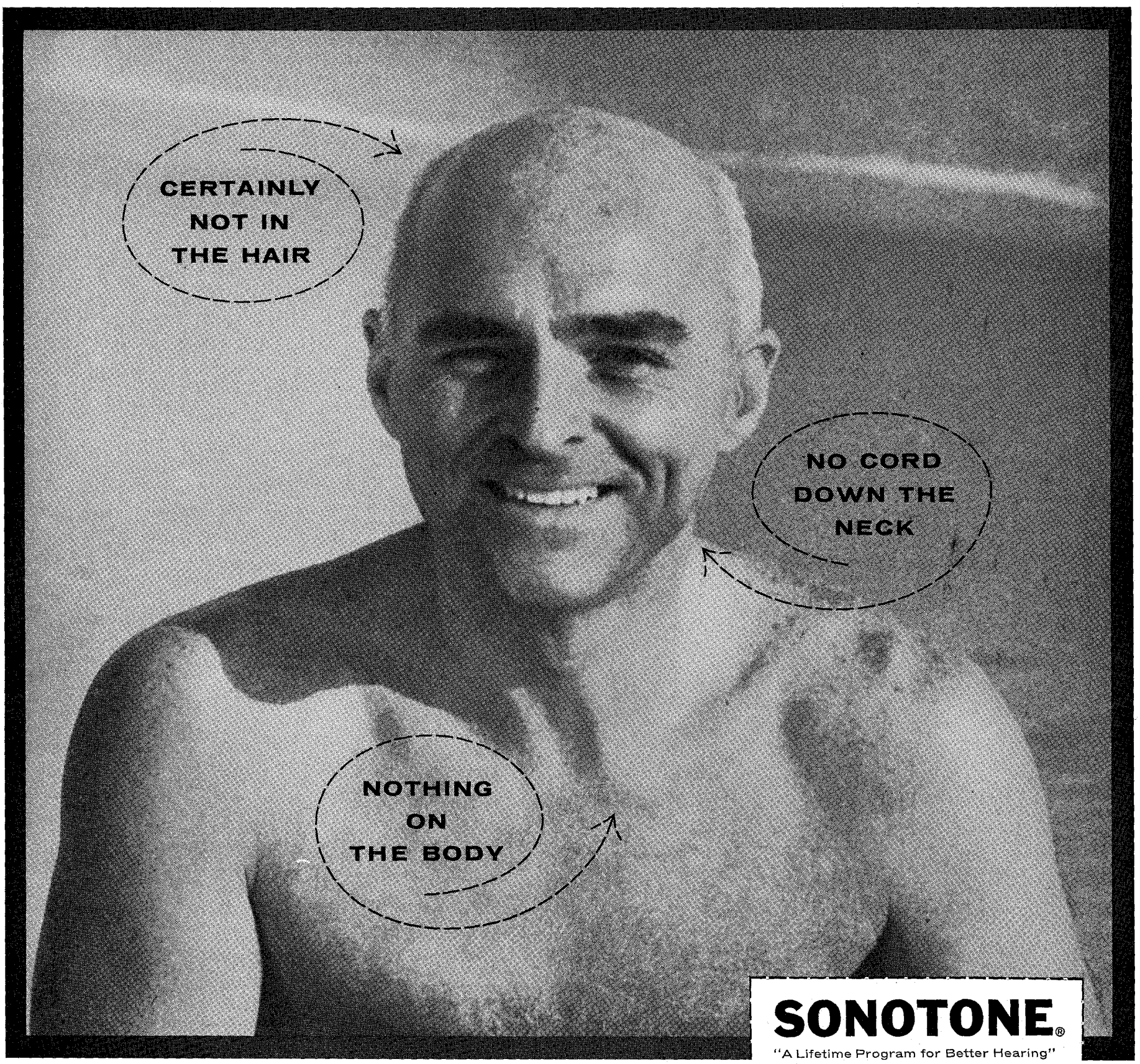
Man wearing astonishing new Sonotone hearing aid------*but where is it?*



Here is another great Sonotone achievement, completely new...a hearing aid so light and tiny that the entire instrument is worn *at the ear*. Yes, the *entire* instrument! Microphone, amplifier and battery are all in one incredibly small unit, weighing only ¾ oz. The clever design takes advantage of the natural hiding place the ear offers! This new aid fits so comfortably, even during vigorous activity, that you forget you have it on. You enjoy *ear-level* hearing, use the telephone like everyone else. Dress as you please—there is no cord down the neck, nothing to hide on your body. And note, this is a complete hearing aid, *individually fitted to your correction needs*, with four (not three) transistor power.

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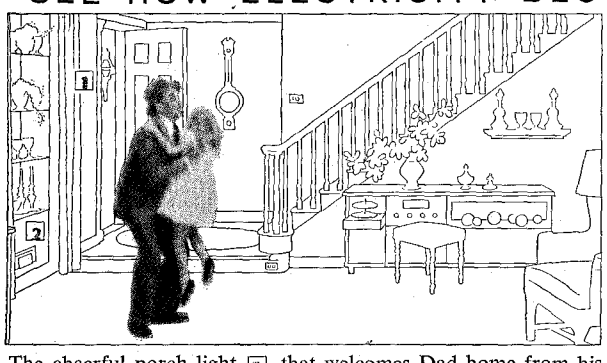
Something wonderful happens when you begin to LIVE BETTER.

This is the happiest time of all. When the whole family's together enjoying each other . . . at home. That's the start of good living. And electricity makes that living even better, whether it's taking over the kitchen chores or providing the cheerful atmosphere that makes these moments so worthwhile.

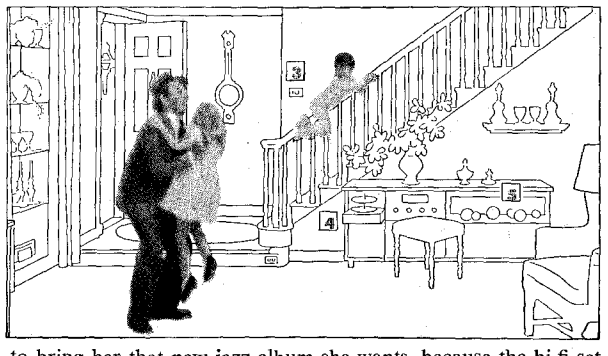
No wonder many families have 50 or more electrical appliances in their homes, where only about 19 were available for common use a few years ago. But how about *your* house? Is your family getting its full measure of this happiness? Or are you still denying yourself the things you don't need to?

You and your family can have more time together by putting more low-cost electricity to work in your home, *step by step*, sensibly, with your local electric utility company's help. The new Idea Book on the opposite page will help you decide where to begin right now to live better . . . electrically.

SEE HOW ELECTRICITY BECOMES A PART OF ANY ROOM TO MAKE YOUR LIVING BETTER



The cheerful porch light [1] *that welcomes Dad home from his* business trip is also a sign of the hospitality that friends find in this cheerful family room. It's an all-year room, because year-round air conditioning [2] keeps it that way. And if Mom wants to light the upstairs hall or a guest room she can do it with this master control [3] right by the door. Sis hopes Dad's remembered



to bring her that new jazz album she wants, because the hi-fi set [4] is warmed up (she can switch the music to the speaker in her bedroom, if she wants). Dad had his electrical contractor install fluorescent fixtures under the shelves [5] in the hi-fi unit, as well as under the frosted glass shelf [6] that holds the lovely antique glassware. Lamps [7] provide friendly conversation areas, proper

reading light, and enhance the room's charm. And, of course, there are plenty of convenient outlets along the baseboards for extra plug-ins or lights. Wouldn't your family love conveniences like these? They're just a few of the ways electricity can help you live better. You'll find more in the big, new, 72-page illustrated Idea Book described on the opposite page.

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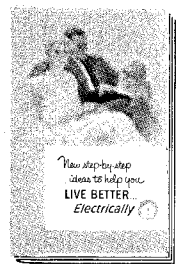
Electrically

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Where would you like to start in your home right now?



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*Address*_____

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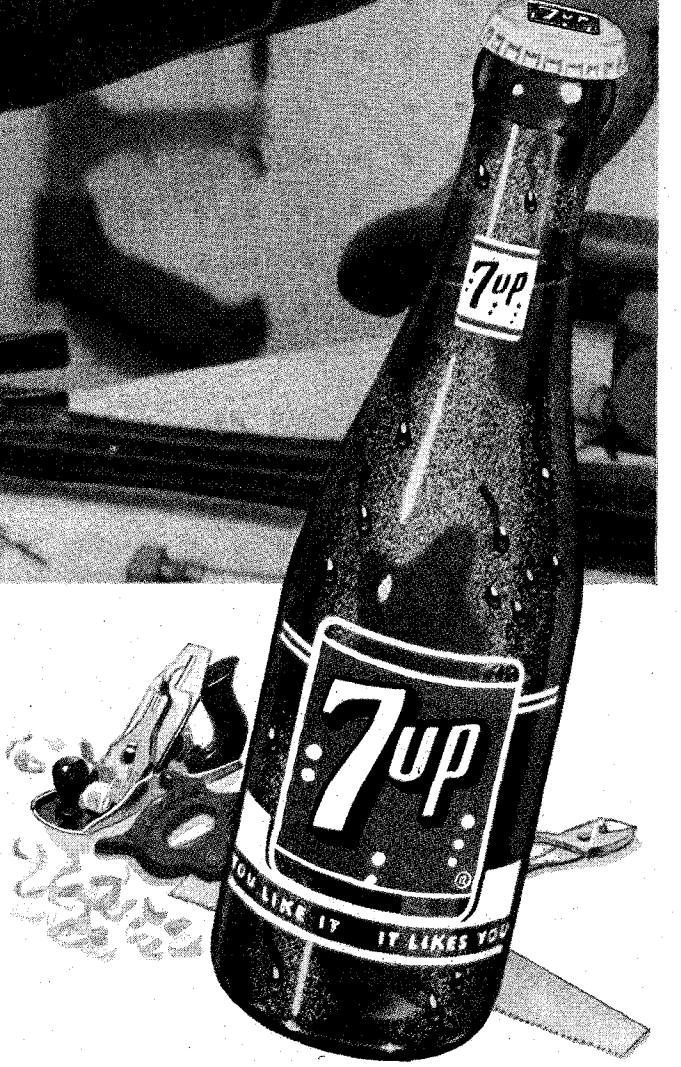
Fix that thirst but good...here's your *real thirst-quencher!*

Copyright 1956 by The Seven-Up Company

It's the surest way for any home handyman (and his helpers, too!) to nail down a thirst. One bottle of sparkling 7-Up does the job in a jiffy—all by itself!

Seven-Up has a lively, tingling flavor. This drink gets right at the very cause of thirst. Thirst comes when the natural flow of moisture in your mouth stops. Seven-Up has a quenching quality that stimulates this flow—makes your mouth literally water. When you finish the bottle, you feel no stickiness . . . no come-back thirst.

And after you've savored that last lively sip of 7-Up, you get something more —you get a quick, refreshing lift. There is just enough sugar in 7-Up to go to work in from 2 to 6 minutes to renew your energy. Have a 7-Up and see!



Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

You like it... it likes you!

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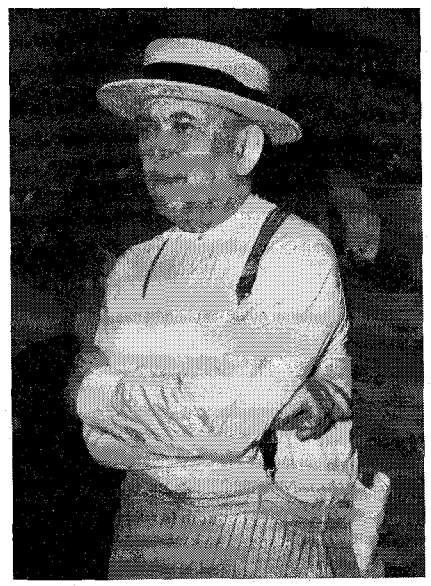
PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?

REMEMBER Geronimo? Not the World War II paratroopers' yell as they jumped, but the Apache chief himself? Here he is in 1905, surrounded by cavalry assigned to guard him on his way to—of all things—a national press convention. He and his band fought off the cavalry for ten years, 1876–86, in Arizona and New Mexico. Captured and ultimately Christianized at the age of seventy-four, he became a convention-goer and attraction at the St. Louis World's Fair and Buffalo and Omaha expositions. But even then, the cavalry kept its guns handy. R. E. CUNNINGHAM.



COLLARLESS and sweating, noted author and critic H.L. Mencken wore a press badge on his suspenders to report Wendell Willkie's notification of the G.O.P. presidential nomination in August, 1940. Mencken, from an eight-dollars-a-week start as a reporter in 1899 to his recent death, always felt he was one of the "working press" despite his literary fame. His self-written epitaph: "To please my ghost, forgive some sinner and wink your eye at some homely girl." MAURICE FRINK, JR.

MORE than 20,000,000 Americans, on two occasions, wanted to make this cherubic boy Uncle Sam in real life. But they were outvoted in 1944 and 1948, and Tom Dewey did not become President. Above, at twelve, he starred in a Fourth of July play at Owosso, Michigan, in 1914 with his cousin, now Mrs. Sherman Welch. AVA MOORE DUNN.

announces
world's easiest-to-use cleaner
The Cleaner rolls on wheels!
No lifting or carrying!
The Nozzle rolls on wheels!
No hard pushing and pulling!
The Tools roll along, too!
No chasing back and forth!

Everything rolls on wheels!

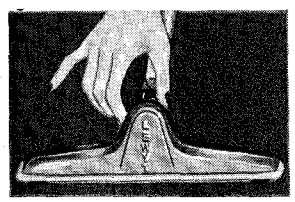
Forget every other vacuum cleaner you ever saw—there's never been anything like this new 1956 Lewyt! *Wheels do the work, not you!*

Big, free-rolling wheels that almost float the cleaner room-to-room at a finger-tip touch! Small wheels that glide the nozzle so effortlessly your arm just doesn't tire! Yes, even the cleaning tools roll with you.

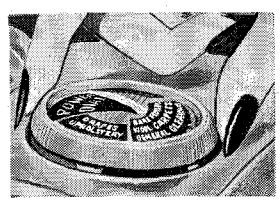
And, now Lewyt's new 2-in-1 nozzle, lets you clean both rugs and floors *without* changing tools! You get terrific power, too—and an exclusive Power Dial for controlling suction *exactly!*

This is *in fact* the finest precision cleaner ever built.

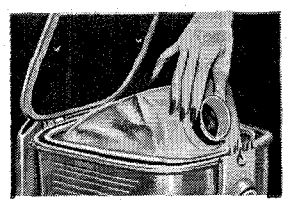
And, it's yours complete with tools and built-in tool rack—all at a new low price!



COMBINATION RUG 'N FLOOR NOZZLE! Now, with the same tool you can clean *both* rugs and floors! *Rolls on wheels,* doesn't tire your arm!



POWER DIAL! You can dial the correct suction for every cleaning job—wool rugs, cotton rugs, bare floors, drapes or upholstery!



FLIP-TOP DIRT DISPOSAL! No clamps, no dust bag to empty! Just flip up top, toss out extra-big Speed Sak—your hands never touch dirt!

DO IT WITH LEWYT LEWYT CORPORATION, BROOKLYN 11, N. Y.
SOLD AT LEADING STORES IN U. S. AND CANADA

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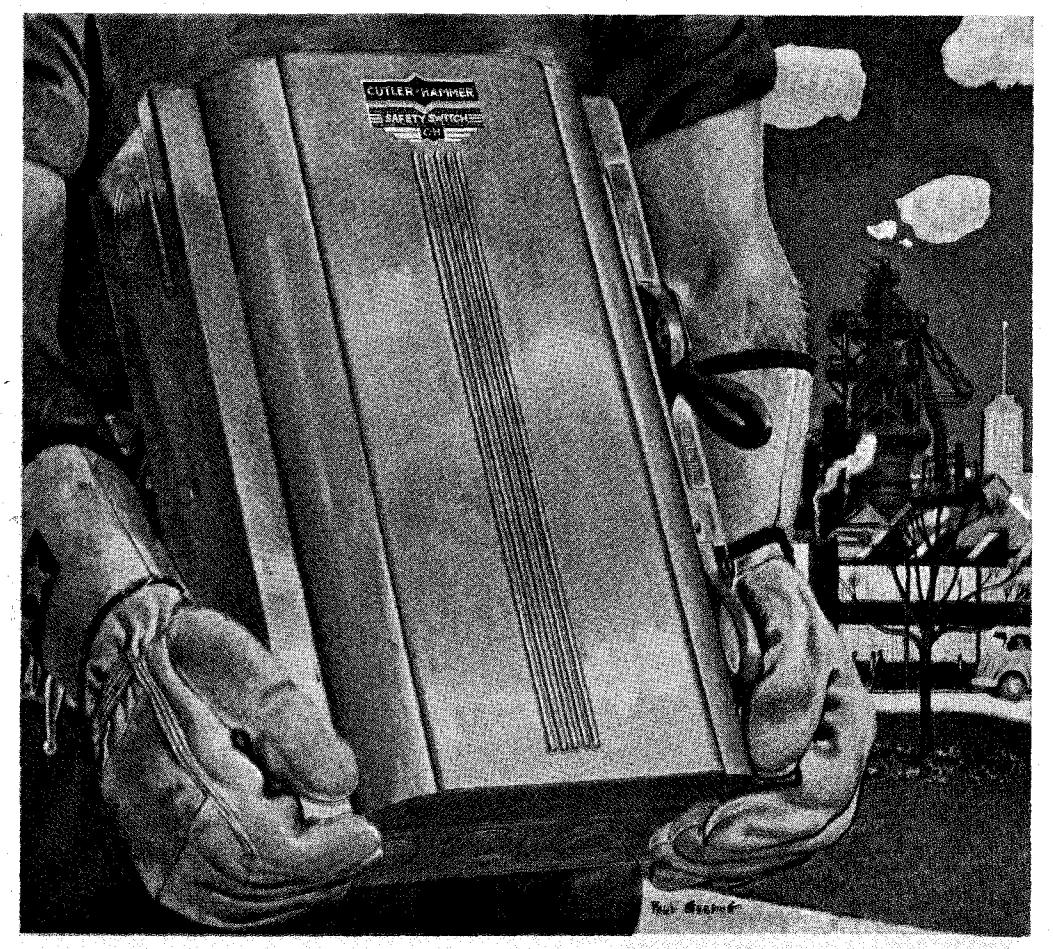
WHAT'S NEW IN MOTOR CONTROL? ★ ★ ★ GET IT FIRST IN CUTLER-HAMMER

Now...A Safety Switch Built to the Standards of Cutler-Hammer Three-Star Motor Control

☆ *installs easier*

☆ *works better*

☆ *lasts longer*



New Bulletin 4105 Safety Switch Type A. 30 to 1200 Amp. Sizes.

Engineered for "heat-proof" dependability. New design for minimum internal heat generation; new materials for heat immunity.

Automatic pressure fuse receivers; no screws to forget to tighten . . . no screws to loosen in service by alternate expansion and contraction.

Visible blades for quick and sure inspection at all times. New double insulated steel operating hook. Safety is important in safety switches.

Panel mounted mechanism of this new Bul. 4105 Safety Switch is readily interchangeable with that of the old Bul. 4101 to permit replacements without case and conduit work.

The new Cutler-Hammer Three-Star Motor Control has proved a sensation wherever it has been tested in comparison with any other control equipment. The tougher the tests, the more dramatic has been its demonstrated superiority. A kaolin processing plant in Georgia, for example, reports: "Because of the hard service we give motor control in our plant, we have always had to replace contacts every 30 to 60 days. Our first Three-Star Control unit has now been in daily use for *thirteen months* and its original contacts still look and work like new." A lumber mill in California says: "Control contacts have always been a problem on our drive of the feed chain going to the trim saw. We had to replace contacts every few weeks. Our first Three-Star Control on this job, purchased from the stock of our local Cutler-Hammer distributor, is now in its *twenty-fourth month* of continuous daily operation with its original contacts still in service."

Such control equipment brings important operating dependability and savings to any job where an electric motor is used. But it also means that such better motor control should be matched with a safety switch which can equal the performance of the motor control. And now this is possible. Cutler-Hammer Authorized Distributors are now stocked and ready to serve you with the new Bul. 4105 Safety Switch, the safety switch built to the standards of Cutler-Hammer Three-Star Motor Control. It is loaded with new features. See it. Try it. Prove it. Order one today. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1259 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

CUTLER-HAMMER
★ ★ ★
MOTOR CONTROL
C-H

Cutler-Hammer Three-Star Motor Control can now be obtained in every needed form

Cutler-Hammer Authorized Distributors carry stocks of Three-Star Motor Control in sizes and types of enclosures to meet all the usual industrial needs.

Leading machinery builders equip their machines with Cutler-Hammer Three-Star Motor Control as standard original equipment, often as components on panels.

The new Cutler-Hammer Three-Star Unitrol provides for the quickest installation or rearrangement of the finest in control equipment, C-H Three-Star Motor Control.

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In the Admitting Ward of Bellevue Hospital, a doctor straps a violent patient to a mobile stretcher. It's a quiet night when less than 100 emergency cases arrive here.

MY LIFE IN BELLEVUE

By DR. SALVATORE R. CUTOLO | as told to BARBARA and ARTHUR GELB

The Deputy Medical Superintendent of the world's most exciting hospital tells his own extraordinary inside story of that once notorious, now beloved institution.

"Each day at Bellevue is a new adventure for me," says the author, shown checking the medical chart of one of his patients.

PART ONE

I am reminded how slowly a bad reputation dies whenever someone asks me, as a feeble joke, "Do they still use the black bottle at Bellevue?"

The grisly legend of the black bottle has haunted New York's Bellevue Hospital for generations. Of course, it's no longer believed; mammoth Bellevue is known today as a leader in the training of doctors and in research, a place of many near-miraculous cures. But this was not always so. The taint of death clung to the hospital during the 1800's and early 1900's, when cholera, typhus, yellow fever and flu were killing thousands of New Yorkers. The word spread that if you entered Bellevue, like as not they would put you out of the way with the black bottle.

To the best of my knowledge, the ill-famed bottle contained nothing more lethal than paregoric, used to ease attacks of diarrhea. The ward nurses used to make rounds, the bottles hanging by cords from their belts, spooning out doses. There were no miracle drugs in those days, and plague victims died off in alarming numbers. Those that survived

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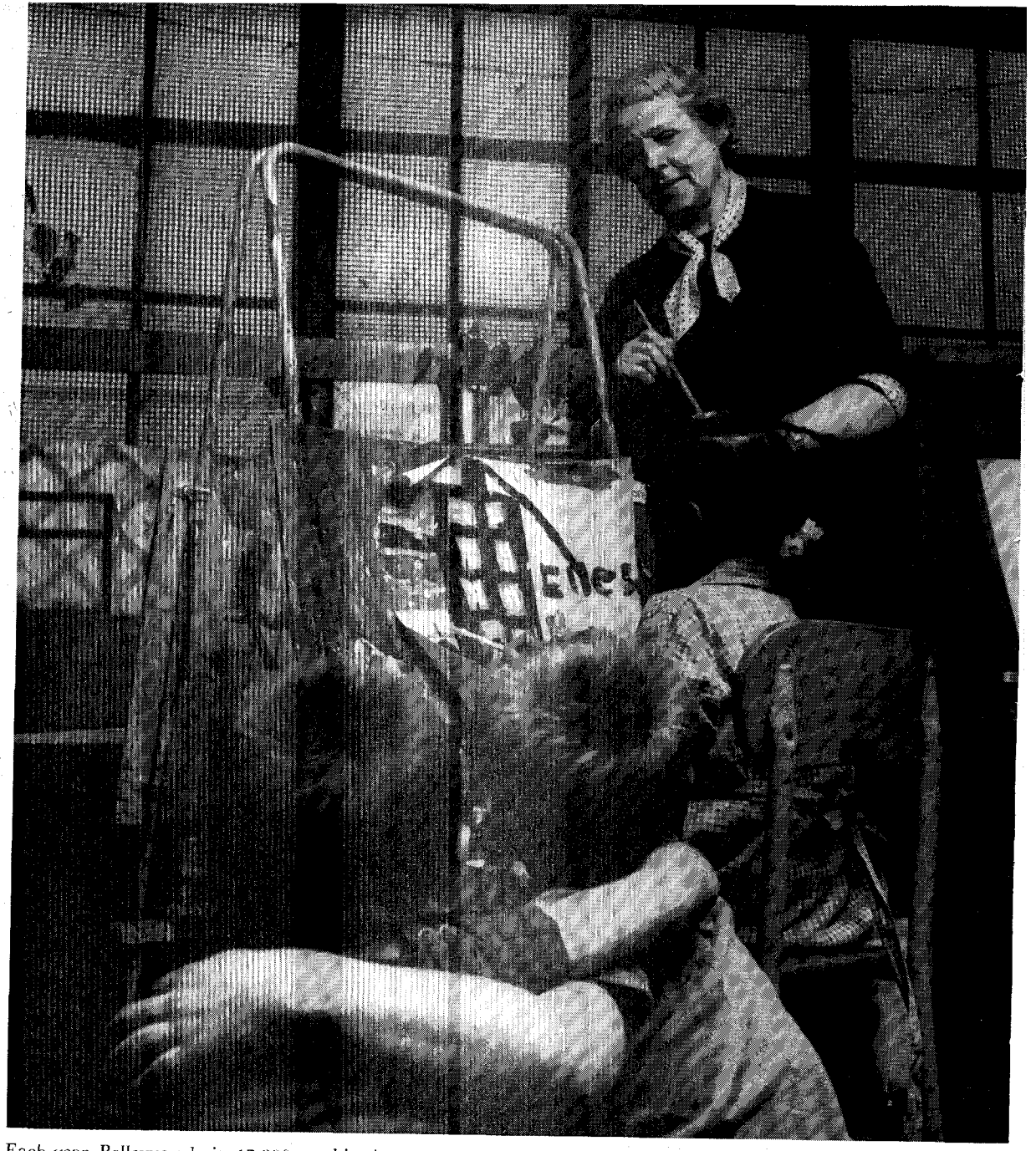
Photographs by Larry Fried

A pediatrician examines the latest arrival at the obstetrics ward—one of Bellevue's busiest units.



Each year, Bellevue admits 17,000 psychiatric cases—1000 of them children from one to sixteen. Here, at the public school which is maintained in the Psychiatric Pavilion, Isabel Sartor teaches maladjusted youngsters how to paint.

had seen fellow sufferers breathe their last after a sip from the black bottle. To many immigrant families in that medically muddled age, admission to Bellevue was equivalent to a passport to the other world.

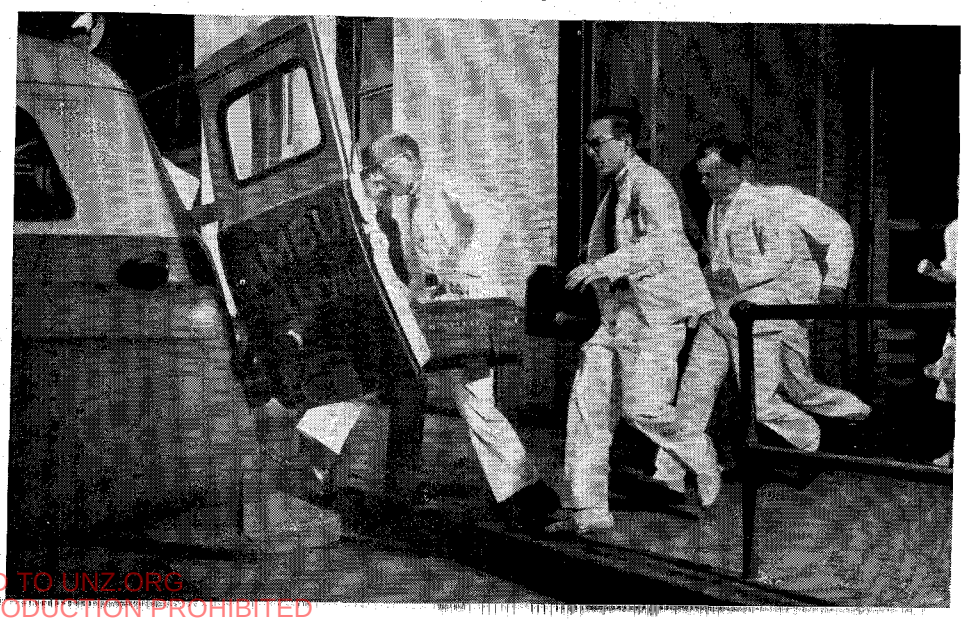
Bellevue's death rate was, in fact, alarmingly high around the turn of the century, and for an unavoidable reason. It was the largest municipal hospital in the fastest-growing city in the world; as such, it admitted more people already dying than any other institution.

Even today we get many hopeless and near-hopeless cases—accident victims, impoverished centenarians, policemen and gangsters who have just shot it out, transfers from private hospitals of long-term patients who have run out of funds, and people who are actually dead on arrival. Yet our current mortality rate is relatively low, 4.7 per cent. Best of all are our obstetrics wards, where there is seldom one death among the 3000 women who are admitted annually.

We've come a long way since 1874, when an outbreak of childbed fever took thirty lives, prompting newspapers to suggest that Bellevue be torn down.

Each day at Bellevue is the beginning of a new adventure for me. I am deputy medical superintendent, second in command, and it is my job to help keep the hospital functioning smoothly. Arriving in the morning, I may find myself faced with an extraordinary situation among the variety of routine hospital happenings. Possibly there are newspapermen waiting to ask about the rumored disappearance of a patient from the prison ward in the Psychiatric Pavilion. Or perhaps a baby is being born in a taxi right outside the hospital gates. (For these rare cases we keep on hand an emergency labor bundle—sheets, drugs, instruments—to be snatched up by doctors and nurses as they run outdoors. The sheets are draped over the taxi to prevent bystanders from peering in. Then, crouched in the cab, the obstetrical team completes the delivery. This

1886: A Bellevue ambulance picks up an injured factory worker. 1956: A Catastrophe Unit dashes to a waiting ambulance.



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procedure is carried out only when it is humanly impossible to get the woman up to the delivery room.)

Sometimes I deal with crime. This was true in 1952, when we had a kidnaping. It began with a mother coming to see her baby in Bellevue—and finding the baby had vanished. We called a meeting of all those who were even remotely involved with the case—doctors and nurses on the wards, attendants, police officers. Finally, it was found that a slightly older baby with the same surname, Hernandez, was still at Bellevue on an adjacent ward.

It was easy to guess that the mother of the older baby, come to get her chronically sick child, had decided to take home a well baby instead. Seeing the healthy-looking Hernandez baby being readied for departure, she gave her last name and claimed the infant.

A fourteen-state alarm had been sent out. But now the police had merely to go to the address listed with us by the second Mrs. Hernandez. There was the baby, unharmed. The episode showed that our system had loopholes. It's a rule now that every child and mother be fingerprinted on admission. The prints are checked if the mother's identity is in question.

I begin my work at Bellevue each morning by reading the daily supervisor's report. This tells me what happened between midnight and eight A.M.—how many patients were put in respirators, how many have been isolated for contagious diseases, how many were admitted during the night (the average is twenty to twenty-five); and how many came in for emergency treatment (fifty to a hundred on a quiet night). The report usually lists one or two deaths and at least two births. I see, too, how many psychiatric patients appear to have suicidal tendencies or have actually attempted suicide. This figure is understandably high; on a morning not long ago the census listed ninety-seven potential suicides out of 600 patients on our psychiatric wards.

While I'm looking over these reports, the telephone brings me problems in infinite variety. A doctor wants permission to use a new drug or a very expensive drug. There may be an electric-power failure to worry about, a shortage of towels, a leak in the plumbing, a request for a special nurse—and the shortage of nurses is appalling.

And I have visitors, like the brother of a patient who was ushered in recently. He wanted his brother to sign a power of attorney. He said money from the patient's bank account was needed for the use of the sick man's children. That might be true, but it might not. I visited the ward, and discovered that the patient had a punctured skull and was unable to talk. I asked the brother to return when the patient was capable of authorizing the transaction. Temporarily helpless patients can be defrauded, and we have to be careful. The psychiatric patients in particular are marks for scheming relatives.

After my desk work is finished I usually look in on some of the wards and departments. The blood bank is one of the places I try to visit every day. We give between 700 and 800 transfusions a month to people suffering from burns, shock, kidney ailments or more esoteric maladies. In order to replenish the bank, our doctors ask relatives of every patient for blood donations. (Continued on Page 62)

Two derelict old-timers doze in the Admitting Ward. Bellevue does not admit patients who can afford to pay for private care. "But," says Dr. Cutolo, "we treat sick people first and ask the financial questions later."

SOME QUESTIONS DOCTOR CUTOLO ANSWERS . . .

WHAT CAUSED THE SMALLPOX PANIC OF 1947 ?	HOW MANY LEPERS LIVE IN NEW YORK ?	HOW DOES BELLEVUE HANDLE TEEN-AGE PROSTITUTES ?
WHY WERE THE "VICTORY GIRLS" TOO MUCH FOR BELLEVUE ?	WHAT HAPPENED THE DAY THE PLANE HIT THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING ?	WHO WAS BELLEVUE'S MASQUERADING DOCTOR ?
WHAT HAPPENS TO 500 UNCLAIMED BODIES A YEAR ?	WHO ARE THE PITIFUL KIDS OF PUBLIC SCHOOL # 618 ?	WHAT WAS THE "BOX TREATMENT" FOR ST. VITUS'S DANCE ?

Detective John Aievoli, head of the Missing Persons Department at the Bellevue morgue, examines the teeth of an unclaimed body for clues to its identity. Cadavers are kept in these refrigerated compartments.

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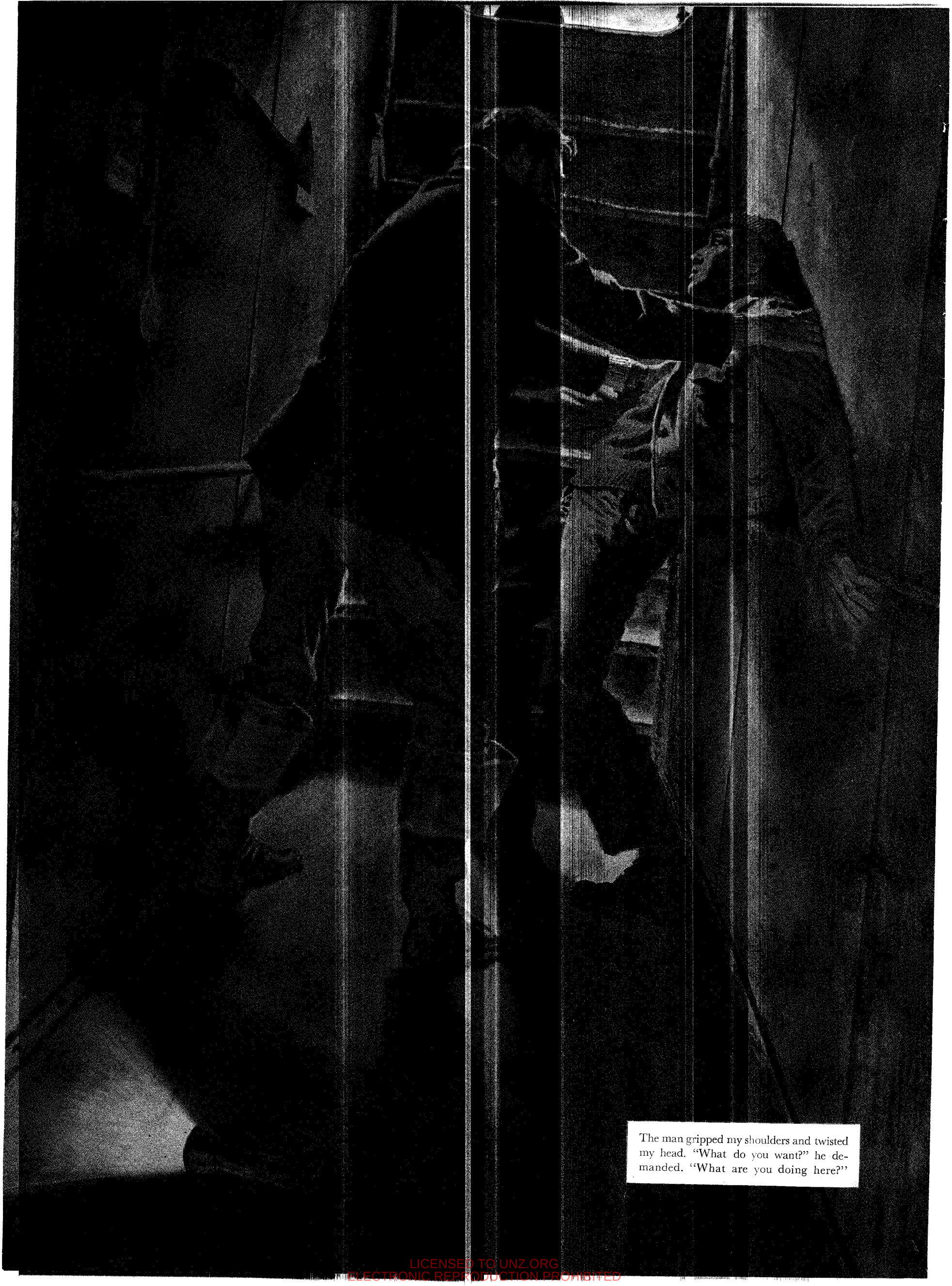

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The Wreck of the Mary Deare

The story of a fugitive skipper, accused of a crime he didn't commit, and the mysterious secret of the SS Mary Deare.

Beginning an adventure by HAMMOND INNES

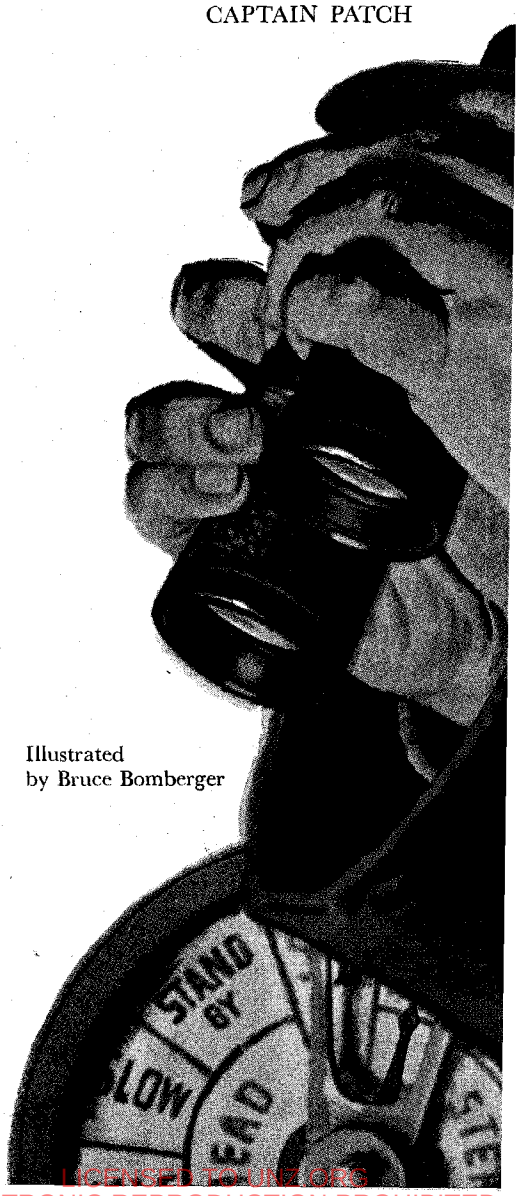
I was tired and very cold; a little scared too. The red and green navigation lights cast a weird glow over the sails. Beyond was nothing, a void of utter darkness in which the sea made little rushing noises. I eased my cramped legs, sucking on a piece of barley sugar. Above me the sails swung in a ghostly arc, slatting back and forth as Sea Witch rolled and plunged. There was scarcely wind enough to move the boat through the water, yet the swell kicked up by the March gales ran as strong as ever, and my numbed brain was conscious all the time that this was only a lull. The weather forecast at six o'clock had been ominous. Winds of gale force were reported imminent in sea areas Rockall, Shannon, Sole and Finisterre. Beyond the binnacle light the shadowy outline of the boat stretched ahead of me, merging into the clammy blackness of the night. I had dreamed of this moment so often. But now, after fifteen hours at sea, the excitement of owning our own boat was gone, eaten up by the cold.

The door of the charthouse slammed back to give me a glimpse of the lighted saloon, and against it loomed Mike Duncan's oilskin-padded bulk holding a steaming mug in either hand. He shut the door, and the darkness and the sea crowded in again.

"Soup?" Mike's cheerful, freckled face appeared abruptly out of the night, hanging disembodied in the light from the binnacle. He smiled at me from the folds of his balaclava as he handed me a mug. "Nice and fresh up here, after the galley," he said. And then the smile was wiped from his face. "What's that?" He was staring past my left shoulder—staring at something astern of us on the port quarter. "Can't be the moon, can it?"

I swung round. A cold, green translucence showed at the edge of visibility, a sort of spectral light that made me catch my breath in sudden panic, with all the old seamen's tales of weird and frightful things seen at sea rushing through my mind. (Continued on Page 172)

CAPTAIN PATCH



Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

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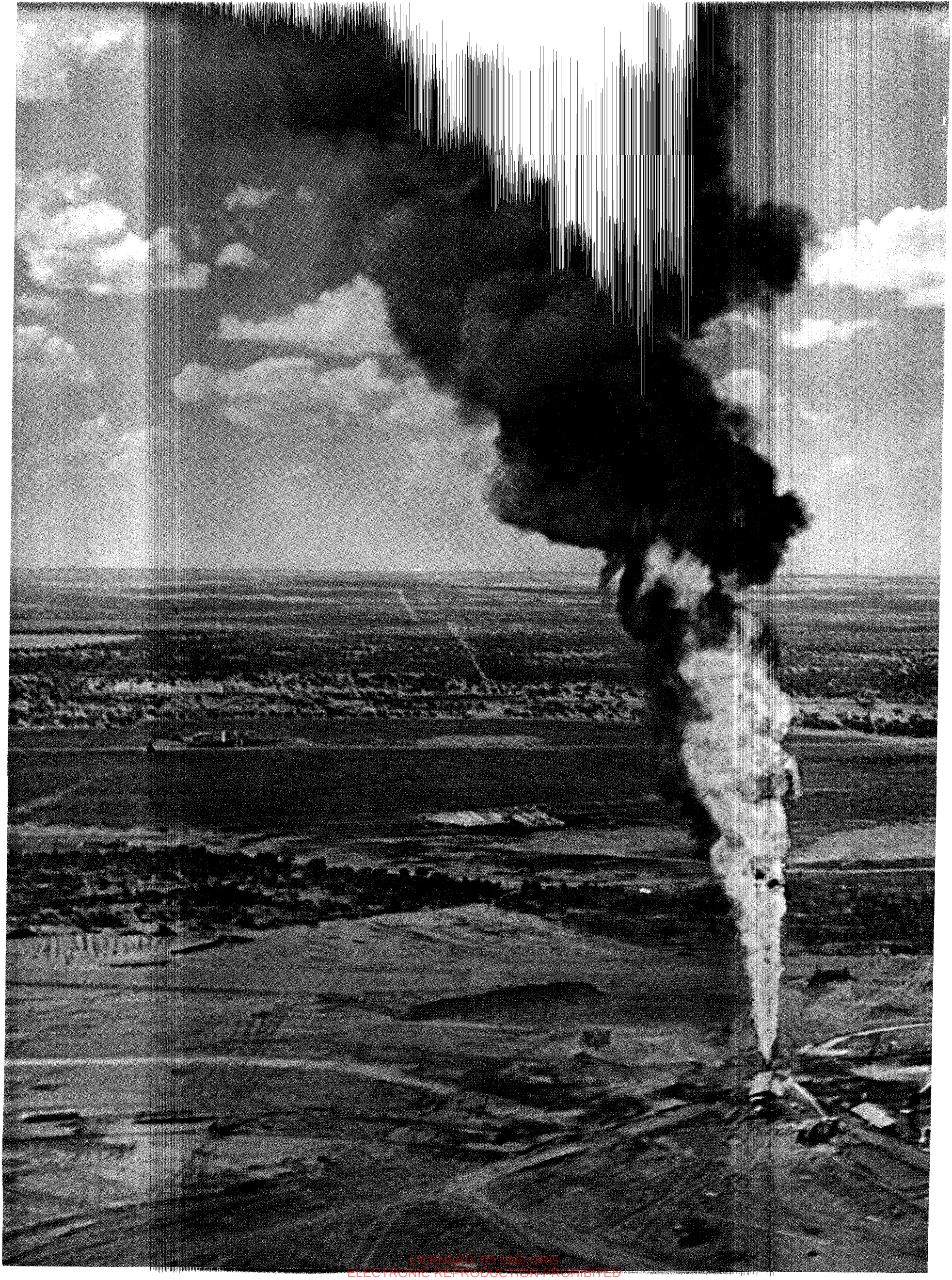

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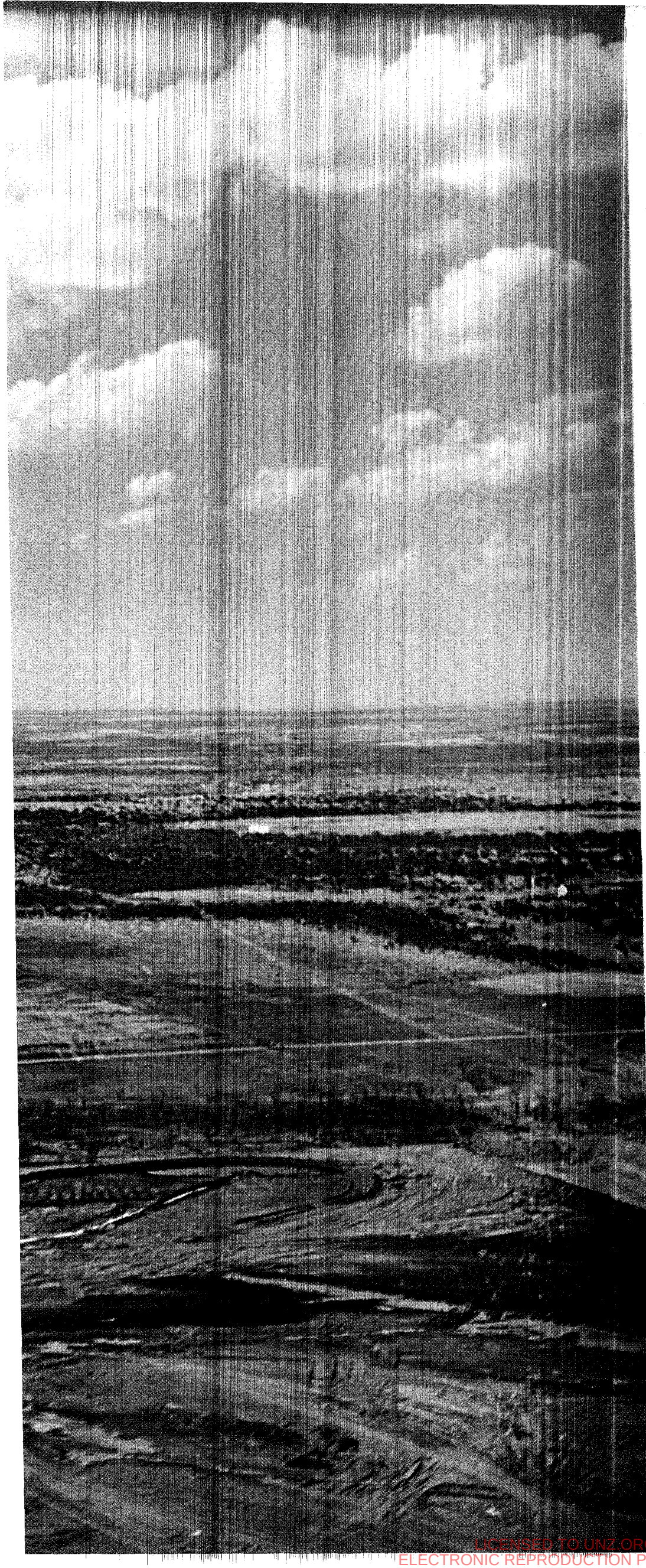

The Face of AMERICA

WILD OIL WELL

When an oil well catches fire it makes a blaze of spectacular proportions. Here you see Holley No. 1, a runaway gusher near Big Spring, Texas, which became a blistering, high-pressure inferno after a spark from the exhaust of a passing car ignited escaping gas fumes. Veteran oil-well fire fighter Myron Kinley and his crew of roustabouts and drillers labored for twenty-five days during June and July, 1950, before they capped Holley. Holley was expensive—about $300,000 worth of oil went up in flames. In addition, her owner, the Pan American Production Company, a subsidiary of American Oil, spent $350,000 to tame Holley. But out of the fire came some valuable new lessons in oil conservation and safety techniques. And Holley has been a well-behaved producer ever since. Fires like this one have become increasingly rare: out of nearly 45,000 wells drilled in the United States every year, about twenty-five go on a rampage, and only one wild well in four catches fire. ● Photograph by Ivan Dmitri

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Night of Disaster

By RODERICK MacLEISH

The stranger came to the terrorized town from nowhere, and in twenty-four hours he changed its life for good.

When it was all over, none of the three was sure who he was. They knew his name—Peter Malloy. They knew his identity—sergeant, United States Army. The old man sensed what he had missed in the thirty years he had been without a son; the Negro preacher knew the warmth of a brother's touch and the task of burial. Of them all, it was clearest to the girl. Having known a moment of real love, she was prepared to go back to an existence involving the mechanics of love without its breath of life.

There was a premonition of autumn in the August evening. The wind that blew up the deep valley had a chill to it. The girl walked the road from the cemetery alone. At the top of the bluff she stopped and turned up the collar of her soiled raincoat. Below her, the sound of singing faded among the trees. Life. Faith. God is good.

And now she was alone. She looked down at the broken, shattered town. The exhausted rivers ran under their bridges. Telephone linemen rolled their ponderous coils across Main Street. Far down the valley a convoy of Army trucks moved toward the town, their headlights an orderly procession of insect eyes in the evening.

The valley had compactly held the girl's hatred for years. She had hated the drab sameness of Main Street with its cheap little electrical-supply store, outlandishly garish supermarket, the laundry with its corny sign, WIFE-SAVING STATION, the auto dealers, the grimy railroad station up on the embankment, the narrow, porchless hotel where men with sex-jaded evening eyes lingered after supper, picking their teeth and appraising the legs of waitresses who sauntered by. She had hated it all—the juxtaposition of poolroom and church, the Saturday-night crowds, Reddy-Freez drive-in and back-street mission.

But now the town was cracked apart, littered with torn bits of its own flesh, its chrome and rubbish heaped together, disrupting the homely homogeneity.

"God is good," the preacher had said. "His earth is clean and we are frail. On this evening, Lord, we have laid one of our brothers in Thine earth. And if Thy wrath has been visited upon us, Father, it is because we, Thy children, are full of sin and our days are heavy with trouble. For Thy lesson, Lord, we are humbly grateful and ask that, in Thy wisdom, Thou wilt accept this, our poor brother who knew no home in our world, but is now Thine in eternal life."

Looking down, the girl saw past all of the juxtapositions, past the smashed hulk of the supermarket, electrical store and poolroom. The men with evening eyes were unpiling sandbags, swinging great crane booms through the gathering darkness, patching telephone lines and gently lifting the sick and wounded into the bays of helicopters which would take them to the clean, orderly world outside. The girl's hatred was gone because she understood the town and now it needed her.

Illustrated by Thornton Utz

He knew what it must look like from below—a spotlit man dangling in a jungle of steel high in the darkness.

She was tired, but felt whole and free, and the memory of love lingered. She brushed back a tumbled lock of hair and started down the path. The singing had ended and the night was coming on with a final rush.

Cooper's Falls, Massachusetts, lies in the extreme southwest corner of the state where the Crohawk and Muddy rivers form their confluence and flow down a deep valley to the Connecticut. There was nothing especially unique about Cooper's Falls; it was no different from twenty other gray-stone and red-brick New England mill towns. The textile industry that grew up in the first half of the nineteenth century brought an influx of labor—Poles, Italians, Eastern European Jews and, after the War Between the States, a Negro population that grew until a whole settlement, known as Shacktown, had established itself across the Muddy river.

There was a handful of old families—Priors, Scattergoods and Fitches, most of them descendants of the valley's original Welsh and English settlers. The predominant religion in Cooper's Falls was Roman Catholic, although there were also Lutheran, Presbyterian and Unitarian churches, a synagogue (Reformed) and a branch of the African Baptist church. One newspaper, The Evening Observer, was published. It was Republican—pro-Eisenhower Republican after 1952.

Like most quiet, inverted places that connect to the outside world only by a railroad and two state highways, Cooper's Falls had its patterns. There were great friendships and bitter enmities, strata and problems. A sensational murder happened on Main Street one winter afternoon in 1935. But it seemed, as the years went on, that nothing would ever really change. Or so it seemed until August 19, 1955.

He got off the bus because it was evening, he was sick of riding and had time. Eight days remained of his leave. He had spent the first twenty-two traveling from Fort Bragg to New York, seeing plays and hoping to find another unattached soul. But there weren't any unattached souls in New York that summer, especially female ones. So, wearily, the sergeant packed his bags and got on a bus for Vermont. New England was supposed to be pretty, and he had never seen it.

The bus rolled out of New York at nine o'clock on a breathlessly hot August morning, jiggled and squeaked through lower Connecticut as the broiling day dragged on. By noon it had passed New Milford, picked up speed as it rolled north through green hills and patchwork farms that more closely conformed to the impression of New England that the sergeant had formed in his mind. By late afternoon the sergeant's suntans were wrinkled and his legs cramped. Finally, as the bus rolled down the main street of a middle-sized town he said to hell with it, and decided to get off and spend the night. The place was in a deep valley, it was cool and the name was kind of restful—Cooper's Falls.

It was getting dark by the time he checked his bags and washed up. The bus-depot lunch counter was

(Continued on Page 92)

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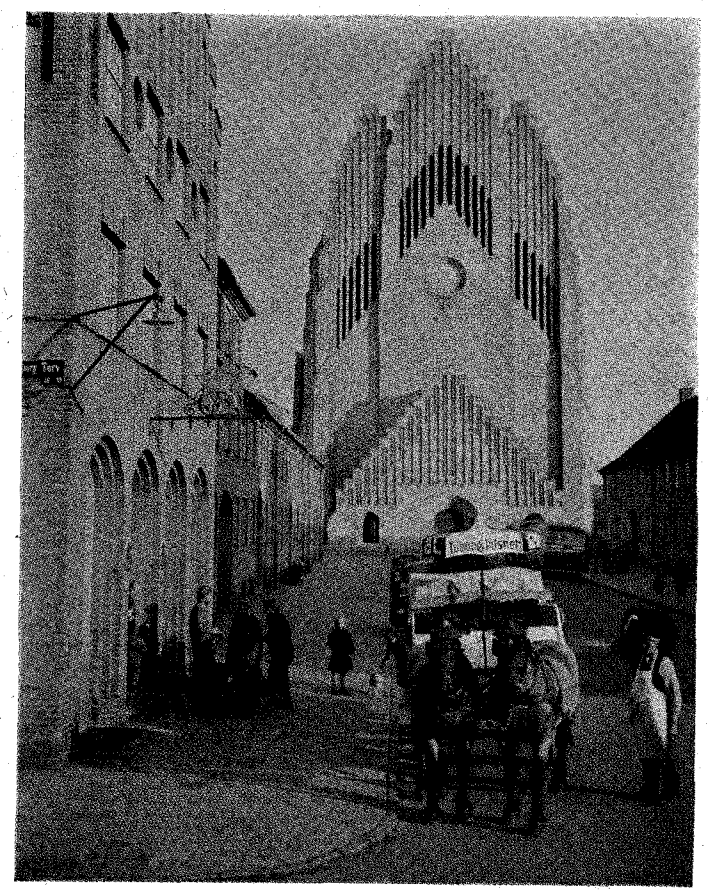
The Nimb restaurant, in the world-famous Tivoli amusement park. Hans Christian Lumbye (foreground) was conductor of the park orchestra when Tivoli opened in 1843.



A beer wagon, and (at rear) a church of the Grundtvigian sect. Most Danes are indifferent toward religion, but proud of their beer.

CITIES OF THE WORLD No. 19

COPENHAGEN

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

This Scandinavian show place
is noted for its hospitality, shapely girls
and wonderful food—
but it has its seamy side too.

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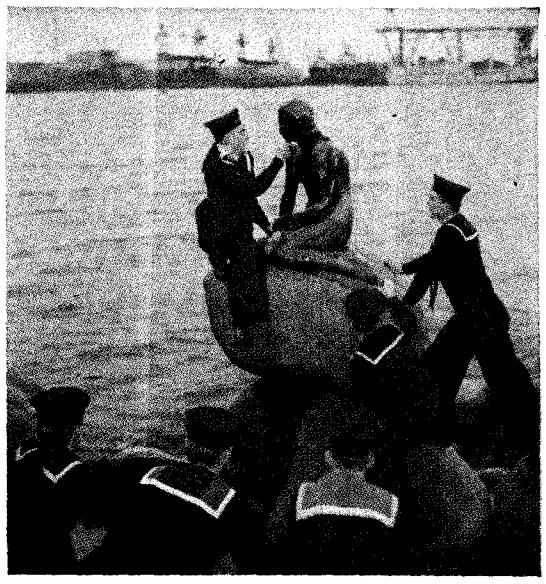
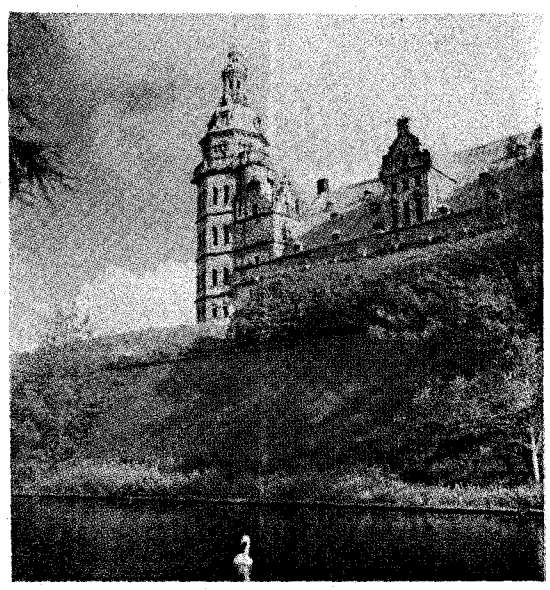


In Copenhagen harbor, British sailors flirt with the statue of Hans Christian Andersen's Little Mermaid.

King Frederick IX is greeted by the keeper of Christiansborg Palace, where Denmark's parliament meets.



Kronborg Castle, at Elsinore, north of Copenhagen, is the haunted castle of Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Copenhagen.

Crossing the drawbridge of another city is much like shaking hands with a new person—the circumstances of that first how-do-you-do forever govern your relationships. Gay Copenhagen might have struck you as less gay if you had found her in the Latin Quarter of the globe, washed by blue seas, caressed by a hot sun. But up here, in the dim and blowy Scandinavian world, among the heavy Teutons, she is indeed the "Paris of the North."

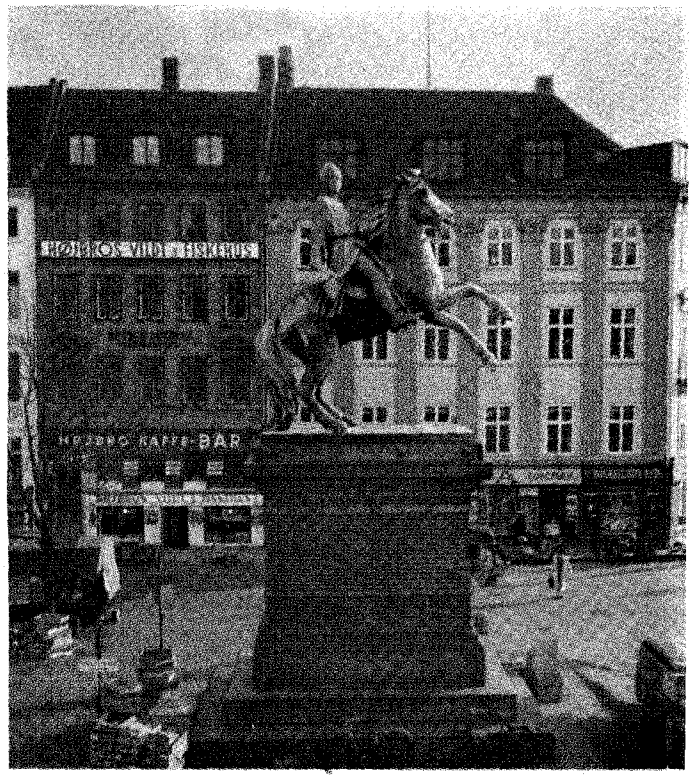
I think it was the Swedes who coined that phrase. Emerging from their somber forests, they cross the narrow sound in droves to treat themselves to a free-flowing Copenhagen weekend and take the ferry home, most pleasantly hung over. To them, this hospitable city is the "continent"—the first stop on the primrose route to France.

Even the visitor approaching from the south and west finds his resistance taxed by an extravagant collection of night spots, bars and restaurants. He samples the delights of Tivoli, the world's best-known amusement park. He watches the King's Guards march by at noon, tall toy soldiers with bearskin caps. He notes that almost everybody smiles in Copenhagen, that postmen wear red tunics, and that the pretty girls on bicycles allow their skirts to billow in their wake. And he writes home that Copenhagen is the next thing to paradise.

Still, for all its human warmth, this is the threshold of the Frigid Zone. The palette of its colors lacks the rich hues of southern climes—here, artists are tempted to discard their oil paints and try water colors. The sky above, on sunny days, is of a pale and glassy blue, with paper-doll clouds fretting at great height. Sea gulls fly perfect circles around the city's ten or twelve sharp spires whose copper sheathing, exposed to salty breezes, has turned a mellow green. And all along the water front the narrow-breasted houses wear coats of pink, light blue and ocher paint—colors that won't hurt the eye as a pale, lukewarm sun benignly shines on them. This is the delicacy of the North.

(Continued on Page 168)

"Eating," the author was told, "is Denmark's national pastime." A fashionable place to do so is the Wivex restaurant.



Højbro Square. The man on horseback is Absalon, a fighting bishop who gave Denmark dominion over the Baltic in the Middle Ages.

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Stroob, with a quick motion, scooped the notebook into a drawer. He sprang to his feet.

By HARRY KLINGSBERG

Planted Evidence

An audacious pair of crooks framed the district attorney himself . . .

November, 1855. A chill autumn moon silhouetted the newly built, lonely brick house in the bend of the river, softening the freshly piled earth and the trees felled to make the clearing. Smoke arched up from the chimney, but within the dwelling all were asleep now except a lean man of thirty before the fire, staring into it and brooding on the letter that had reached him that day. A tragic letter, that pressed on his heart and mystified him with the workings of fate.

Turning at last, he walked to a table. By the light of an oil lamp, he read the missive again; then, assembling writing materials, began an acknowledgment:

"Dear Mr. Rikerly: With deep sorrow, I learn of the death of my dear sister ——"

Not a prolix man, he penned but a few sentences and signed, "Jacob Ashton." He sealed and prepared his letter for posting; then attended to the fire and made ready for bed. Presently, darkness settled over the house, the first in the town of Ashtona.

In July, 1955, Ashtona was a thriving community of ten thousand. The columned courthouse in midtown carried a wide banner: CENTENNIAL YEAR. Up the river stood the buildings of the Ashtona Company: Makers of Fine Cabinets and Furniture.

John Doowinkle, an assistant district attorney in his own city, but just a tourist here, drove toward it this Monday forenoon, his wife beside him and his spectacled, rather earnest eyes registering enjoyment. Suitcases aboard, they were on a vacation trip to points north, beginning with a brief visit to a pair of young friends in this town. Thinking of them, Martha Doowinkle sighed reminiscently.

She said, "Todd and Nellie Blake. It'll be fun seeing them again."

John grinned. Todd Blake was a big, buoyant young fellow who'd come down from Ashtona after the war to enter law school, his pretty bride with (Continued on Page 113)

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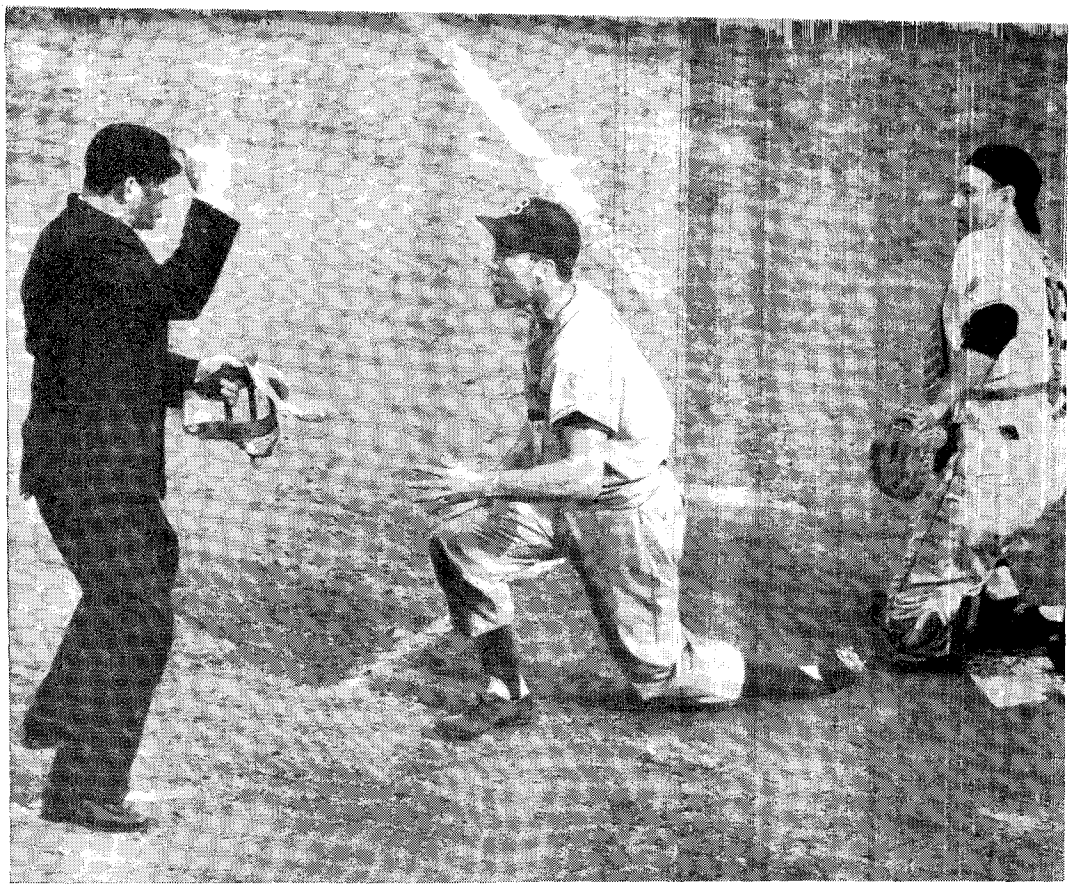
AN UMPIRE SQUAWKS BACK

By LARRY GOETZ,
as told to Joe Reichler



"Out? Who? Me?" Dodger center fielder Duke Snider demurs to Umpire Goetz's decision. "I don't mind aggressive players," Goetz says. "It's the alibi guys I can't stand."

What's wrong with baseball?

Too many crybabies, says this veteran umpire.

"They can't stand a few boos."

Casey Stengel and Johnny Stevens. The author puts the "crybaby" tag on Casey's 1952 Yanks.

Now that big-league baseball is more than seventy-five years old, the men who govern the game suddenly have become aware that something is wrong. They engaged a survey outfit last year to make a thorough exploration of their business and what ails it. This researching included asking questions of many people. Well, despite popular opinion, umpires are people. I hope they get around to quizzing us.

What's wrong with baseball? Nothing—except the players. Not all, but a good number. I'm referring to those who try to shift the blame for their own incompetence onto the umpires. They are the ones who cause the long, tiresome games that so many people object to, the petty bickering and sloppy play which make a game less interesting.

After umpiring in the 1952 World Series, I called the New York Yankees crybabies. They were, and I meant it. They won the crying championship before they won the world championship that year. They accepted every decision in their favor as if by divine right. When a few went against them, they moaned and they groaned. They displayed a news picture of an umpire calling a play incorrectly at first base, and berated the umpire in every dressing-room interview.

I'm not talking about the other Yankee teams, but those '52 Yanks certainly were crybabies. I also (Continued on Page 191)

Despite the fuss batters make, Goetz says, he's never known a pitcher to try to hit a batter in the head with a "bean ball." Here, the Giants' Dusty Rhodes falls away from a "brushback."

Brooklyn catcher Roy Campanella disputes Frank Dascoli's decision after a close play at home.

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How Long Can We Stay on the Farm?

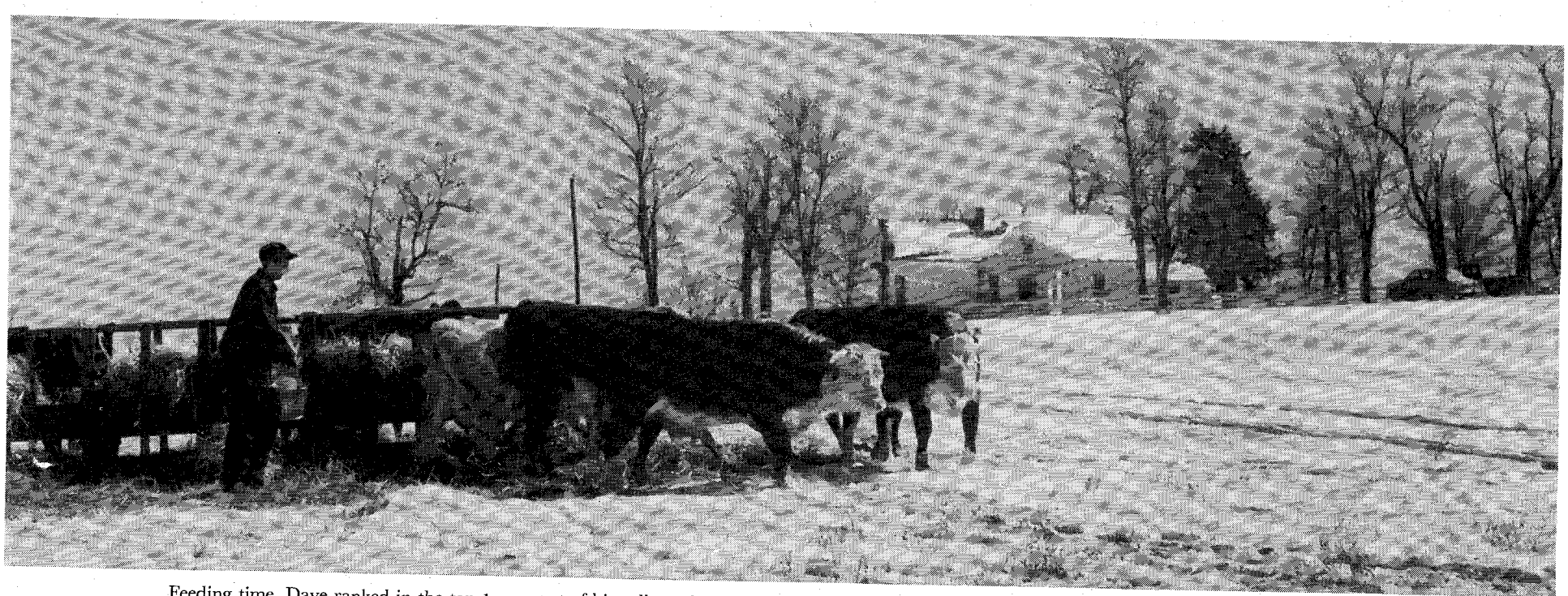
The Horner farm, Columbia, Mo.: The author (right) with Winifred, 6, her husband Dave, Richard, 4, Beth, 2.

Caught between falling income and spiraling costs, U.S. farmers are being forced out of business in droves. Here a young farm wife describes her family's plight.

By WINIFRED BRYAN HORNER

I know how the last buffalo must have felt before they put him on the nickel, because we, too, belong to a species that is becoming extinct. We are one of the young farmer families who, in the changing agricultural economy of this country, are caught in the current price squeeze. We don't have to read the newspapers to know that. In our record books the story is clear to anyone who can add, subtract or see red.

We are the displaced persons of the year. In the midst of an abounding prosperity, we are facing our own private depression. While non-farm income has gone up 68 per cent since 1947, the farm income has dropped 38 per cent. Apparently our economy is burdened with surpluses of corn, wheat, rice, cotton and farmers. No one yet has suggested that we



Feeding time. Dave ranked in the top 1 per cent of his college class. Now he works 40 hours a week on the farm while holding down a full-time outside job.

Photographs by Frank Ross

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plow under the farmer, but it seems to follow that some of us should get out of the business. There is a happy theory that this process will naturally leave only the efficient farmer.

Who really is staying on the farm? In rare instances it is the young man who has inherited or married into a going farm concern. Frequently, it is the incompetent worker who cannot go elsewhere. It is the untrained farmer with less than a high-school education who is seldom drawn to the city anyway. His alternatives are limited and the attractions are not overwhelming. He'd rather be poor in a house with a view from a hilltop than to look through a cracked windowpane in an overcrowded flat.

In most cases, the person who is staying in agriculture is the older man who paid for his farm during the golden era of agriculture, 1939 to 1951. This man, with an unmortgaged $50,000 operation, can supply his income needs with a less than 5 per cent return on his capital and nothing for his labor.

The young farmer down the road with a similar $50,000 enterprise is necessarily faced with a mortgage on which he must make an annual 5 per cent interest payment to the banker. And if he is capable and college-trained, big business is leaning over his pasture fence waving an attractive pay check. This is the farmer who is abandoning agriculture—the competent, well-trained man under forty who can double or triple his income by going into another field.

How can the present farm economy possibly hold this young man? And what will agriculture's future be without him?

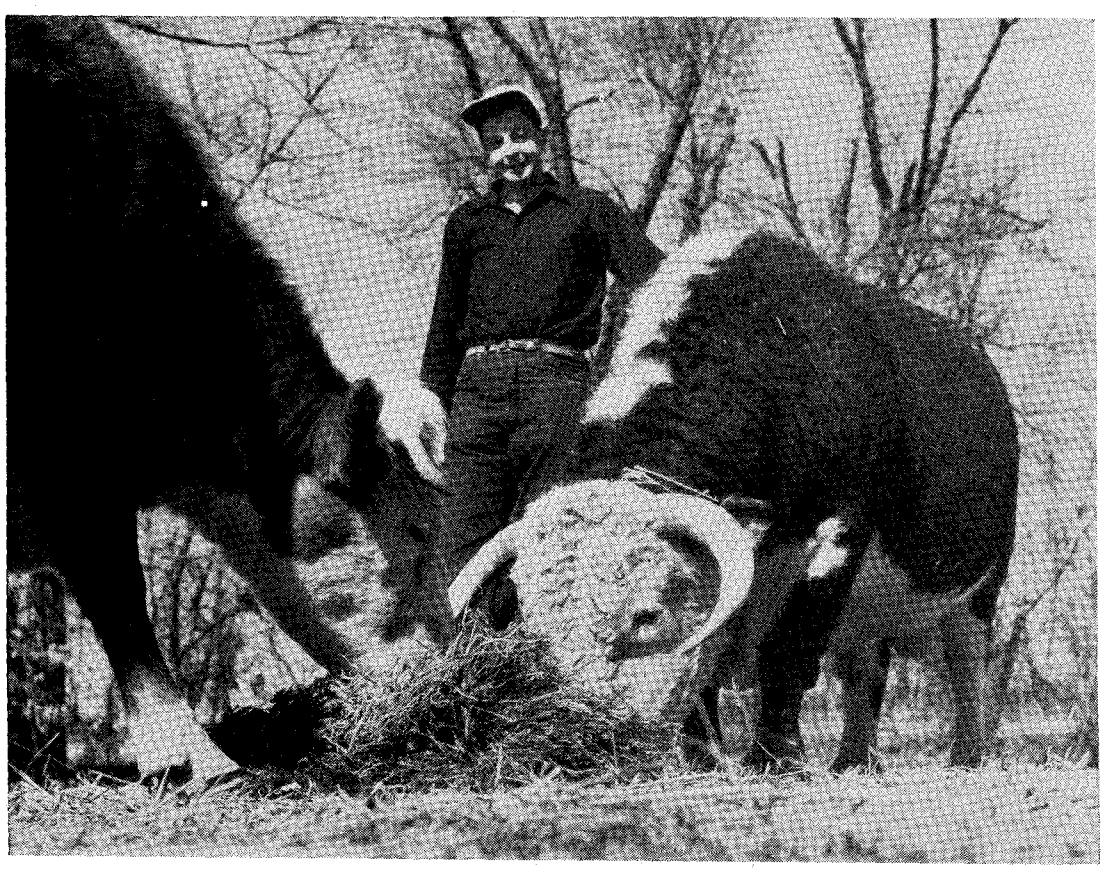
We have been farming for ten years. With a background of three generations of lawyers, engineers and teachers, my husband grew up in St. Louis with an ambition to farm. In college, I worked on my A.B. degree with one eye on my books and the other on Dave. He ranked in the upper 1 per cent of his class and graduated in agricultural engineering. We went into farming knowing that it was a business of high risk, keen competition and low return. We did not expect to become wealthy. We were willing to forgo a big salary in return for a 100-acre back yard for our children, the independence of being our own bosses and the beauty of a greening field on a sunny day. With adequate training, at least average brains and a willingness to work hard together, we expected to make a decent living and a good life.

We invested our original capital of $7500 in a milk cow and 130 acres of fertile but hilly land near Columbia, Missouri. The four years' on-the-farm training to which Dave was entitled as a veteran was the boost we needed to get started. The VA instructor provided good technical help and the ninety-dollar-a-month allotment guaranteed our eating in spite of our mistakes and allowed us to reinvest the farm income in livestock and machinery. A farmer is all-in-one—capital, labor, entrepreneur. At this point, we were mostly labor, but we were gaining some badly needed experience.

The Horners discuss farm problems with friends who are fellow members of the Farm Bureau.

"We have seen our contemporaries leave, one by one." Above, neighbor Edward Grooms' stock is auctioned.

After five years in the hills, we were ready to branch out. The city shine was pretty well rubbed off. We had accumulated many blisters and calluses and a fair supply of know-how and capital. We figured, and agricultural economists agreed, that our small capital would return more if we concentrated it on modern, efficient machinery and more livestock, instead of trying to stretch it to cover land investment as well. With this idea, we sold our farm at a good price and entered into an owner-tenant arrangement that is customary in the Midwest. We supplied the machinery and labor. Our partner supplied the land. The livestock was owned jointly, and the profits were split fifty-fifty. (Continued on Page 159)



Dave with his blue-ribbon bull, D. D. Morlunda Domino (right). Dave refuses to sell his prize cattle to pay bills—calls them "savings account on the hoof."

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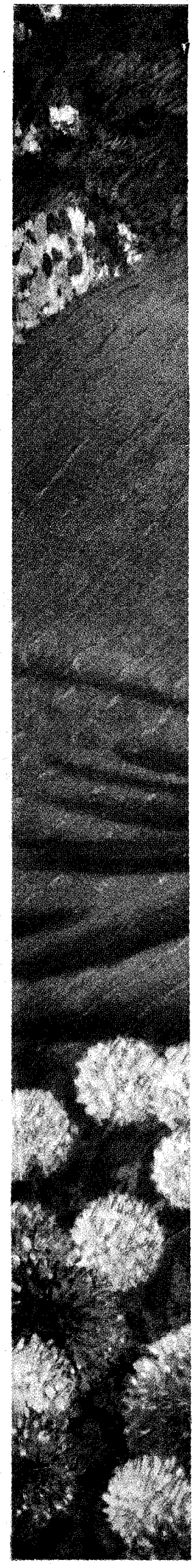
Elaine wanted a husband,

even one that belonged to somebody else.

Lady on the Prowl

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE



One September evening in 1946, William Henry Carter took his grandmother to the theater, to see a play which he did not expect to like. He did not like the play, but he fell head over heels in love with the young actress who played the ingénue. Her name was Dodie Rodman, and the program notes to which he turned at the end of the first act informed him that this was her first New York appearance. At the second-act curtain, he was still too bemused to go outside and smoke, and when the play was over, it took all his will power not to abandon his grandmother to the snarls of Broadway traffic and present himself at the stage door.

He wrote her a letter that night. He said that he thought she was wonderful, and that if she wanted to make it difficult, he would concentrate all his time and energy in finding someone to introduce them formally, but wouldn't it be easier if she agreed to meet him after the show tomorrow?

He bought a seat for the play, and arrived at the theater fifteen minutes early. She was lovelier than he remembered. She was of medium height and medium weight and medium coloring. Her hair was brown, with tawny glints; her eyes could be blue or gray or green, and she had something of every beautiful woman he had ever seen.

He was standing in the alley beside the stage door when she came out. She was wearing slacks and a honey-colored corduroy jacket. Her face was scrubbed clean, her hair tied at the back of her neck with a narrow green ribbon.

She said, "Hello, Mr. Carter," and her voice, not speaking lines, but addressed to him, William Henry Carter, sent shivers along his spine. She smiled. "There's an Italian restaurant down the block," she told him. "I could eat some spaghetti."

When they were seated at a table in a booth, she said, "You know, I saw you at last night's performance. You were sitting in the middle of the deaf row, and you've no idea how dark your hair looked among all those cotton-tops!" Abruptly, she laughed; easy, unaffected laughter. "Do you realize that you haven't said one word to me?" she demanded.

He began to laugh, too, and they looked at each other across the checked tablecloth and laughed like two silly children.

"I've really been talking a blue streak," he said, when he stopped laughing. "I've been thanking you for coming tonight, and for giving such a terrific performance, and for ——" Even in his bewitched state, he knew that it was corny, but he said it anyway: "For having been born."

She said, "I thank you right back for all those nice things. Now, what about our spaghetti?"

At two o'clock they were still sitting there, talking. She was nineteen years old, five years younger than he. She had had two seasons in a summer-stock company, and, the previous winter, two jobs as understudy for Broadway shows. She was pleased that he thought she was a good actress, but she knew how much better she was going to be. It was all that she wanted in life.

"What about you?" she asked.

He had been three weeks with a New York law firm. He was doing well, and he, too, expected to do better. He reached across the table and took her hand. "It isn't all that I want in life, though," he said, and looked into her eyes until she looked away.

That was the first of a number of proposals. In October she said, "I love you, too, Bill, but I honestly don't think I ought to get married. I do love you—but if I had to choose between you and my career, I'd choose my career." In November he said, "Dodie, even if it doesn't last, it will be worth it to me." They were married in December, and when, in February, she told him that she wanted to have a child, he was so happy that he could not speak.

The play he had not liked continued to run until June. In July they rented a house on Staten Island, and Bill commuted to his office for three months. The only moments with Dodie which were not perfect that summer were the five mornings a week when he said good-by to her. It never became easier for him to turn his back and walk away. It never became less wonderful for him to return and find her waiting.

Peter Carter was born in November, and two weeks later, Dodie was in rehearsal for a new play. Peter was a year old when his mother's name first appeared in lights on a theater marquee. He was two when she had her first starring role, and he did not see her onstage until he was five. He joined in the applause after the final curtain and, overcome with pride and excitement, announced loudly to the people about him, "That's my mummy!" A woman in the next seat smiled at Bill, and Bill, no less excited or proud, added, "That's my wife."

The home life of Miss Dodie Rodman, as many an interviewer wrote, was idyllic—an adjective which, Bill maintained, could be applied equally to the home life of Mr. William Henry Carter. She was often away; plays opened in Boston or Philadelphia or Chicago. The timing of their domestic life was set by the demands of her career. She did not like to eat before the evening performance, and Bill adjusted easily to having his dinner at midnight. When she was at home, she always awoke to have breakfast with him and Peter.

The summer of 1955 was the happiest either of them had ever known. Dodie played three two-week engagements at three summer theaters, and Bill was able to take the entire six weeks away from his (Continued on Page 161)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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Suddenly Elaine was in his arms and he was kissing her. "Oh, Bill!" she sighed.

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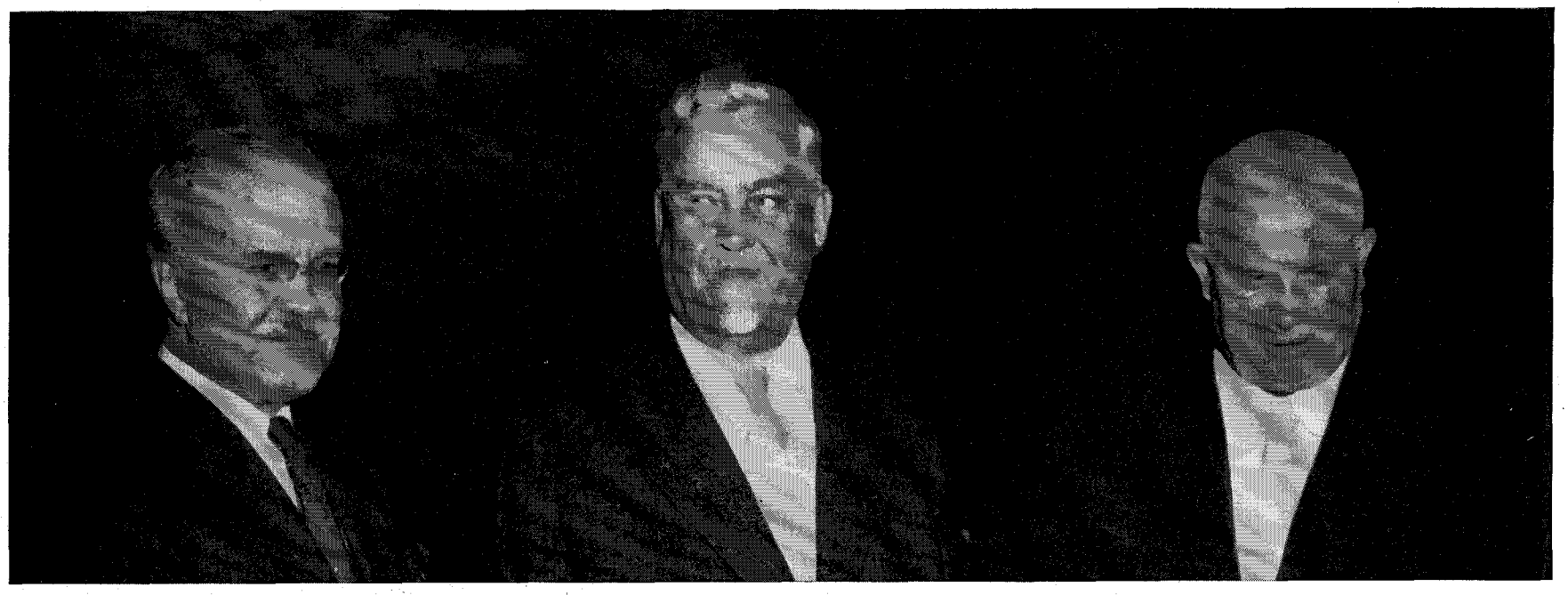

Foreign Minister Molotov, Premier Bulganin, Party boss Khrushchev. The author found little evidence of a life-and-death struggle for power among the new "collective leaders."

Uneasy Anastas Mikoyan, first deputy premier, started the Stalin-toppling game. Khrushchev vehemently concurred.

I Found Russia Changed:

STALIN WOULD BE SURPRISED!

Russian Communism is already a little moth-eaten, reports this expert, and it may change into something Marx never dreamed of . . .

By CHARLES W. THAYER

Conclusion

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

The revolutionary period of change by mass violence is over in the Soviet Union. There may be palace revolts and even violent changes in the communist leadership. But those who dream of overthrowing the Soviet system by mass uprisings or anticommunist conspiracies are deluding themselves.

Even the current posthumous purge of Stalin, by Khrushchev and Bulganin, is unlikely to cause anything more than scattered outbreaks, in my opinion.

This does not mean, however, that communism and its dreams of world conquest are necessarily here to stay. In previous articles in this series I have described how many of the basic principles of Marxism are being sacrificed in the attempt to assure the survival of the Soviet state: the growth of an upper class, the reappearance of landlords, the inheritance of wealth.

During my current visit in the Soviet Union, I have run across many other little noncommunist gremlins hard at work on the Soviet machinery. In a generation or two, they may well change the Soviet system into something far removed from Stalin's ugly dream of a Marxian world dominated by Moscow.

Nowhere are the gremlins harder at work than in Russia's schools and colleges. When I first went to Russia in 1933 only about half the population could read or write. Anyone who could drive a car or a tractor was classified as a technician, and there were so few engineers that foreigners were hired in droves to build Soviet Russia's first factories.

Today every Soviet youngster must go to school for seven years. Within a year or two, if present plans are followed, a high-school education will be made mandatory. Today nearly 2,000,000 students are studying in Soviet universities and technical colleges—and experts say their education is thorough, if narrow.

The Soviet Union is no exception to the rule that the more a man knows the more he wants. He wants not only to eat more but to think more as well. But, as Julius Caesar once pointed out, in a dictatorship men who think are dangerous.

In addition to the task of satisfying these increased demands (Continued on Page 155)

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The Henpecked Mr. Mills

By JACOB HAY

His wife was one of those overpowering women. She forgot that even the meekest of husbands may rebel.

The whole fantastic business began after old Witherington retired as director of the Mills Memorial Museum, that imposing monument to the business acumen and philanthropy of Wellington T. Mills which stands proudly opposite Founders Hall on the oak-shaded campus of Exmouth College, in Exmouth, Pennsylvania, and young Tom Bellini was nominated to succeed to the directorship.

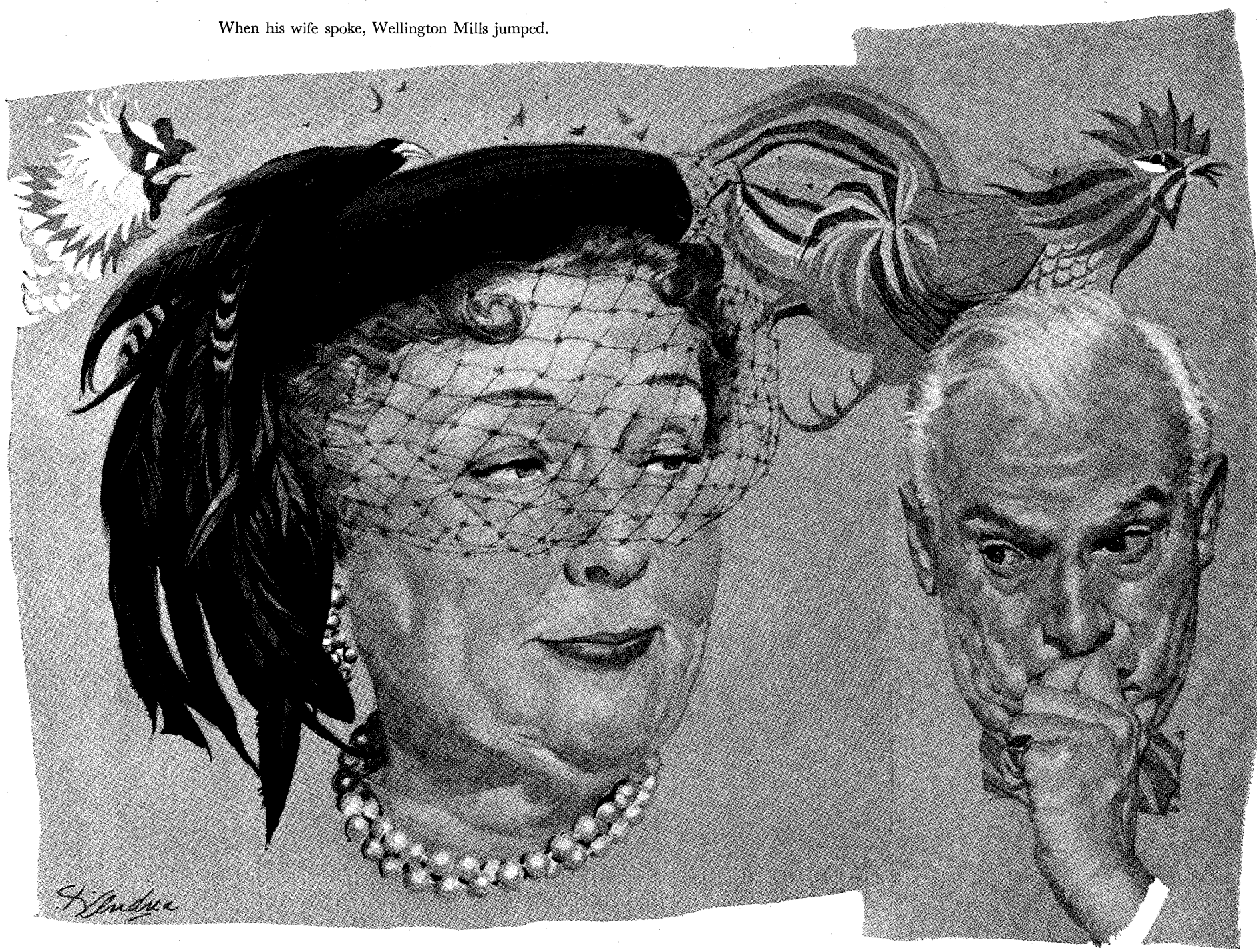
No one, the faculty agreed, was better qualified for the post than Tom, the college's first Prix de Rome winner and a nice guy who'd come back from the wars to put himself through Exmouth on the GI Bill. The more shocking, in consequence, was the action of the board of regents in refusing to consider the nomination.

Dugald MacLeod, professor of history, had just eased his lanky frame into one of the stout oaken armchairs at the center table in the Faculty Club's dining room and was absently contemplating the usual Thursday creamed-chipped-beef-on-toast luncheon special when Broughton, of Fine Arts, broke the news.

"It's a filthy shame," Broughton was rumbling as Dugald paused in the act of reaching for the salt and pepper, "but that's the board of regents for you, and especially old Mills. When his wife speaks, Wellington T. Mills leaps like a stricken faun, if that's the simile I'm groping for."

"It isn't," Davis, of English Lit., observed unkindly, "but we follow your general reasoning. Henrietta Mills has undoubtedly decided that our local product isn't quite up to her idea of swank; it's as basic as that. If Tom Bellini had an Oxford accent, it would be another affair entirely. He has the bad luck to be a home-town (Continued on Page 124)

When his wife spoke, Wellington Mills jumped.



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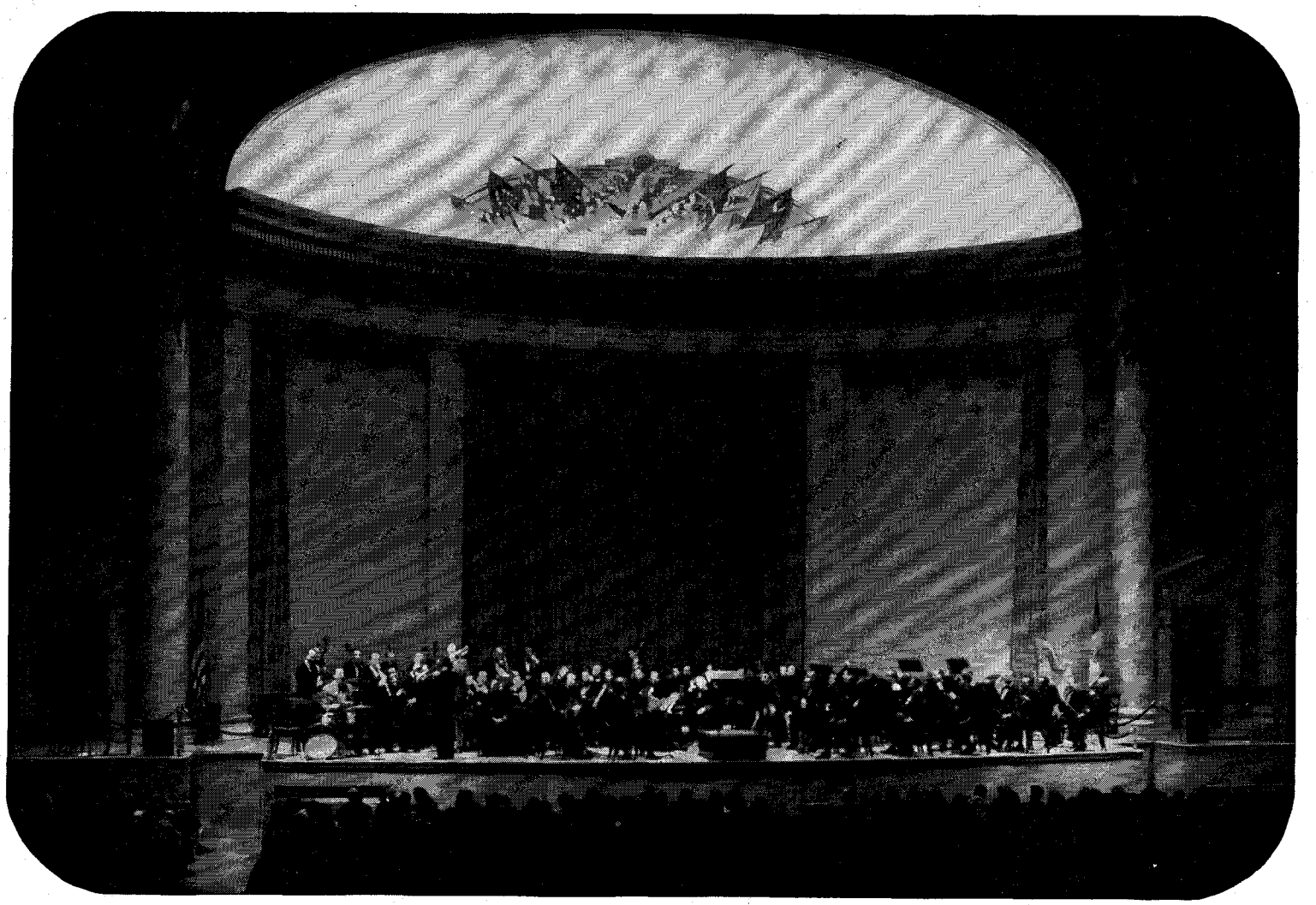
Eddie and his "porkchop." He thinks jam sessions with symphony orchestras are the most: "I may even buy a baton."

So Now I'm Respectable

By EDDIE CONDON, as told to Richard Gehman

After years of crowded, smoky jam sessions, the author finally got a chance to blow the roof off some genteel halls in the longhair league. Here's how it happened.



Eddie Condon's All-Stars (far left) vs. the National Symphony Orchestra, in Washington's Constitution Hall.

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"Orderly panic" ensued after the National Symphony's Lloyd Geisler (with trumpet) sat in with the author.

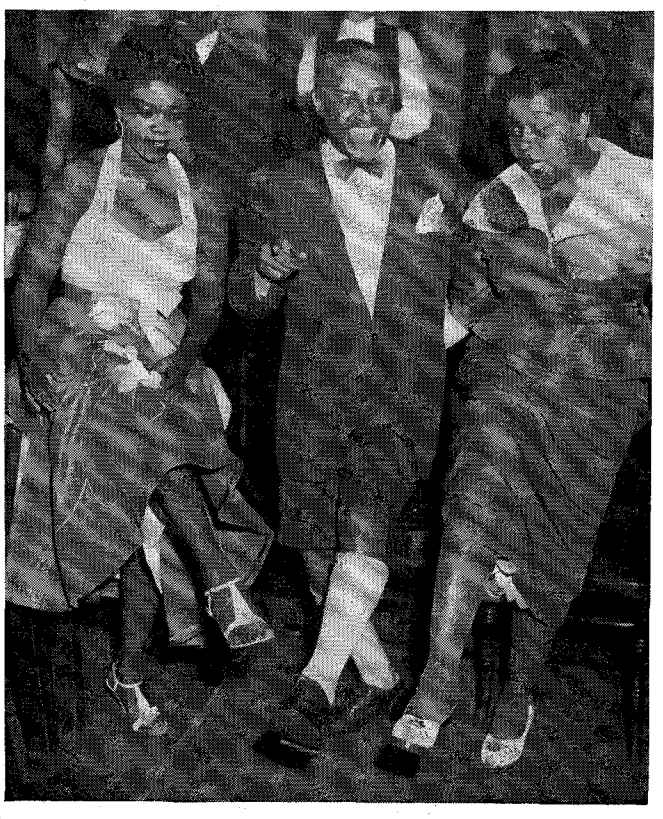
This past year, give or take a couple of months, has been one I may not forget too soon. On November 16, 1955, I scratched fifty off the calendar and put one hundred on notice. On December twentieth, a Greenwich Village milk bar and music box called Eddie Condon's was ten years old. But aside from those personal considerations, I'll remember the past year for other reasons, all of which add up to the fact that the music I am addicted to—jazz, our only native American music—at last came into its own.

Anybody who questions that has been asleep. At Newport, Rhode Island, last summer, around 30,000 showed up for the second annual Jazz Festival. They didn't go to stare at their reflections in promoter George Wein's shimmering scalp; they went for the music. Several other festivals, including one in New Orleans (where the music started in the first place) and one in Lenox, Massachusetts (traditional heath of the weedy-haired), did capacity business every time they turned on the lights.

Nor was the commotion confined to the United States. I've always said that Louis Armstrong is The Boss, and his reception in Europe, where he was swamped with adulation, merely proved that my opinion is not parochial. Lionel Hampton also "gassed" them in Europe, to quote The Hamp, and Gene Krupa and a few other congenial souls went to Australia and took possession of that continent.

There were other rumbles. As all but confirmed recluses must know, the Reverend Alvin Kershaw, an Episcopal minister who evidently didn't spend all his formative years in chapel, went on The $64,000 Question, selected Jazz as his category, copped $32,000, quit, and meanwhile persuaded millions that jazz and religion have much in common: that both are forces for brotherhood, decency, and even nobility of spirit. Jelly Roll Morton used to say much the same thing, but nobody was listening. Also, there was considerable jazzy activity in the colleges. New York and Boston Universities were only two of about a dozen institutions of higher learning that were offering courses in history or appreciation of jazz, and in New York City an expert on Chaucer at Hunter College, Prof. Marshall Stearns, set up an independent scholarly organization called The Institute of Jazz Studies. Finally, Leonard Feather, the tireless critic and advocate, published, after ten years of work, his comprehensive Encyclopaedia of Jazz, now available at most libraries and several learned saloons.

(Continued on Page 181)



Band leader Lionel Hampton, with songbirds Ernestine Anderson and Dinah Washington.

Benny Goodman ventured inside concert halls before the author did—but only with "scored jazz" or to "play nosey-nosey with Mozart."

Lester (Trummy) Young and Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong slayed 'em at the Newport, R.I., Jazz Festival last summer.

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Jonathan pitched a handful of black sand
into the astonished wrestler's eyes.

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By DAN TYLER MOORE

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

It was kill or be killed, with no holds barred in

The Terrible Game

Jonathan jumped out into the bright moonlight and a force of fifty typhoons swept him away, tumbling end over end like a wheat straw. The stars, the sharp black mountains beneath him, the moon and the horizon were merged by his whirling into a dark gray blanket wrapped around his head. He had done it too often to panic. He knew even at that altitude his speed would stabilize at terminal velocity. . . . There. The moon stopped gyrating and he was falling swiftly, feet first, toward the vertical black peaks of Buranulke.

He turned the oxygen up a trifle and scowled inside his tensely inflated altitude suit. His Urdu came to his tongue now almost as easily as English. "Buranulke," he said, and his voice reverberated inside the rubber envelope, "the Cyclone Country." He knew he had miles of free fall before pulling the rip cord. If he pulled now he might float all the way to Siberia. The icy wind howled past him, but he felt snug and warm.

To the north a narrow thread of light wound into the mountains—the moon shining on the Trans-Siberian Railway. It crossed the Dynze Daban Mountains at a mile altitude—his objective, if he was alive after the "game." He was five hundred miles inside Asiatic Russia. He tried to relax, but found it impossible—a good way to get banged up in the landing.

Lt. Jonathan Keith was big, powerful, rangy—the best athlete in his West Point class. He had once been a complete extrovert who loved life in all its physical and mental manifestations—friends, sports, his marriage, his small son, his Army life.

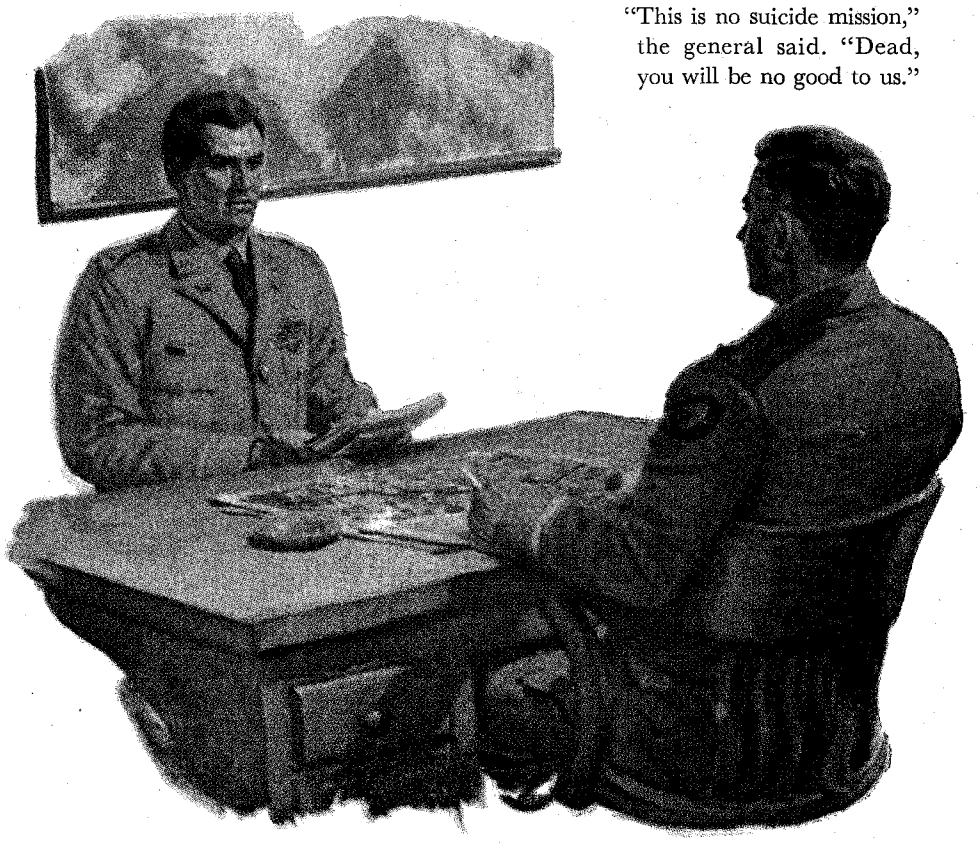
And then, with one auto accident, it all vanished. His life had stretched full of promises before him, and suddenly, with the turn of a wheel, they were broken forever. One could not, he discovered, drown one's sorrows in drink. Finally he requested a foreign assignment with plenty of excitement and danger. To himself his life had become worthless; perhaps it would have some value to his country. He had obtained the assignment and here it was coming up at him at two hundred miles per hour. No one had ever had a stranger mission. He only half believed it himself.

He looked down. The mountains were much closer, many miles left. His muscles were still tense. He deliberately turned his eyes up from the spiked hell and tried to think of something else. He reviewed his year of training, the queerest an officer ever had: Months of horsemanship—in the atomic age—parachute drops at night, archery practice, exercise with a Turkish scimitar, judo and Asiatic wrestling, and interminable practice spearing a hanging ring from a galloping horse; three hours daily of Urdu, of all languages the ancient tongue of the steppes—all to prepare him for a strange gamble with a thousand years of tradition. The Terrible Game of Ott—a ghost game from the past now vital to the power politics of the present.

The black peaks were bigger now and sharper, like the teeth of a gigantic shark. No wonder the Russians had never got into Buranulke—nothing but vertical sharks' teeth thousands of feet high in a rough circle a hundred miles in diameter, an ancient volcano land, thousands of square miles—a barbaric oasis completely surrounded by the communist tide and inhabited for centuries by the Buran Mongols, the Sons of the Typhoon, the fiercest fighters in Asia.

In their precipice country, where one could hold off hundreds, they had defied Genghis Khan with as little effort as they now baffled the Red Army. There were no landing fields, no Russian tanks designed for vertical cliffs, nor war machines that could by-pass millions of closely packed evergreen trees up to twenty feet thick and two hundred feet high.

The black cliffs were slowly rising to meet him—plenty of time. A couple of years ago a whole Russian paratroop division had dropped out of sight in Buranulke without a trace. There had been no signs of struggle under the green blanket. Two atomic bombs had gutted little valleys, but the vertical cliffs had diverted the blasts (Continued on Page 184)



"This is no suicide mission," the general said. "Dead, you will be no good to us."

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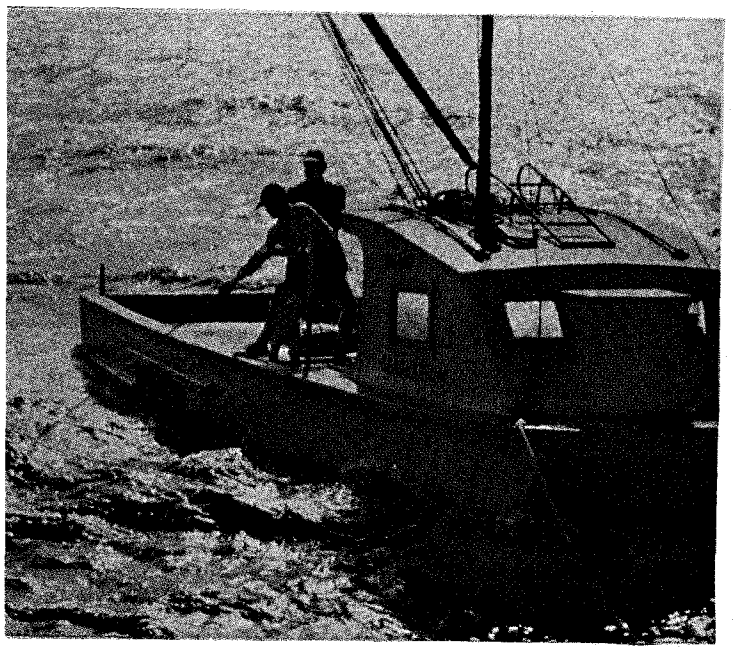
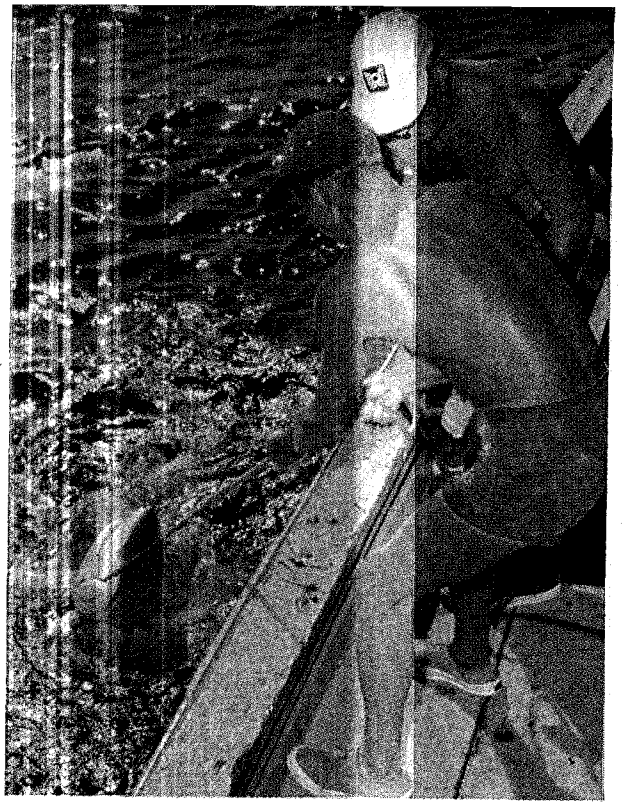
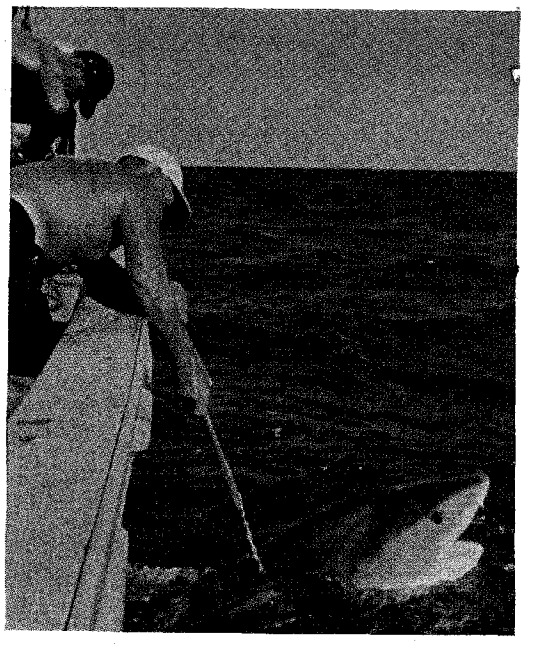


Hooked and fighting, the shark is destined for captivity.



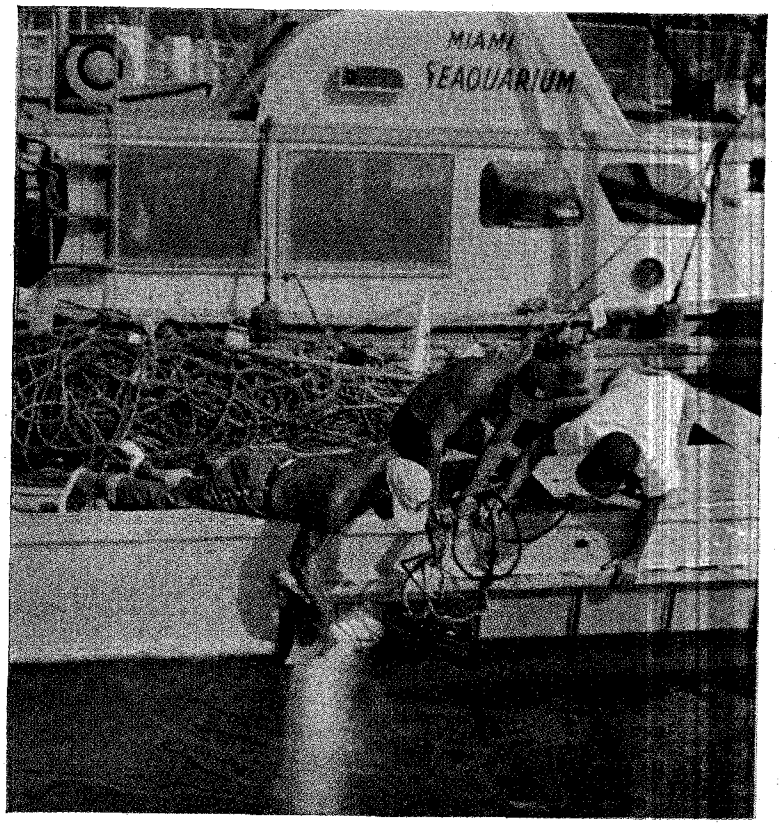
The exhausted monster is brought alongside the well barge.



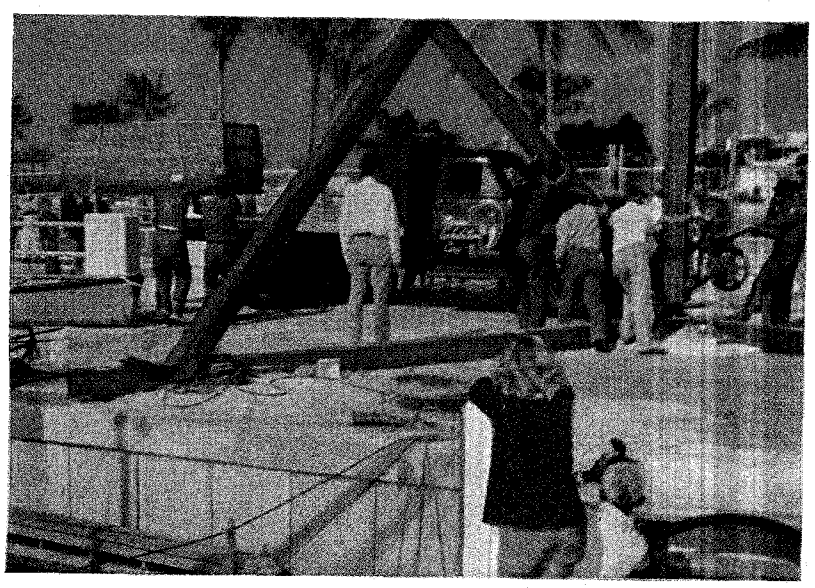
Captain Gray hauls in a reluctant prisoner.

He Captures Sharks Alive

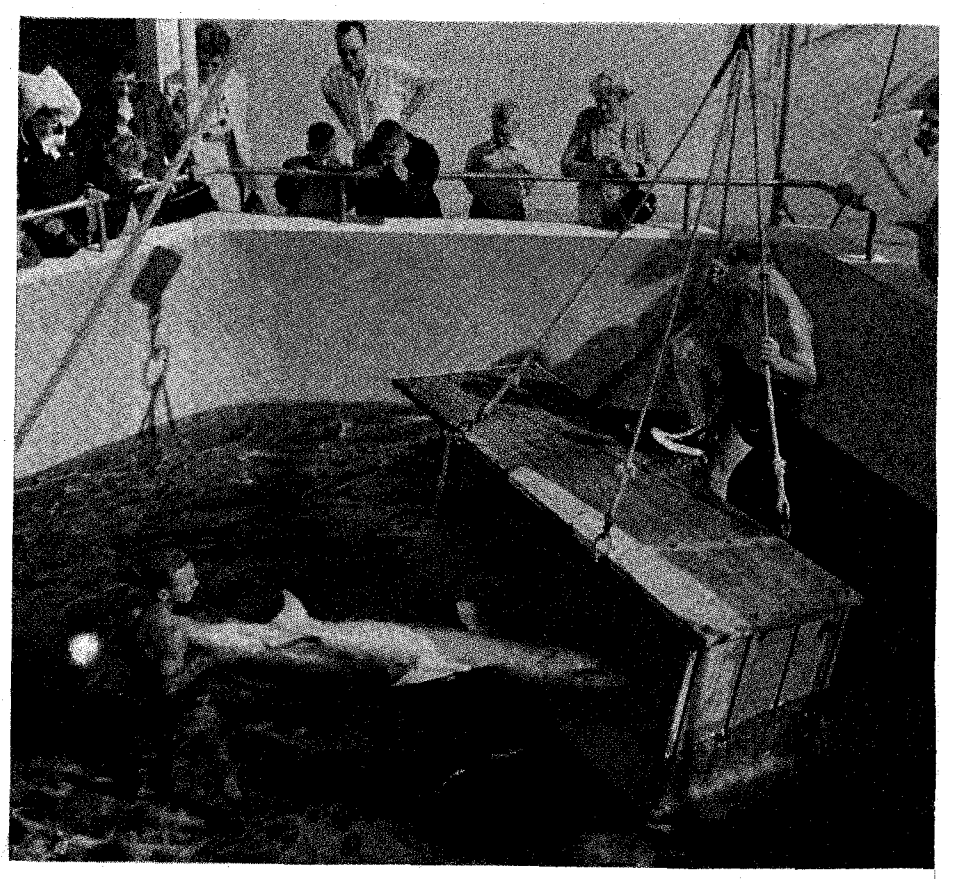
A seagoing big-game hunter, Captain Bill Gray makes a business of snaring some of the deadliest fish in the sea—just to bring them back alive. • By RICHARD POWELL CARTER



Gray and his crew usher another "customer" aboard.



Captured sharks are shifted from the barge to the aquarium in a coffinlike box.



End-of-the-line for this tired, 14-foot tiger shark is this exhibition pool.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

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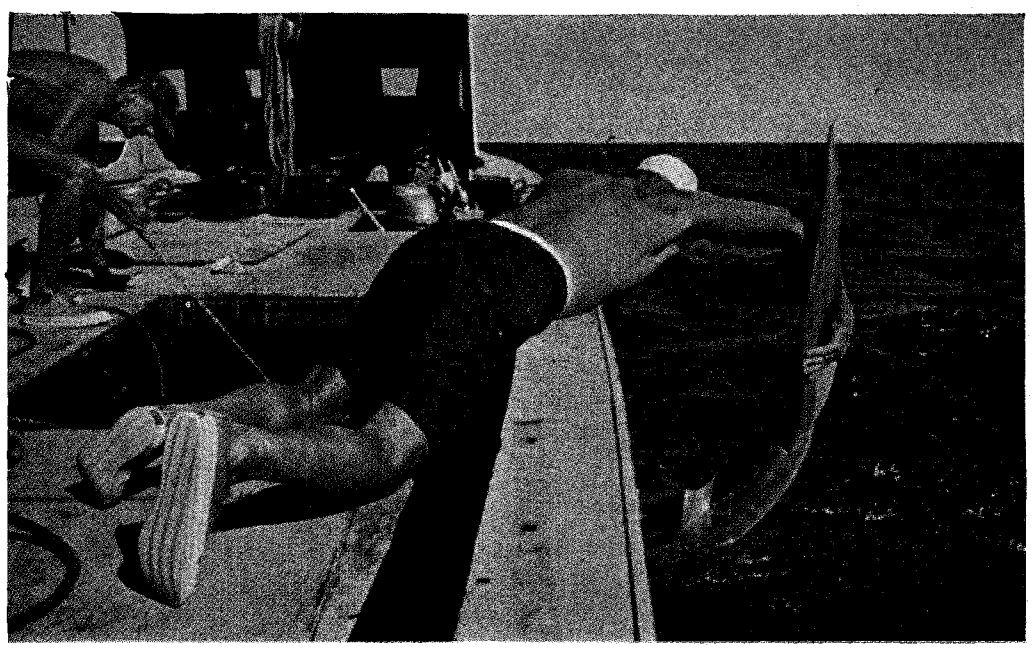
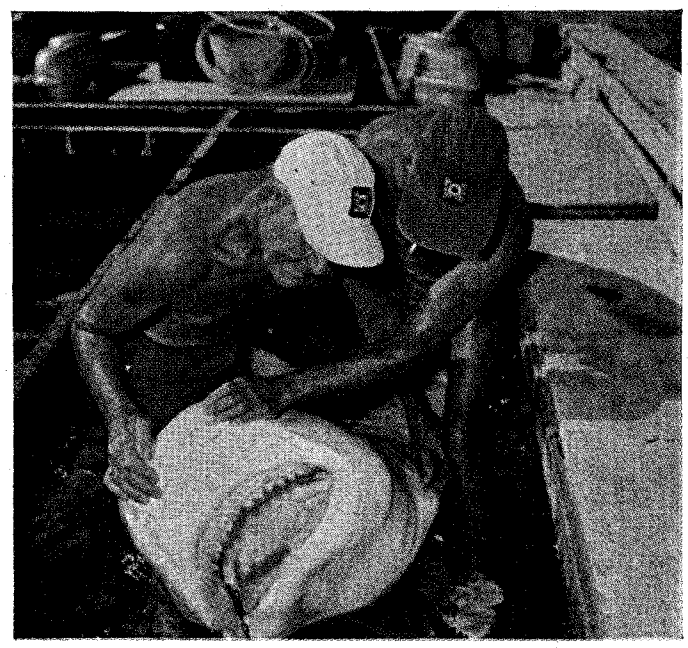


Woody Woodford pulls the shark aboard through a trap door in the side of the barge.



Removing a hook from a shark's mouth is no job for sissies.

Tiger sharks are fearsome creatures, and few men are engaged in the improbable profession of catching them alive. It's a dangerous job, but to Capt. William Bittle Gray it's the most exciting part of his long career as a collector of marine life. These tigers are his big game. Florida waters are full of them, and he hunts them with a passion other people can't quite understand.

"Come along," Gray said to me when we first met. "I'll get you back alive, but you could get scratched up." He paused and added thoughtfully, "If we run into trouble, you'll probably have to help."

The captain wasn't kidding. We got into trouble, I was scratched, I barely escaped falling into a pool of enormous tiger sharks, and I swore off shark hunting forever.

Gray is a mild-mannered, alert and erect man of sixty-four who has an honest answer to the obvious question, "Will a shark attack a man?"

His reply, "Will a dog bite a man?"

He should know. He has caught sharks off Florida and in the Bahamas, throughout the Caribbean, among the Galápagos Islands, off South America's west coast, and in the deeps of the South Pacific. He has been nipped a few times, but never seriously. It seemed reasonably safe to go along with him.

Trouble came to us early one windy morning on the Outer Reef, in the open Atlantic some twelve miles northeast of Cape Florida. The shark line, a 1200-foot length of sturdy rope with fifty dangling hooks, each baited with sting-ray meat, had been set out the evening before. Now we couldn't find it. After an hour of searching, Emil Hanson, who pilots Gray's boat, spotted another

(Continued on Page 166)

Woody revives the big tiger by "walking" it around its tank. A short stroll usually restores the shark's self-confidence and gives it a will to live.

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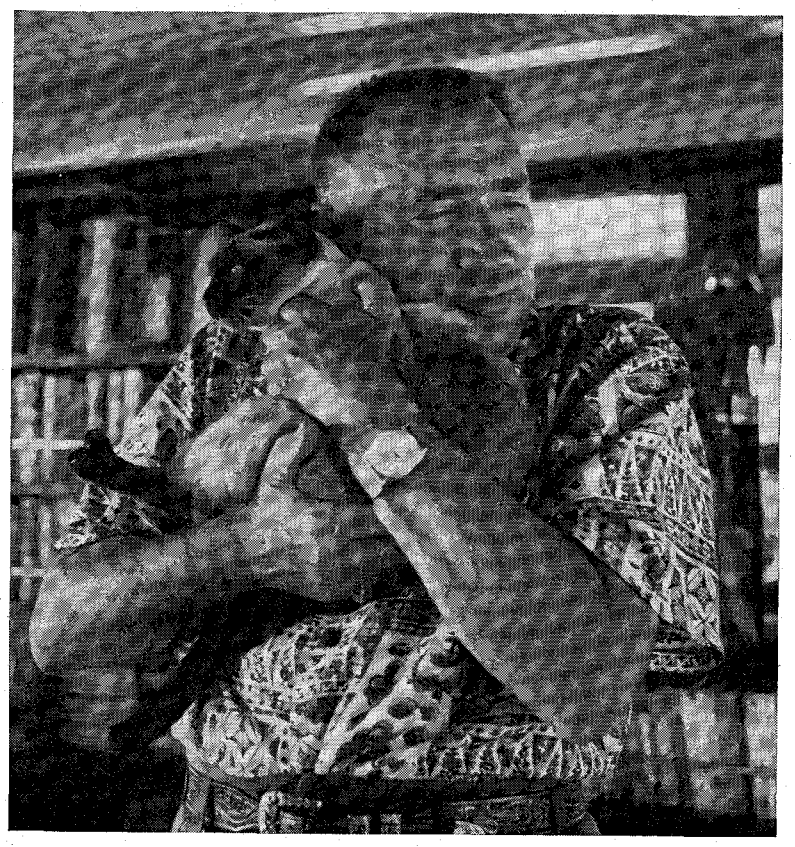

Paul Mantz cuddles his Siamese cat, Sami-Lee, aboard the Pez Espada, a plush, oceangoing yacht on which the flier and his family live.

Stunt pilot Paul Mantz stands in for the stars when the plot calls for a crack-up. This destructive artist has made a fortune as

Hollywood's Plane Crasher

By RICHARD THRUELSEN

Albert Paul Mantz, who once owned the world's seventh largest air force, is by all odds one of this country's most singular and notable citizens. The very fact that he is effervescently alive at fifty-two is enough to mark Mantz as an oddity, for during a thirty-year career as stunt pilot, speed flier, aerial film director and air-service operator the stocky little Californian has made a profession of taking calculated risks for pay. Mantz has not only won this decades-long game of Russian roulette, he has made the gamble pay off handsomely—thus refuting the old axiom that flying airplanes is an exciting way of making a brief and meager living.

Flourishing in a habitat where the flamboyant and extravagant is standard operating procedure, Mantz manages to cut his own quiet swath through the glitter of California's Gold Coast, wearing an invariable uniform of open-necked sports shirt, suède shoes and slacks. He lives on a yacht berthed forty miles below Los Angeles and commutes to Hollywood and his two airfield offices in an air-conditioned,

Mantz (still in the cockpit) cracked up this way for the film When Willie Comes Marching Home. He has suffered only one flying injury: a broken collarbone.

Brig. Gen. Charles Lindbergh (right) inspects a Mantz-built replica of The Spirit of St. Louis, created for the forthcoming movie of Lindbergh's historic New York-to-Paris flight.

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radiophoned car which is often tailed by a plane carrying his secretary. Though he can count among his friends most of the movie colony's *bons vivants*, Mantz follows an odd personal time-table which sees him in bed by nine every night and literally on deck for a libation of orange-juice-and-potato nectar at five every morning.

If none of this sounds either notable or singular, just consider the fact that Mantz is the only flier to have won the Bendix Trophy three times in a row (and that one of these wins involved a four-hour-and-twenty-six-minute flight from Los Angeles to Cleveland), that he appeared in more than fifty movies without a single screen credit, that he flew the breath-taking Cinerama sky tour of America the Beautiful and directed the aerial sequences for Strategic Air Command and the forthcoming film saga of the Lindbergh flight, and that he is probably as close as it is possible to get to being the movie industry's one indispensable man.

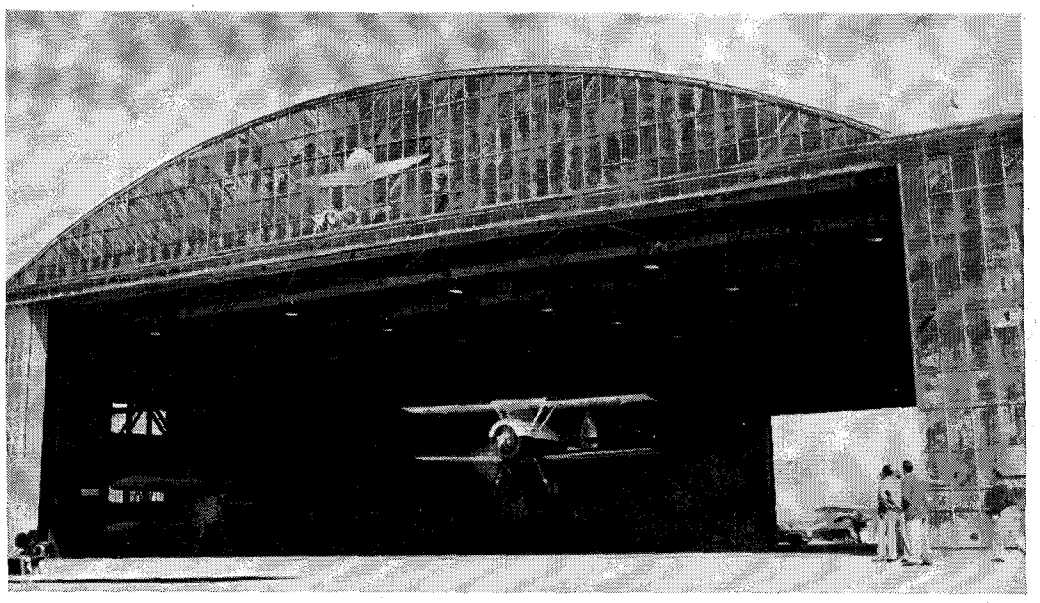
Mantz, who flies everything from his own 1910 pusher to jets, and who still holds a transcontinental speed record, claims he has taken $10,000,000 from the airplane business (and put most of it back where it came from)—which is quite a respectable take for a fly-boy who started out with little more than a toothbrush mustache, a pair of whipcord breeches and a yen to break the world's record for consecutive outside loops.

Mantz broke the record for going around in vertical circles with his neck sticking out, largely because of a misunderstanding.

"Only Al Williams and Jimmy Doolittle had done outside loops before that, and they had used military aircraft," recalls Paul. "I was running a flying school at Stanford in Palo Alto and had the agency for the Fleet biplane, the first commercial plane built to take outside loops without losing its wings. I decided this was a good selling point, so I practiced up until I could get the Fleet around the outside of a loop and then went up for the record. While I was up there looping myself silly, a plane flew up with a sign: 'Keep Going—Record Broken.' I thought they meant I'd broken the record for consecutive loops, but I kept going anyway. Turned out some guy in the East had broken the record while I was in the air. Well, I kept going until I'd made forty-six consecutive outside loops. That was twenty-five years ago and the record still stands for stock planes."

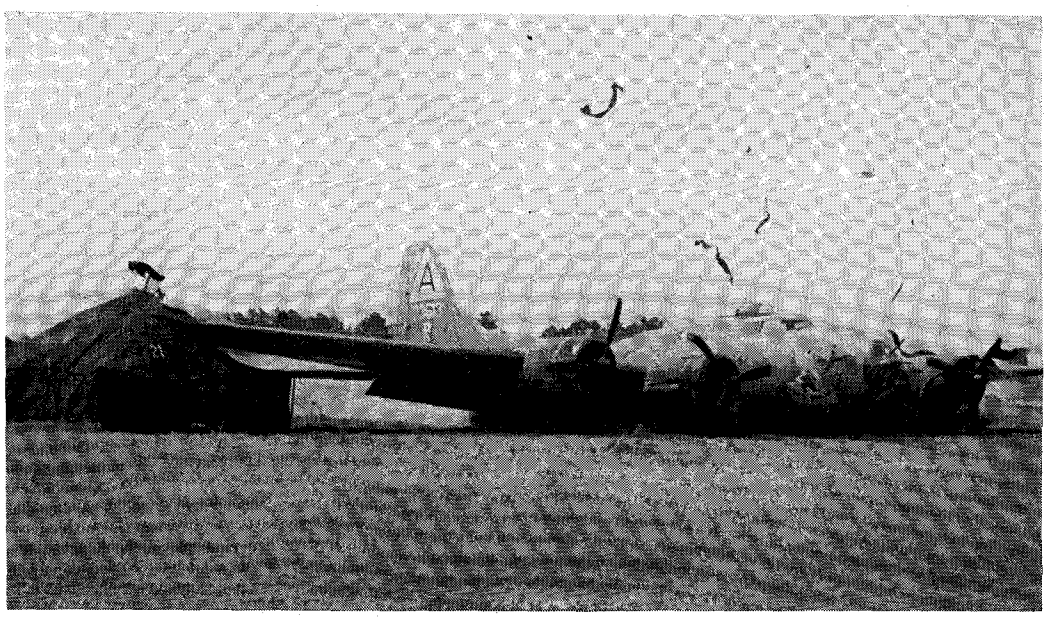
The headlines resulting from breaking the loop record enabled Mantz to collect a scrapbook of newspaper clippings and to sell fifteen Fleet trainers—the biplane in which he accomplished his acrobatics. This was in 1930, shortly after the movies had discovered the dramatic possibilities of the airplane with the picture Hell's Angels, and Mantz, scenting some easy money, transferred his scrapbook and his activities from the San Francisco area to Hollywood. The daily wage for a movie stunt flier in those days was fifty dollars plus rent for the plane, which the pilot provided.

One of Mantz's first movie jobs was on a picture called Air Mail, starring Pat O'Brien and Ralph Bellamy. Mantz's most interesting assignment in this picture was to fly through a hangar—in one door and out the other. Paul visited the location, a small airfield, with the



In Air Mail, one of his first stunt roles, Paul brought moviegoers to their feet by flying a plane in one door of a hangar and out the other. He did it again two years ago (above) for a movie short on his career.

Back in 1935, Paul taught Wallace Beery how to manipulate an ancient pusher-type plane for West Point of the Air.



Nobody had ever flown in a B-17 Flying Fortress alone until Mantz crash-landed this one for Twelve O'Clock High. "They didn't want to run the risk of hurting anybody else," he explains.

picture's business manager in order to size up the chore.

"It wasn't much of a hangar and I figured I'd have just a few feet, top and bottom, to spare. I was telling the business manager that it would be pretty risky—building up the act a little—when the fellow who ran the flying school at the field broke in to say he thought I could do it all right—that one of his students had done it a couple of days before. I told him, 'Quiet, boy, quiet! You're stealing my stuff.'"

Mantz's flying in Air Mail brought him his first press notices as a movie stunt pilot when the Hollywood Reporter included this accolade in a review of the picture: "There is stunt flying in this picture such as has never been seen on the screen before. It will lift the average man right out of his seat. We understand much of it was (Continued on Page 146)

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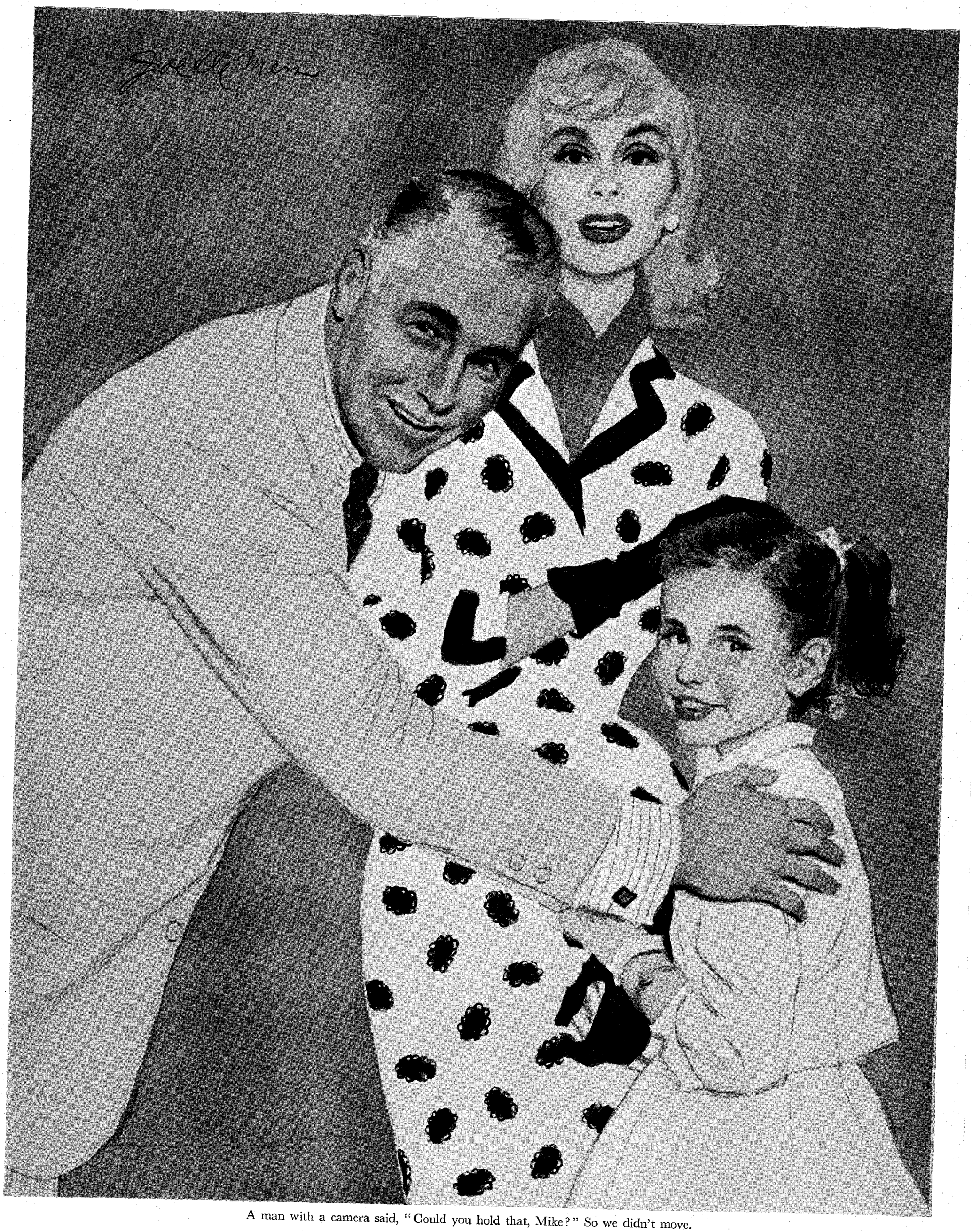

A man with a camera said, "Could you hold that, Mike?" So we didn't move.

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By WILLIAM SAROYAN

I Love You, Mama Girl

Imagine me getting in the newspapers. I might even be famous, they told me.

When Mike McClatchey asked if I could be the little girl in a play he's producing, I said no I can only be me. But I said I could *pretend* to be another girl, the same as I pretend to be the best pitcher on the New York Giants.

The play is called A Bouncing Ball and it was written by Emerson Tully. My mother, or Mama Girl, is a real actress. Mama Girl and I live in 2109 in the Hotel Julien, which is very expensive, although 2109 is small and cheap. Gladys Dubarry, Mama Girl's rich friend, says it's a cleaning woman's room and not good enough. But I think it's fine. So does Miss Kate Cranshaw, who lives down the hall and is the best drama teacher there is.

Mama Girl was so excited about the play that she called all the way to our town in California to talk to her friend, Clara Coolbaw, somebody I don't like very much because she calls me Mrs. Nijinsky. Mama Girl decided to let me decide whether I should be in the play. I said it would be O.K. if my father said it was. *He* lives in Paris with my brother, whose name in our family is Peter Bolivia Agriculture, because Papa Boy and Mama Girl have a divorce.

We called my father on the phone to talk about the play. "You can go along as if I had said O.K.," he said, "but I *do* have to read it first, Twink." He said he missed me. And then he said, "I miss your mother, too, but please don't tell her." I said I wouldn't.

III

Before I knew it, a whole week went by. I don't think I'll ever remember all of the things that happened. My father received the play and read it, but instead of sending a telegram, he telephoned. He and Mama Girl had a long talk, and then he said to me, "If you really want to do it, Twink, go ahead, because it's a beautiful play, and someday maybe I'll make an opera out of it."

Mama Girl told Mike McClatchey O.K. Mike telephoned my father in Paris. They talked about the play, and my father agreed to compose music for it. Mike asked him to come to New York, but father didn't want to come.

The morning after the big tea at Miss Cranshaw's, Mike McClatchey and the man who wrote the play, Emerson Tully, had breakfast at the Julien with Mama Girl and me, and that afternoon Mike telephoned Mama Girl and told her that Emerson liked us both very much, and that he was going to write the whole play over again, and he wanted Mama Girl to play the little girl's mother.

So then Mama Girl was very happy. She said, "Now, Frog, we have got to be professionals, we have got to work and work, and we are going to have more fun than ever before."

That evening we took a taxi to Mike's office on Fifth Avenue and some of Mike's staff were there, and his lawyer. Mike and Mama Girl went over the contracts. He told her not to sign them until she had read them very carefully, so she said all right. I never saw my mother so excited and happy, or so surprised.

"Why, Frog," she said, "they're treating you like a star, that's what they're doing."

"You're the star," I said. "You're the real star."

"You'll be rich," Mama Girl said, "and it won't be so bad for me, either. Of course, I'll be spending a lot of money, but almost all of yours will go into a trust. I certainly am glad we're friends."

"Friends?" I said. "You're a lot more than a friend to me, Mama Girl. If it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't even have been born."

"Your father had something to do with it."

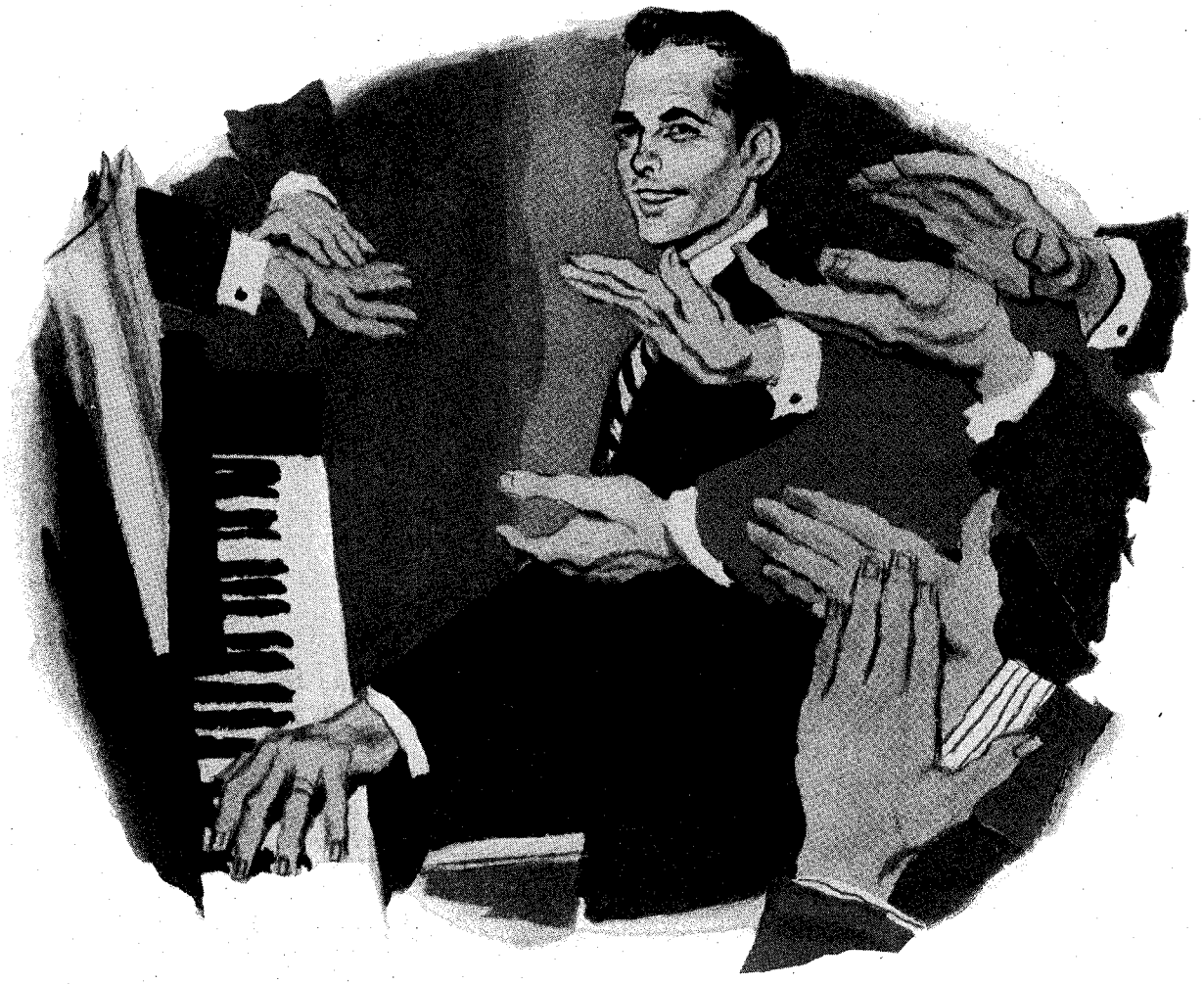
"If you hadn't met him and married him, where would I be right now?"

"Well, it's too late to get yourself unborn," Mama Girl said. "Your father's your father, your mother's your mother, and you're you—nothing can ever change that."

Every morning things were lively and exciting, and every night Mama Girl and I talked and remembered, but I'll never be able to remember everything because so many things happened so quickly after my father said I could go on the stage.

First, I began to work very hard with Miss Cranshaw. Mama Girl and I went to her apartment at eight every morning, and we worked until ten. Miss Cranshaw taught us how to stand, how to walk, how to dance, how to pick up things, how to look at them, how to speak—only there are *thousands* of ways to speak.

(Continued on Page 82)

Illustrated by Joe DeMers

When Oscar Bailey was finished playing Papa Boy's music, everybody applauded.

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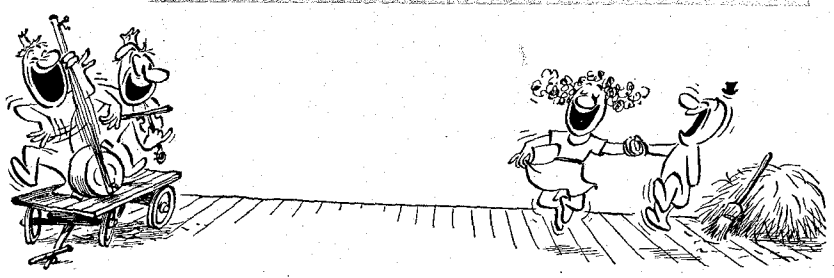
Post Scripts



Certainly! I Noticed it Right Away!

What's that, dear heart? Your appearance?
What do I notice, my pet?
(Curses! She's turning completely around
And I notice nothing, as yet.)

(That I'm to admire some piece of attire
Is perfectly clear—but what?
The shoes, alligator? The belt, from J. Slater?
Alas! Suppose it is not!)

(Think, you fool! Don't offend her!
Can it be that the hat is a new one?
Or, perhaps it's the dress—that must be it—yes!
For I do not remember a blue one.)

(I cannot stall any longer
I must make a desperate guess.
And since one thing's as good as another,
I'll take a chance on the dress.)

What's that, my sweet? . . . It is, dear?
You say I am perfectly right?
And how clever of me to remember
That this dress was always too tight?

You've lost what? . . . How many pounds, dear?
Five? My, my! That is quite a lot! . . .
Of course! I noticed at once, dear. . . .
You're right, dear; *some* men might not!

JOHN BAILEY

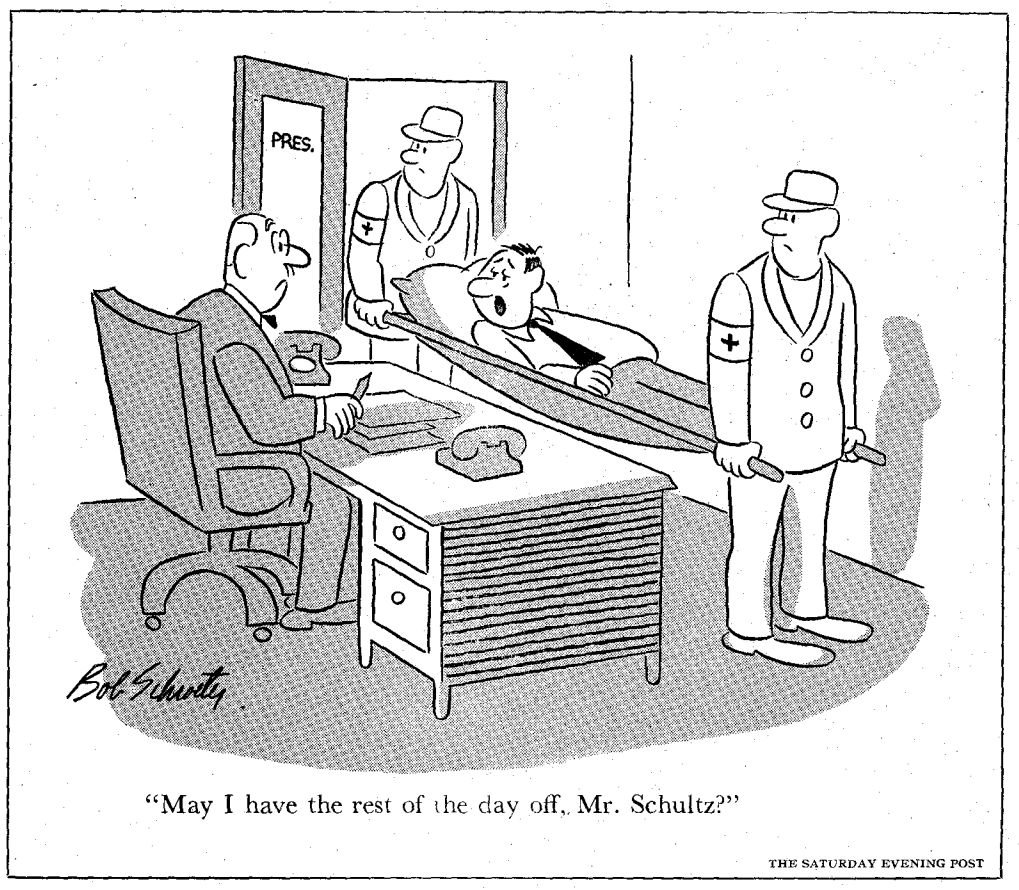
Anyway, it Always Seems to Happen This Way

FROM A STORY IN THE DAILY BUGLE:

. . . Mr. George Parryman brought the biggest laugh of the evening with his witty remark in introducing the principal speaker of the evening, Prof. Von Snaffew.

"When you finish buttering your tie, will you pass the sugar?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"May I have the rest of the day off, Mr. Schultz?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We members of the Beagle Lodge may not understand everything the speaker will tell us this evening about nuclear fission and the Quantum Theory," Parryman quipped, "but we certainly ETOAIN SHRDLU 64 $$$ k certainL &&& Shrd 5%%—"""

FROM A PHOTO CAPTION, PAGE 1, THE EVENING RUSH:

CITIZENS HELP FIGHT RAGING BLAZE

Smoke-begrimed and dog-tired after their heroic four-hour battle against the roaring flames at Grumple's Pickle Works are, left to right: K. Elbert Jones, 27-year-old plumber's assistant of 2341 Cranberry Place; Donald Welkins, 31, insurance salesman, 927 S. Elm St.; and Melvin Stradley, 64, retired bus operator of 2794 ½ Grumbach St., Apt. 15. The man on the extreme right, partly obscured by the smoke and Stradley's shoulder, was reported to be George Barryman, or Barrywell, address unknown.

PAGE 39, THE MORNING STAR:

CORRECTION

On p. 1 of last Thursday's issue we reported that Mr. George Parryman contributed $1.50 to the city-wide Charity Drive. This was in error. It should have read "$150." The STAR regrets the error.

PAGE 1, THE DAILY BLARE:

JUDGE CRACKS DOWN ON OVERTIME PARKING

Makes "Example" of Violator George Parryman

GEORGE PARRYMAN, 41, of 2364 Bloomquist Drive, Southeast, was administered a tongue-lashing in Traffic Judge Grumpley's court today and given the maximum fine for "flagrantly" leaving his car 45 minutes in a 30-minute parking zone.

"This is the beginning of a campaign against people like you who openly flout the law," the judge told Parryman. "If I had the power, I would send you to the workhouse for thirty days so you would serve as an example to others. . . . If you had an ounce of civic-mindedness ——"

GEORGE PARRYMAN

Empty Threat

When children indulge in some pastime
Forbidden by chapter and text,
And their mother reproaches them, vexed,
And announces, "Now this is the last time
I'm going to warn you about it!"
It may be the last, but I doubt it;
It's only the last till the next.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

The Hollywood Press Agent at Home

WIFE: Hello, darling. You're home early. Oh, let me tell you! You know that Mrs. Smedley down the street who thinks she's so alluring?

PA: That Blonde Who Seems So Demure, but Beneath Her Placid ——

WIFE: That's the one! Well, it seems that on their vacation they were driving in Pennsylvania, going pretty fast—he was driving—and suddenly they heard a siren ——

PA: The Long Arm of the Law?

WIFE: Yes. Well, he suddenly realized he didn't have his driver's license with him!

PA: Terror Must Have Gripped His Heart.

WIFE: I'll say! Well, quick as a flash, she told him to pull over, and she got in the driver's seat. When the officer pulled up, she said she was the one who was speeding.

PA: She Lied for the Man She Loved.

WIFE: Exactly. Well, that isn't all the story. When they got home, according to the talk, he met some brunette at a cocktail party.

PA: Oh-oh. The Heady Wine ——

WIFE: They were drinking gin. Anyway, he ran into her downtown a couple of days later and he invited her to lunch. It didn't seem like anything serious ——

PA: Began as a Chance Encounter ——

WIFE: Yes, but then things began to get serious. The story now is that everything is over between them, and Mrs. Smedley is going to go home to her mother.

PA: Those things happen. She Stood by Him in His Hour of Need, but When Temptation Reared its Head, He Was Found Wanting.

WIFE: Isn't it the truth?

OTTO JANSSEN

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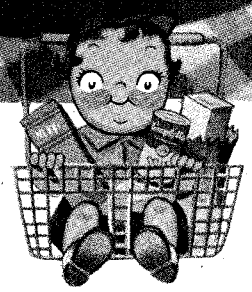


Soup's right for shopping night!

Stores open tonight?

Then do yourself a big favor.

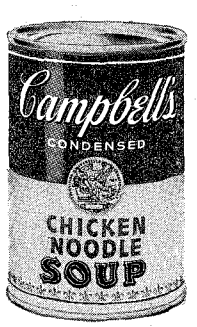
Before you hurry off—have a *good* quick supper.

Have Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup (it's ready in four minutes!). You'll be glad you did—right *while* you're scooping up those wholesome pieces of chicken, tender egg noodles, sparkling chicken broth. It's a great soup!

And you'll be glad a few busy hours later, too. For there's nourishment and energy in Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup—proteins, vitamins and minerals.

So on shopping night, movie night or meeting night, start with soup—add a sandwich or a salad—and you're on your way. Satisfied!

You wouldn't think so *much* pleasant eating could be so quick—so easy—to fix. But it is when it's Campbell's!



SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

VITAMINS, MINERALS and LIQUIDS
—for general well-being
PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth
CARBOHYDRATES—for energy

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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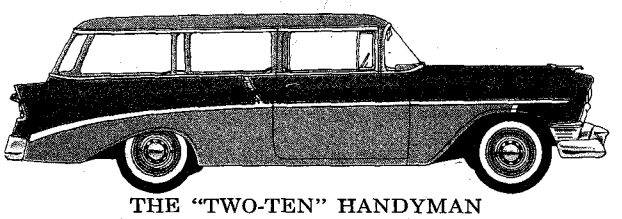
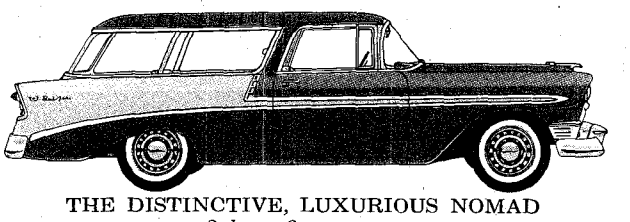
THE BEL AIR BEAUVILLE—*4 doors, 9 passengers, interior finish in washable vinyl and nylon-faced pattern cloth.*

Seats a whole baseball team

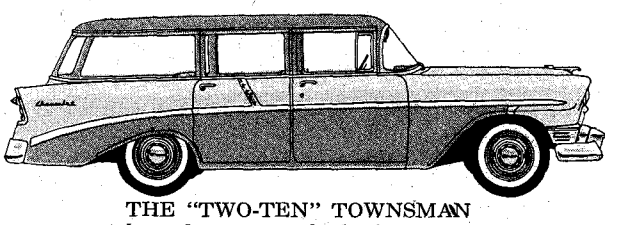
It's one of 6 sprightly



THE "TWO-TEN" HANDYMAN
2 doors, 6 passengers, all-vinyl interior.



THE DISTINCTIVE, LUXURIOUS NOMAD
2 doors, 6 passengers.



THE "TWO-TEN" TOWNSMAN
4 doors, 6 passengers, loads of cargo space.

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In place of baseball players, of course, it could be other people. Friends of yours, for instance, assorted small fry, or visiting dignitaries.

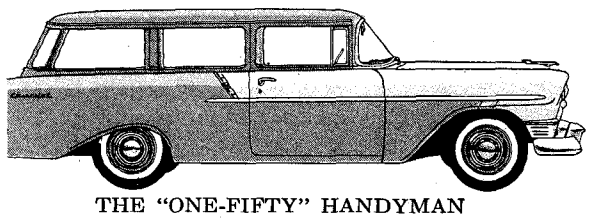
Anyway, there's room for 3 on each seat, 9 in all. (A separate section of the center seat folds down to allow rear seat passengers to get in and out easily and gracefully.) And there's even space left over for baseball bats or baggage.

If you're joining the fast-growing station wagon family, be sure to look these new Chevrolets over. They're very good looking, as you see. All of them have fine, sturdy and quiet Fisher Bodies. All offer you an engine choice of V8 or 6, and all the power features anybody could want. And all of them pack Chevrolet's special brand of performance that breaks records on Pikes Peak and makes your own driving so much easier, safer and more pleasant.

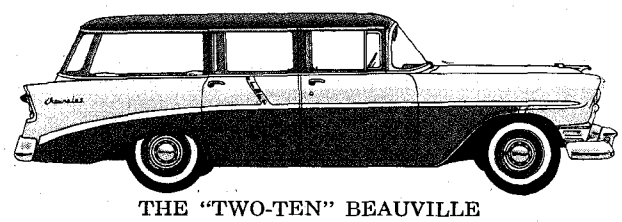
Color and interior choices are wide, practical and unusually handsome. Your Chevrolet dealer will be glad to show you. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

beautifully!

new Chevrolet station wagons



THE "ONE-FIFTY" HANDYMAN
2 doors, 6 passengers, versatile and thrifty.



THE "TWO-TEN" BEAUVILLE
4 doors, 9 passengers.

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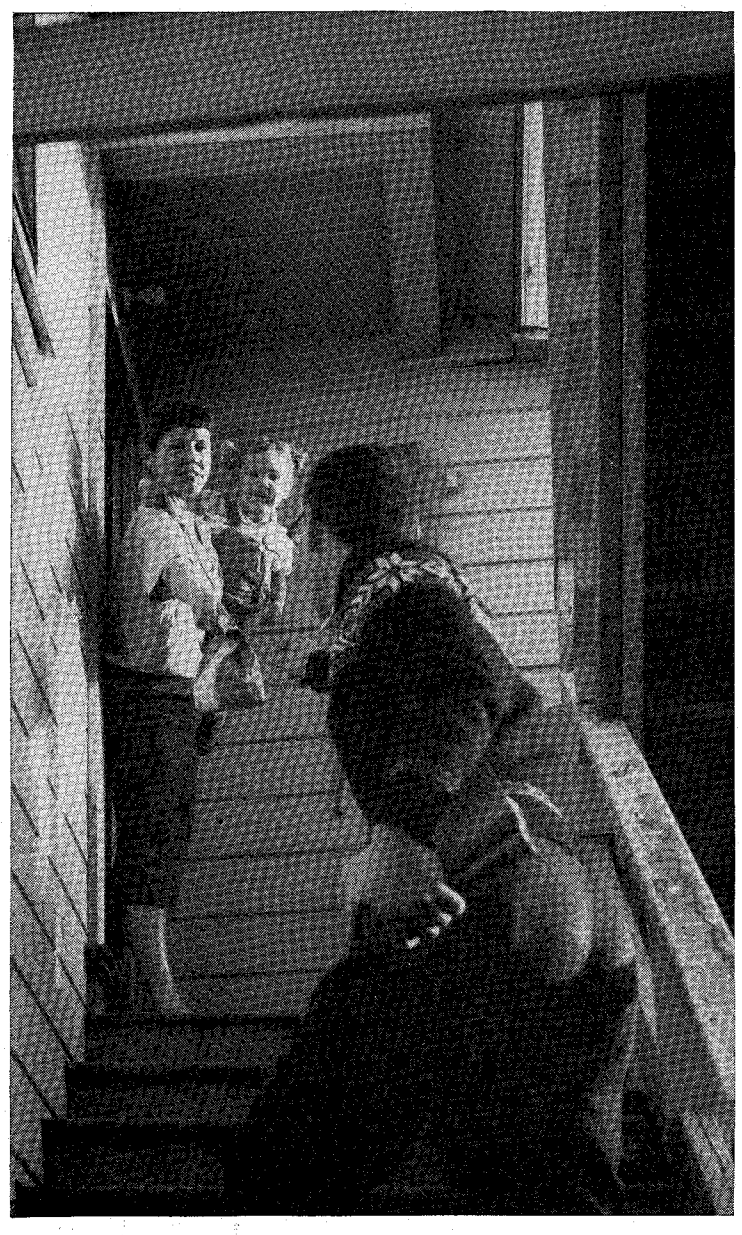

The author, with daughter Katie, sees her husband, Chip, off to class at the University of California, where he's working toward his Ph.D.

Chip earns $157.50 a month as a teaching assistant. Jeanne cuts his hair to spare the budget. "We're not eccentrics," she reports. "We're just aiming toward what we want out of life."

We Sweat Out Our Campus Marriage

A girl who juggles a baby and a frying pan while helping her husband get an education tells why they live in poverty even though they don't like it.

By JEANNE KELLAR BEATY

Everybody knows that impoverished medical students live in garrets, and dine on stale crusts—it says so in Hollywood films, TV soap operas and five-pound novels of social significance. But who has ever heard of the poor graduate students who struggle toward another degree, doctor of philosophy?

Well, I have. For nearly eight years, I have been closely associated with the economic and academic headaches of one poor old Ph.D. candidate. I'm his wife. And I can report that those who are trying to eat regularly while earning a Ph.D. outnumber by far the hungry medics.

You might say that we inhabit the basement of the ivory tower. There are thousands like us, existing meagerly in a material sense, and largely unnoticed by the nonacademic public. When outsiders do discover our way of life, they are apt to confuse cause and effect. In their eyes we are intellectuals, loftily spurning vulgar comforts. We're in love with the Bohemian life, see? That explains these patched blue jeans, the ancient jalopy, the living-room furniture salvaged from a dump and brightened with mail-order paint.

I'm wrong? Let me refer to a report on campus marriages that appeared recently in a national magazine. It said that some young couples, after life on a campus with none of their peers worrying about furniture, clothing or other worldly possessions, seem to reach a quick mutual agreement that the outside world is too much. After a try at a nonacademic job and life in some average suburb, they give up and flee back to the campus, to take any kind of scholarship or teaching job available, so they can live on indefinitely in a low-cost veteran trailer without losing caste.

Well, I've got news for that reporter. We want a new car, too, not to outshine the Joneses' station wagon, but to afford reliable transportation. We want a well-equipped, adequate home; I'm tired of doing the family wash in a bathtub and making up a studio couch every night. And my husband wants a quiet room where he can study in peace—at present he studies in the bathroom. In short,

Photographs By Joern Gerdts

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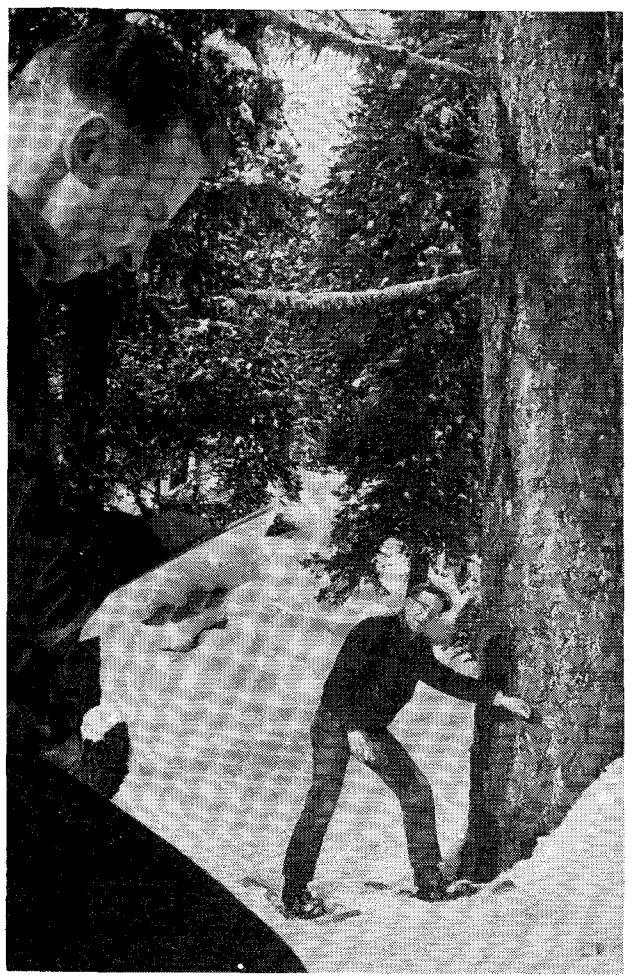
we want some of the things that can be bought only with money or the willingness to play the clown on a give-away program. And I know that we will be ten years behind our contemporaries in acquiring them, if we can afford them at all on the salary we hope to draw eventually.

A medical doctor, after three or four years of college, four years of medical school and one year of internship, can hope, in time, to be making more than $8835 a year. That's the average net income of the general practitioner, reported by the American Medical Association after its most recent survey. The dentist, at the end of six to eight years of study, can expect to make more than $8000 during his first full year of practice; so say figures gathered by the American Dental Association in 1953.

The business and industrial worlds provide equally lush salaries. I was bemused recently by a published interview in which the wife of a chemical engineer complained of their inability to live on $10,000 a year. As a small voice from the rear, I wouldn't mind trying, but I will probably never have the chance.

What convinces me is a recent survey by the research division of the National Education Association. It showed a median minimum salary for instructors at state universities as about $3000; with a Ph.D., the instructor probably would command $4500. The median maximum salary for full professors, the top of the academic ladder, was around $7500—this the reward for years of study and additional years of teaching and research. Still another survey, conducted among colleges of teacher education, reported a median salary for professors as $5700 and instructors as $3800. Both surveys show that a very few professors, in the penthouse of the ivory tower, earn more than $15,000 a year.



Before he enrolled at California University, Chip, a Navy veteran, worked in Idaho for the Forest Service.

I cite these figures only to give this account perspective, not to prove any altruism on our part. We are content with the salaries in prospect, for we will never be underpaid in the intangible currency of satisfaction in one's job. In any event, the salaries ahead of us don't pose much of a problem. The real economic squeeze comes during these years spent in financing the education of a Ph.D.

In recent times, the Government has been a major contributor. Some 2,200,000 veterans of World War II attended colleges and universities under the GI Bill. Among those trained under this program were 450,000 engineers, 180,000 doctors and nurses, 243,000 accountants, 17,000 writers and journalists, 113,000 scientists, 107,000 lawyers and 36,000 clergymen. At the end of the last academic year, about 200,000 post-Korean veterans were enrolled in institutions of higher learning, and applications were being received at the rate of 35,000 a month.

The veteran with a teaching fellowship of some sort, and a working wife, is probably the most comfortably situated of all students. But he can't be comfortable forever, because neither the Government nor a university will subsidize a veteran indefinitely. The GI Bill (Public Law 346) allows a maximum of forty-eight school months. For a rather specific and lucky generation, this might be enough to get a Ph.D. For most it does not suffice. P. L. 550, the Korean Bill, sets a slightly lower maximum. And the universities have deadlines, too; the college my husband attends won't keep a graduate student in a job as teaching assistant longer than three years.

Chip's maturity and responsibilities make him something of an outsider among the younger college students.

It is difficult to generalize on the cost of earning a Ph.D., there being many conditioning factors. Some universities have higher requirements than others, necessitating more years of study. Most students must work while going to school, cutting down the courses they take and stretching out still further the years of apprenticeship. Some prefer to borrow money, rather than to pay as they go. A psychology major of our acquaintance, with two children, received an M.A. at one university in two years,

(Continued on Page 79)

Chip's goal is to become a college professor. Says his wife: "The years of attaining it are well spent."

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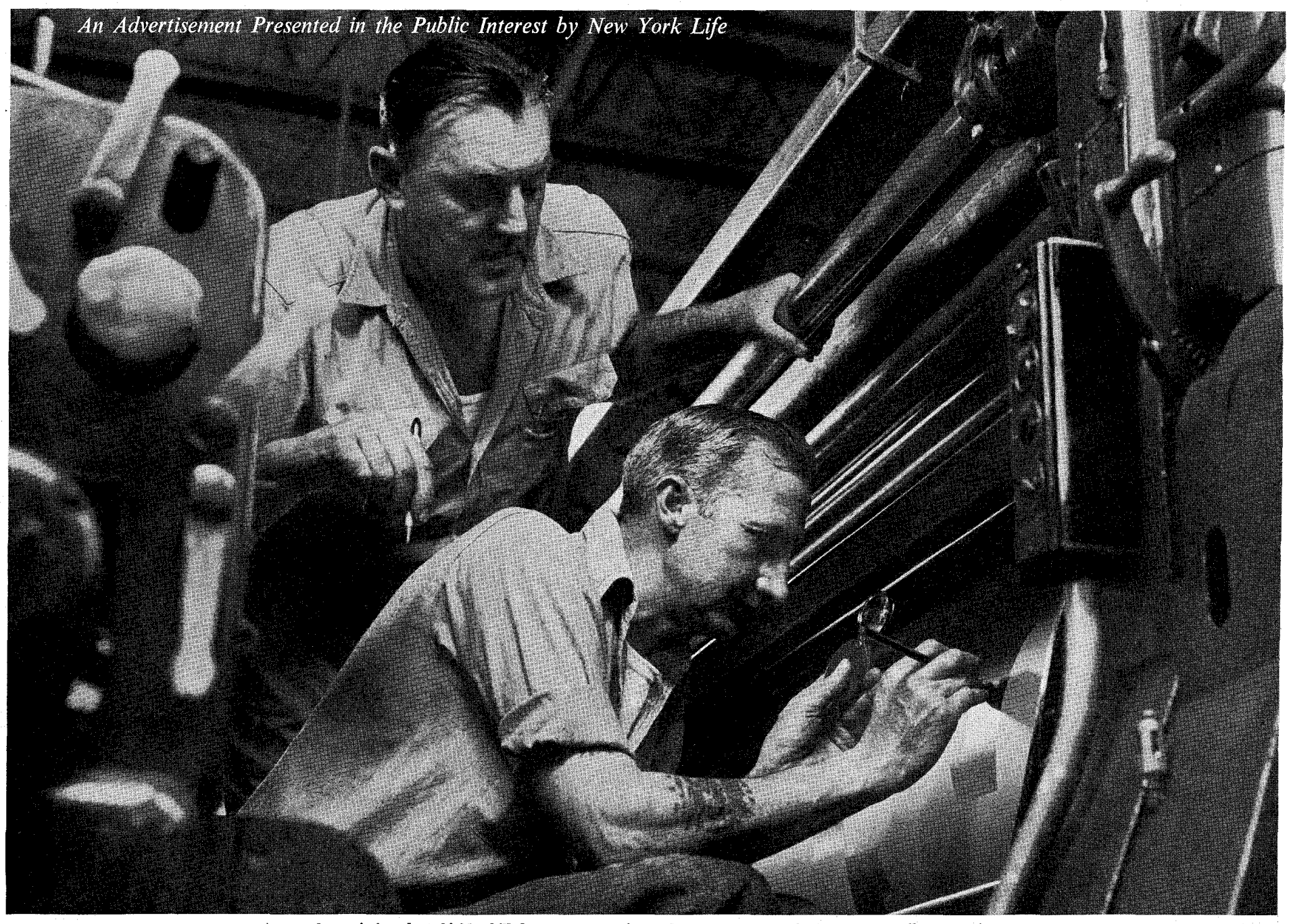

At a modern printing plant, highly skilled pressmen examine a plate on the rollers of a huge 4-color offset press.

Should your child go into the Printing Industry?

by WILLIAM H. WALLING

Past President of Printing Industry of America, Inc., Chairman of the Executive Committee of Publishers Printing—Rogers Kellogg Corp. (As told to ROGER DAKIN)

CAN YOU IMAGINE a world without printing—a world without books, magazines or newspapers? A world without paper money, letterheads, signs, business forms, posters, calendars?

If these and all the myriad other products of the printing industry were to be wiped out tomorrow—products that today we take for granted—civilization as we know it would come to an end.

Without printing, the world would be plunged back into the Dark Ages overnight.

No intelligent American needs to be told at length how printing contributes to the diffusion of knowledge, the development of science and the advancement of religion. When we think about it, we recognize at once that printing keeps up our standard of living, helps make democracy work, enlightens the world.

If your child enters the printing industry he may hold his head high. Few other occupations have such far-reaching importance.

Printing is an exciting occupation, too.

Your child can have the thrill of seeing type come alive—of getting into print the news that within a few hours will have his community buzzing; of designing a book that could influence the destiny of the nation; of reproducing the art masterpieces of the world to bring beauty out of the museums and into our homes.

Or he can have the sturdy satisfaction of turning out a well-done piece of commercial copy—to the profit of both his client and himself. There's a thrill in that, too.

"No printer is ever bored."

That's a saying we printers often repeat. On the whole, I think it's a true saying. Certainly there are enough varieties of occupation in printing to satisfy the interests of any man.

A printer can be a scholar, an artist, a businessman or a craftsman. The word "printer" always has been elastic and its meaning today stretches wide. When a man says he is a "printer" he can be identifying himself with any one of the eight major fields in the printing industry and with any one of the more than sixty-five different kinds of employment in those fields.

What are the eight major fields? Generally, they are thought of in these groups:

1. Composing Room. Here three occupations are dominant. The typographer who designs printed matter. The compositor who sets the copy into type, by hand or machine. The make-up man who, after the type is set, assembles it according to the typographer's design.

2. Platemaking. Copies of the assembled type are often cast in or engraved on metal so that one setting of type can be used many times or in more than one press at a time. These copies are called plates. Making them is the job of the photoengraver, electrotyper and stereotyper.

3. Pressroom. Here pressmen fit plates into the press, feed the press with ink and paper and keep it rolling.

4. Bindery. Here men and women fold paper into books and pamphlets, sew the books, put covers on them.

5. Offset lithography. This branch of printing uses a different technique from letterpress—the original and still most widely used method. Dot etchers, engravers, photographers in offset lithography perform many specialized tasks calling for a high degree of artistic skill;

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the mechanically minded also find a place as platemakers and pressmen.

6. Office and sales. From the office boy to the owner of a printing shop, there are many positions for those who can persuade, organize or lead—the salesmen who sell printing, equipment, supplies; the estimators who calculate in advance how much a complete printing job or bindery job will cost; the reproduction superintendents who oversee the foremen of various departments.

7. Professional. Here are the layout counselors or master typographers who may work independently, selling their skills for a fee; the printing engineers who design plants and machinery; the graphic arts teachers who staff high school and college printing courses.

8. Allied. Here are the many occupations in the growing art of silk-screen printing; the special skills demanded in photogravure, copperplate printing, the technicians of the collotype or photogelatin printing process.

It would make a fat book to name and explain all the occupations in printing. But even in this short list, I think it's clear that printing has a hunger for many different kinds of talent.

What's the demand for these occupations? Is the work steady? Is the pay satisfactory?

Right now in the United States the printing industry gives employment to more than 750,000 men and women. But the industry could use many more heads and hands. The manpower shortage is acute and growing.

A recently published study by the Union Employers Section, Printing Industry of America—a study in which the national trade unions participated—gives one fact alone that highlights the problem. Printing needs almost double the number of apprentices now in training merely to replace the men who will move on before the present class of apprentices is graduated.

The industry is stable. Layoffs and bad times are not to be expected.

"Printing employment," says the United States Department of Labor, "tends to be less affected by declines in general business activity than employment in manufacturing as a whole. Moreover, the long-run trend in employment is upward in most printing occupations."

Printing is also well paid.

What your child can expect to earn in the printing field depends on the particular job he chooses—and to some extent on the community in which he works. Across the nation, the salary range runs from a starting pay of $32.50 a week for an apprentice to incomes of more than $25,000 a year. With more than sixty-five occupations to consider, it is difficult to be more specific. But quoting the United States Government again, there is one strong point that applies to all printing industry salaries:

Regardless of the particular occupation your child chooses—or the community in which he works—his pay in printing will be "better-than-average," compared with the pay for comparable jobs in other industries.

Parents often ask whether printing offers their child an opportunity to go into business for himself. I think it offers a splendid opportunity. Although printing is a big business—it pays out more than a billion dollars a year in salaries—it is an industry of many small plants. Of the 42,500 establishments throughout the nation, more than a third are "one-man" shops. That speaks plainly for the possibility of successful individual enterprise.

Indeed, I could say that the goal of every beginning printer should be to establish a shop of his own.

I don't say that having one's own shop is automatically the way to a fortune—although fortunes can be made in printing. But simply as a way of life the management of a small shop is tremendously satisfying. Years of experience have convinced me that as a worker—or as an employer—printing is the most rewarding, as well as the most exciting and friendliest business in America.

The way into printing has many paths. But the industry needs, above all, men who come to it well educated or willing to become well educated.

Graduation from high school can be sufficient for many who wish to begin their careers in office and sales —and their chance of success is good if their willingness to learn continues strong.

A high school education, plus on-the-job training, can be sufficient for prospective craftsmen such as compositors, lithographers, pressmen, binders and photoengravers. A beginner would go to a shop or plant where the work of his choice is done and there apply for a position as apprentice. If accepted, he is paid as he learns his craft. After serving an apprenticeship of four to six years—the time varies with each craft—he becomes a full-fledged journeyman.

In some large cities graphic art courses are available at the high school level. Along with general high school subjects, courses are given in printers mathematics, printers estimating, applied physics and chemistry, trade drawing, layout and design in printing, and art appreciation. Such courses should be utilized when available.

But for high positions in printing—and above all if your child plans to go into business for himself—he should have a college education. Many printing engineers, production managers and graphic art teachers are graduates of the Printing Department of the Carnegie Institute of Technology or of the Department of Publishing and Printing of the Rochester Institute of Technology. But many go into the printing industry from other colleges after majoring in chemistry, physics, engineering or business administration.

Printing is a universe in itself. Since a printer can be a scholar, artist, businessman or craftsman, the welcome mat is out for a wide range of educational backgrounds.

Does that mean that printing is a career for any child?

No, not at all. Some men ought not to be printers and there is no use trying to make printers of them. These are the men who care nothing for the appearance of a printed page, who do not respond to the heft and feel of a well-bound book, who cannot see the art that has gone into a brilliant poster or attractive illustration.

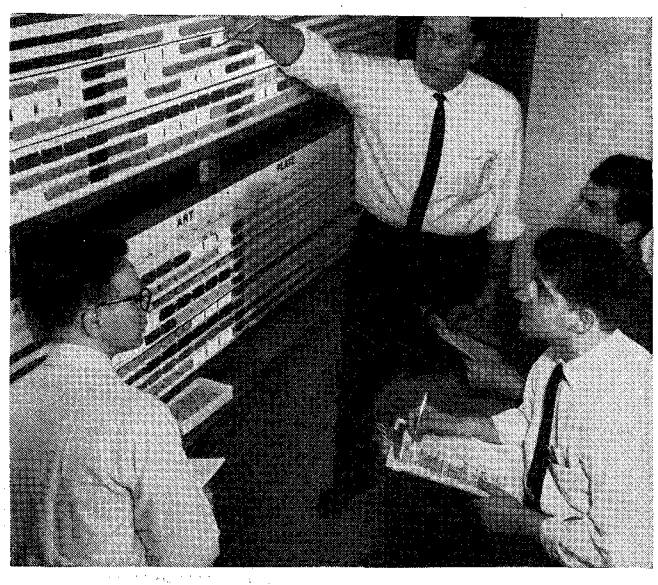
For success in the printing industry your child must have an interest in printing for its own sake.

But if that interest genuinely exists, I think it no exaggeration to say that if a child is of average intelligence or possesses a high IQ; if he is cooperative or urged on by the competitive spirit; has a flair for business adventure or a tendency to work best with routine; if he has a "bent" for science, is artistic, or a born manager, there is a job in printing that asks for just his set of qualities. And once such a youngster is working in the trade, the odds are that his interest in printing will ripen into love.

Every printer I know—whether he is in the business side or the production side of the craft—shows his love for printing at every turn; feels his position is important in itself; knows his work has dignity. You may have heard the expression: "I've got printer's ink in my veins." That's more than a boast. That's affection.

None of us in the industry today has reached or ever will likely reach the eminence of Benjamin Franklin—one of the first American printers and a man whose versatility, wit and learning were equaled only by his patriotism. But all of us enter into and understand his love for his profession—a love made obvious many times in his life but never so touchingly as when his life was drawing to a close. Franklin was then Governor of Pennsylvania and had only just returned from Europe, where he had been our Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France. He was 86. The time had come for him to draw up his last will and testament. How would he, this famous man, identify himself? Proudly, the preamble to his will begins:

"I, Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, printer . . ."



One of the greatest advantages the Printing Industry offers as a career is the tremendous variety of human skills—specialized as well as administrative—it utilizes. Above, a printing plant's supervisory staff checks daily production schedules on a control board.

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HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on the Printing Industry is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking *and* Home Economics. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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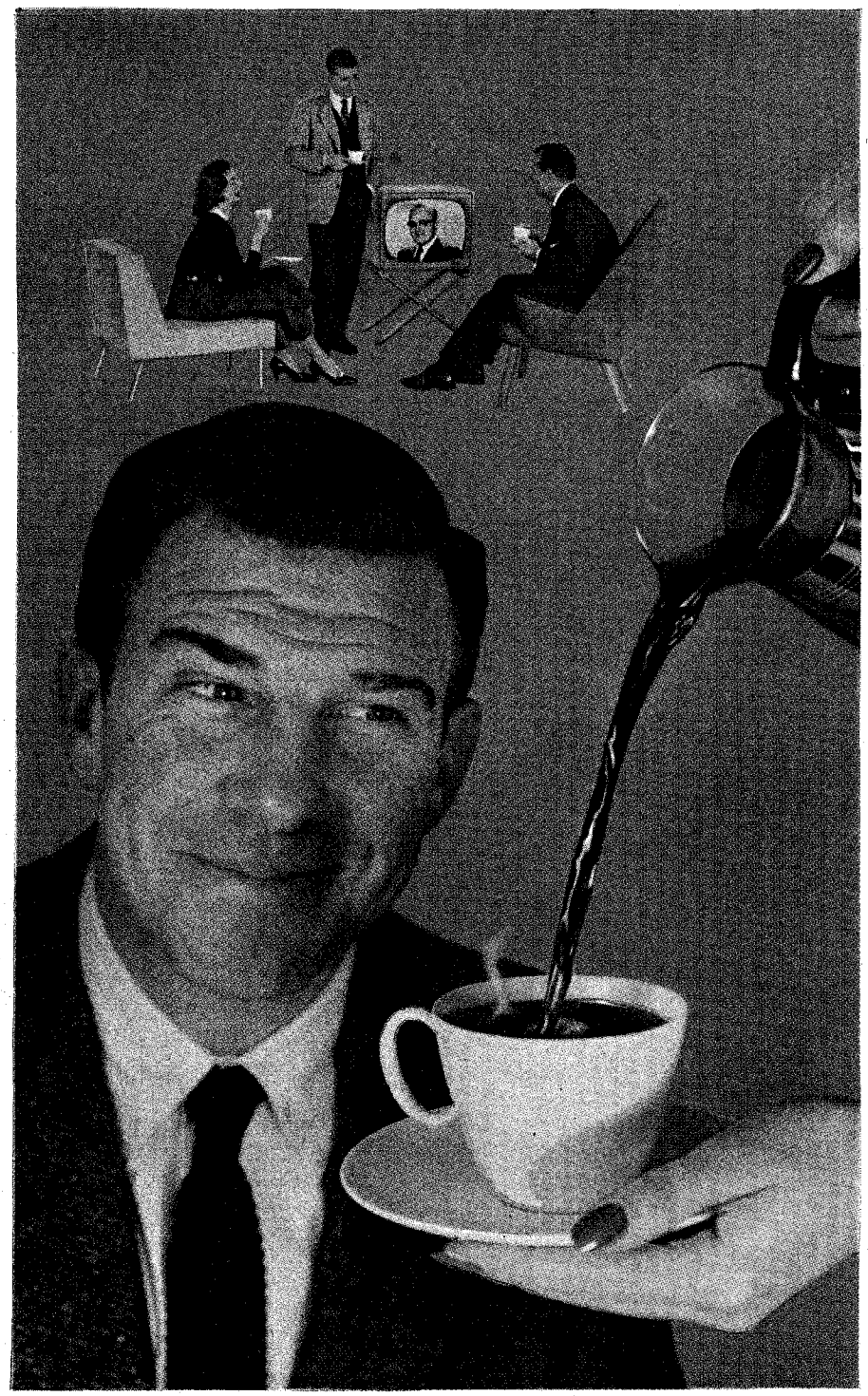

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Recipe for Tastier Coffee

For each cup of coffee, put a teaspoonful of Nescafé (more or less, depending on strength desired) and a coffee cupful of boiling water in your coffee maker. Cover, let coffee steep for a moment to bring out extra aroma and Nescafé's all-coffee deliciousness.

When you're hungry for tastier coffee, enjoy Nescafé!

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TUNE IN "STAGE SHOW" CBS-TV SATURDAY NIGHTS

My Life in Bellevue (Continued from Page 27)

There was a time recently when I discovered that one service was using an enormous quantity of blood. Replacements lagged far behind. I looked into the matter, ready to give a pep talk about getting more donations, and found an unusual situation. They had a female patient who had received twenty-six pints of blood, and needed more.

She had presented herself at our clinic one day hemorrhaging in her mouth, eyeballs, lungs and rectum. By analyzing some marrow taken from her breastbone, our doctors discovered that she had a deficiency in platelets, a blood component. Her blood had lost the power to coagulate. New platelets in fresh blood she received were gradually building up in her system. Still, blood had to be poured into her as fast as she lost it, to prevent death.

Eventually we traced her full medical history. She had had a hyperthyroid disease, and been treated for it at a hospital outside of New York with propylthiouracil, one of the sulfonamides. The new drugs we use in this heyday of chemotherapy are capable of quick cures, but many of them can have dangerous side reactions—in this case, hemorrhaging. We use propylthiouracil on hundreds of patients with success and perfect safety. There are rare persons, however, who will become very ill from taking something as innocent as aspirin. At any rate, after thirty blood transfusions, the woman was cured.

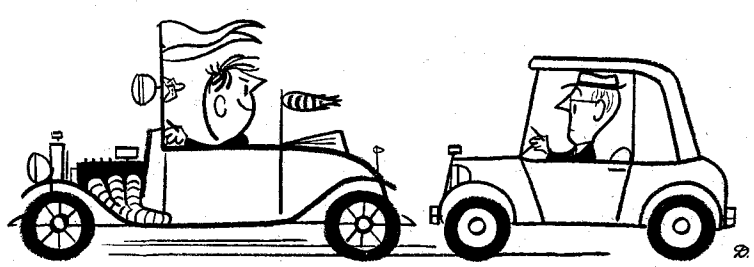
Blood typing is a fascinating study. Here, as in many fields, our knowledge is incomplete. For example, medical science at present recognizes four major blood groups—O, A, B and AB. But there are groups between those four that have not yet been properly identified. We might think at first that we have an A or a B, whereas more refined tests may show something else. If our own technicians see that a reaction is going wrong, they immediately consult an outstanding hemeotologist, such as the one in the Medical Examiner's Office at Bellevue's Pathology Building.

In the spring of 1955, we received at Bellevue a patient transferred from another hospital, where she had been given transfusions from a donor whose blood type was incompatible with her own. She was extremely ill. Introduction of an incompatible blood type into the system causes red blood cells to form clumps. These clumps get into the kidneys and shut off their function. Unable to rid herself of fluids, our patient needed immediate treatment to prevent death. Eventually, the correct blood type was given to her, and her life was saved. But the immediate treatment was not transfusion. She was hooked up to Bellevue's artificial kidney.

An artificial kidney is a sort of tank, with elaborate embellishments. In the tank is a drum that revolves in an electrolyte solution containing all the components normally found in human blood. And wrapped around the revolving drum is a length of tubing. We hook up the patient by inserting one end of the tubing in a vein. In effect, his blood is detoured around the drum revolving in its electrolyte bath. Noxious fluids that can't be passed in the normal way are sweated through the tubing into the electrolyte solution. And thus we help save a person who would otherwise die.

The kidney cost $6000, and only a few of these machines exist in New York City. This one is manned by a team of doctors and nurses under Dr. Robert S. Hotchkiss. When I first came to Bellevue, Doctor Hotchkiss had just begun his residency there. Now he is director of our Urological Service, and professor of urology at New York University Medical College. We've come a long way since our early days, when the artificial kidney was an undreamed-of possibility.

It was in 1930 that I had my first contact with Bellevue. In 1929, I had finished my internship at Flushing Hospital and hung out my shingle in East Harlem, then a predominantly Italian neighborhood. It was the year of the crash. I think the whole district must have gone on relief. My fee for an office call was two dollars, and the few patients who consulted me used to (*Continued on Page 66*)



The Perfect Squelch

Just as the elderly gentleman slowed down for a red light on the outskirts of the city, a tousle-haired young man in a stripped-down jalopy decked with fox tails, flags and baby shoes cut ahead of him at high speed to get next to the curb. Jamming on brakes with a scream of metal, the young man narrowly missed causing an accident. Noting that his recklessness seemed to upset the older motorist, he yelled out:

"Now just keep cool, pop!"

Pointing to the dangling baby shoes, the older man called:

"And now that you're in town, son, put your shoes on!"

DUNCAN CAMPBELL

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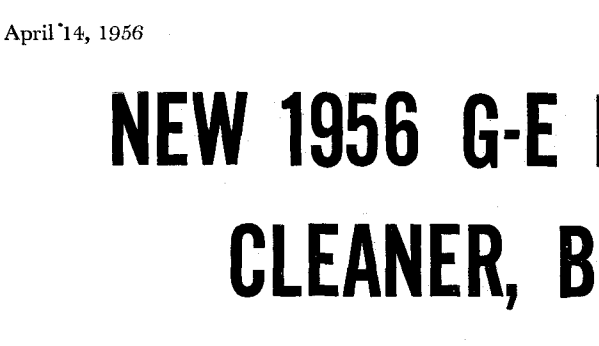
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

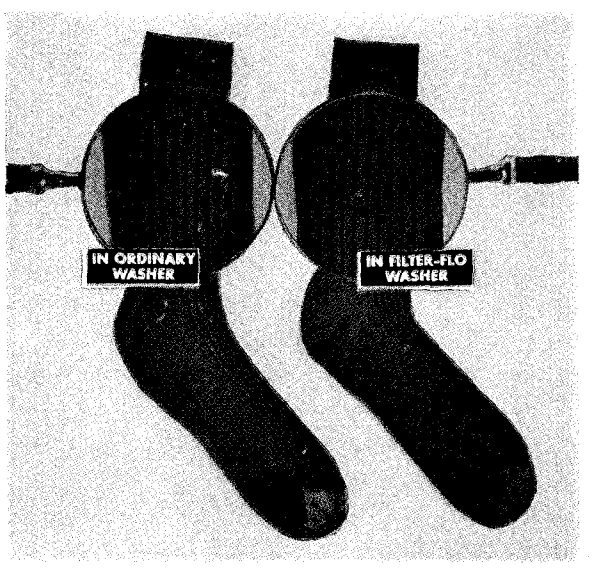
NEW 1956 G-E FILTER-FLO® WASHER GIVES YOU CLEANER, BRIGHTER CLOTHES...NO LINT FUZZ!

Amazing Filter-Flo Washing cleans and re-cleans the water as you wash

Look for Filter-Flo System—today's most talked-about improvement in automatics. Only G.E. has it! Full tub of wash water is filtered five times during a wash cycle without wasting water or detergent. Above, you see lint and loose threads being removed as circulating water flows through the filter.



Slips out for easy cleaning. The filter fits on the Activator top, also holds detergent, dispensing it evenly dissolved through the wash. After clothes are placed in washer, slip the filter into place. After wash is over, slip it out to empty.



After 11 washings in washer without a filter, sock at left was flecked with lint fuzz. After 11 washings the G-E Filter-Flo way, similar sock (right) washed in an identical washload, showed almost no lint. Washing in filtered water leaves clothes sparkling.

Color-styled . . . General Electric Automatic Washers about $3.35* weekly. Choose from 5 Mix-or-Match colors: petal pink (shown), canary yellow, turquoise green, cadet blue, woodtone brown, $10 extra. Also white. Models with famous G-E Activator® Washing Action for every budget, from less than $200 with your old washer. Today's best buy. Also see the new G-E Dryer with Automatic Clothes Conditioning . . . at your G-E dealer's.

Removes lint, sand and soap scum automatically! Never again need you put up with linty wash water that leaves fuzz on clothes . . . or soap scum that dulls colors.

The marvelous new General Electric Filter-Flo Washer circulates and filters the water at the rate of six gallons every minute to make sure clothes wash white and bright.

As the washbasket continuously overflows, sand settles out the bottom. Soap scum floats away. Lint is caught in the filter which lets only cleansed, sudsy water flow back into the washbasket.

Big capacity, too . . . over 50% more clothes capacity than in many automatics. Water Saver Control lets you save water on small loads. 5-year warranty on transmission. General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

**After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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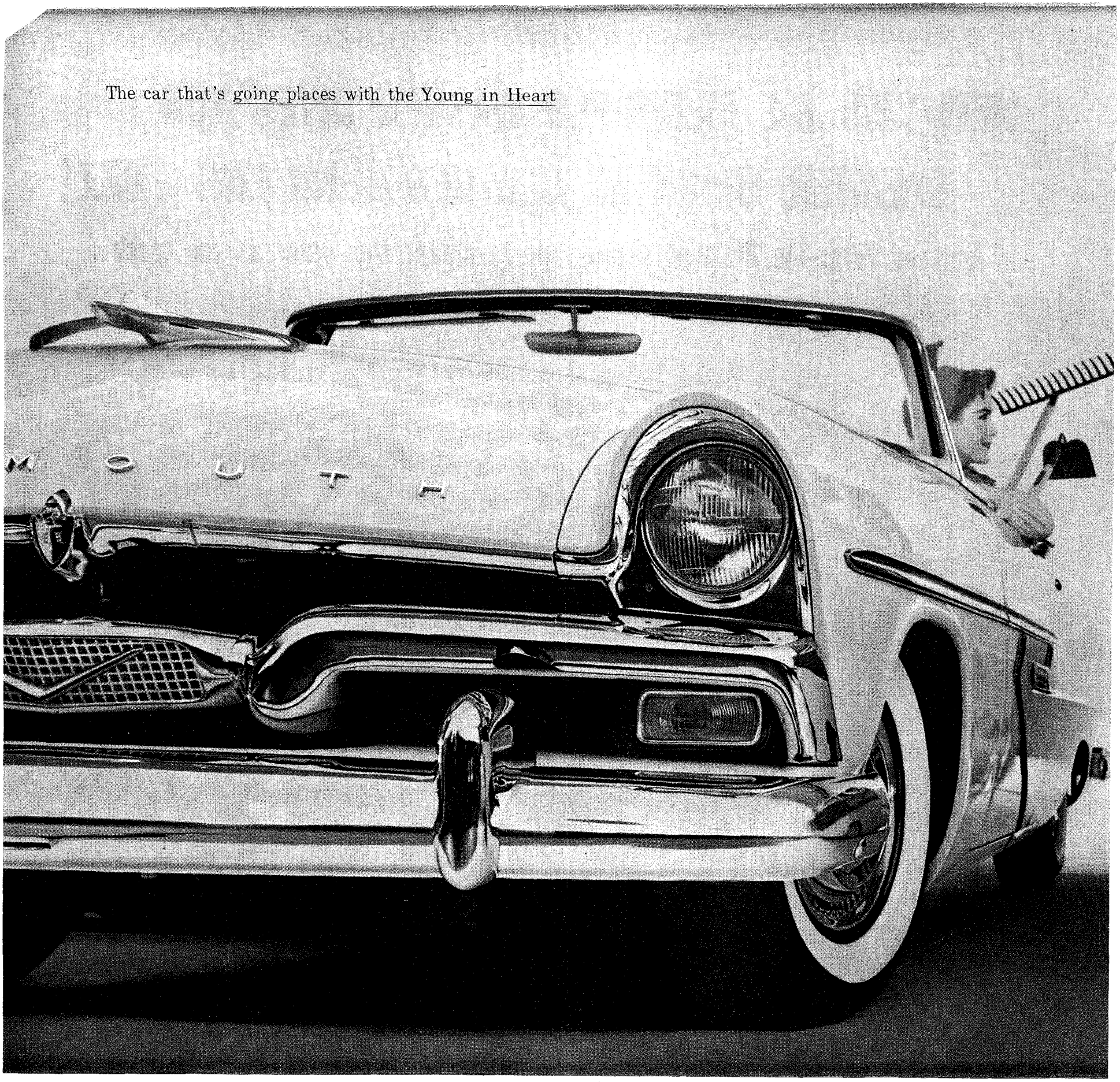
The car that's going places with the Young in Heart



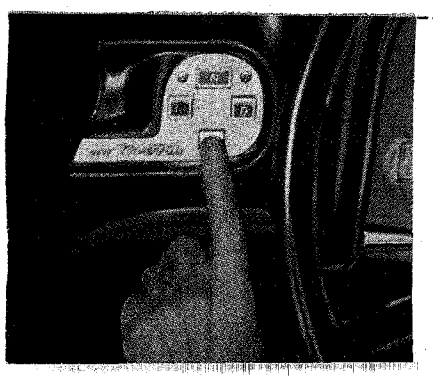
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING NEW?

DON'T WAIT TO TRADE YOUR '53, '54 OR '55 LOW-PRICE CAR!

If you're driving a car other than Plymouth perhaps you've put off trading because "your make" hasn't anything that's really new to offer this year.

In your own interest, take a good, long look at Plymouth! Plymouth '56 is *all new . . . right now*—the *only* car of the low-price 3 that *is* all new! It's packed with advances that you're not enjoying in your present car, advances *that even the '56 models of "your make" can't offer!*

Save real money through the new Plymouth deal, while you enjoy these features that only Plymouth offers you in the low-price 3: BIGGEST, LONGEST CAR OF ALL 3 . . . MAGIC NEW PUSH-BUTTON DRIVING . . . NEW



NEW PUSH-BUTTON DRIVING!

A positive mechanical control—
the safest (children can't reach it)
and easiest (like pushing a doorbell)
driving control ever designed.
Only Plymouth has it in the low-price 3.

NEW BEAUTY . . . NEW SAFETY!

Your loved ones are *protected* in the new Plymouth! SafeGuard door latches won't open on impact . . . keep you and your passengers inside car, where experts agree you're safer.

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Plymouth Belvedere Convertible and Plymouth 4-door Sport Suburban

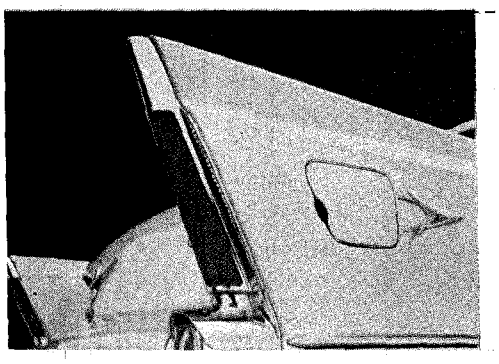
...'56 PLYMOUTH HAS IT NOW!

AERODYNAMIC STYLING . . . WIDEST FRONT SEAT OF ALL 3 . . . MOST FRONT-SEAT HEAD ROOM . . . MOST LEG ROOM for rear-seat passengers.

NEW 90-90 TURBO-TORQUE for top take-off and safe, split-second passing . . . NEW HIGHER-HORSEPOWER HY-FIRE V-8 and POWERFLOW 6 ENGINES . . . UP TO 200 HP . . . from the same engineers who created the amazing, record-smashing Plymouth FURY, shown below right.

NEW SAFETY through NEW SAFEGUARD DOOR LATCHES, plus SEPARATE SAFETY BRAKE SYSTEM . . . TWO BRAKE CYLINDERS IN EACH FRONT WHEEL (competing cars have only 1) . . . SAFETY-RIM WHEELS.

Bring *your* motoring up to date with these historic advances! Own the only low-price-3 car with *tomorrow's* look *today!* Get your deal now on the big, *all-new* Plymouth '56—SO MUCH MORE CAR, DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR!

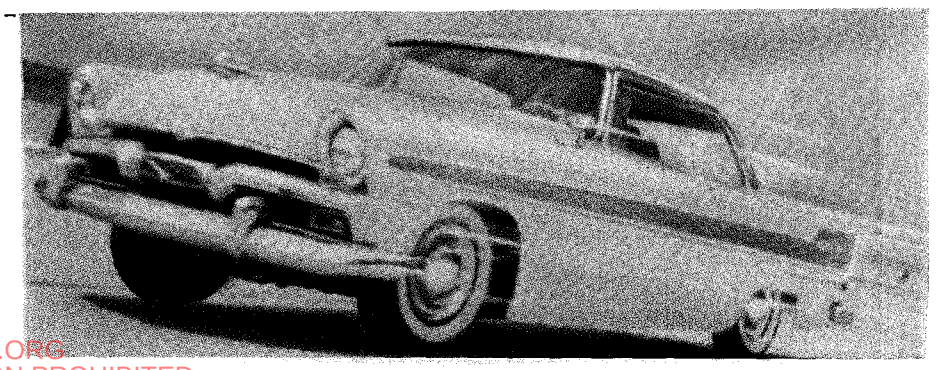


NEW AERODYNAMIC STYLING!

Note "jet-age" fins at left!

NEW RECORD BREAKER!

Here's the amazing Plymouth FURY—the car that *broke the stock car speed and acceleration records in its class at Daytona Beach early this year!*



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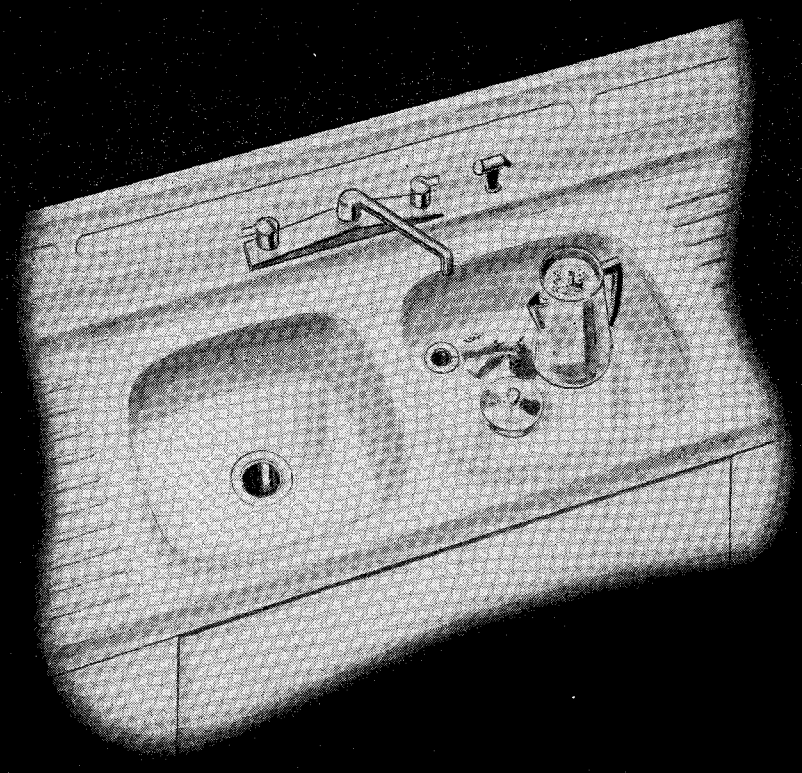
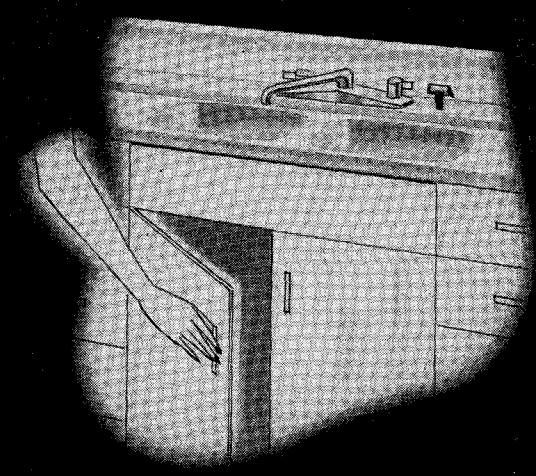
NOTHING BUT PORCELAIN

WIPES NEW...ALWAYS



WON'T STAIN because it can't stain! It won't scratch either! Porcelain enamel is actually glass fused right into the metal. Naturally immune to heat and moisture, the new Porcelain enamels are unaffected by household acids and detergents, by wear and hard usage.



WON'T FADE because it can't fade! The color is a permanent part of Porcelain enamel. Wipes easily clean, retains no odors. Look for it on undersink cabinets, too, as well as on major home appliances.

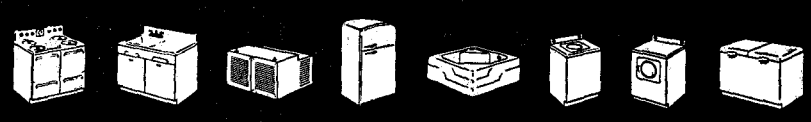
Genuine PORCELAIN ENAMEL "THE LIFETIME FINISH"

"A BETTER BUY" says this label

FERRO CORPORATION

Developers of today's finer Porcelain enamels

CLEVELAND • NASHVILLE • LOS ANGELES • 11 foreign countries



(*Continued from Page 62*) separate those dollar bills as if they hoped, by some miracle, to find a third stuck in between.

During this time Dr. Giuseppe Previtale, a leading pediatrician, helped to place me as a clinical assistant at Bellevue. It was a voluntary part-time job. Then, late in 1930, I took a full-time salaried post as superintendent of the newly reorganized Out-Patient Department.

Since a doctor with an administrative job in a New York municipal hospital cannot treat patients there, I began practicing medicine after hospital hours. Eventually, I found myself with many outside patients. But by then I had grown attached to Bellevue; I've been here ever since, and now I'm the doctor with the longest tenure.

Even in those first months of my work, I came to understand the greatness of this hospital. It is not only that 1000 operations take place each month in Bellevue, that we play host to 10,000 persons on visiting days, that our interns are drawn from every state and forty foreign countries. Rather, Bellevue is set apart from other municipal hospitals because it is connected with four medical colleges. Our wards are staffed by professors and instructors from Cornell University Medical College, Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York University College of Medicine, and New York University Post Graduate Medical School.

Of course, we suffer from insufficient space, lack of funds, too little of almost everything except skill. But Dr. Randolph Wyman, the Medical Superintendent of Bellevue Hospital, tells incoming students of the school of nursing: "Beautiful institutions do not make medical care. It's the will and desire and interest of the staff that make for a great hospital."

There are some who feel that in a place as huge as Bellevue there is scant room for a sympathetic doctor-patient relationship. Its fifteen buildings sprawl over five city squares, and on an average day it has 4200 patients—2700 on the wards, 1500 at the clinic. Catering to the indigent sick of the largest city in the world, our staff finds its energies strained to the utmost. Yet our doctors and nurses often give their blood for a patient needing transfusion, and many a nurse stakes a departing patient to his carfare home and the price of a meal.

A newly married doctor some years ago adopted a child abandoned by its parents after being born with an uncurable kidney ailment. Another child, born with stumped arms, was all but adopted by two nurses who were sisters. As one of our nurses recently remarked, "You really have to love poor people to work at Bellevue."

This has been true ever since Bellevue was founded in the eighteenth century as a combination pesthouse, almshouse and penitentiary—"The Publick Workhouse and House of Correction," so-called. Standing close by what is today the approach to the Brooklyn Bridge, the structure contained rooms for the insane, the aged and the poor. In the cellar was a whipping post for unruly slaves and a cage for prisoners who refused to work. One of the upstairs rooms was designated the Infirmary, and it was here that Bellevue Hospital had its beginning in 1736. This six-bed infirmary, which has expanded into today's 3000-bed hospital, is the basis for our claim that Bellevue is the oldest hospital in the United States.

The first buildings on today's site were opened in 1816, on a country estate called Belle Vue, then about three miles outside the city; it now embraces the area from 25th to 30th Streets, and from the East River to First Avenue. It was called Bellevue Establishment, since the hospital was still a mere adjunct to penitentiary and almshouse. During the early nineteenth century, Bellevue was the place to which derelicts, drunkards and prostitutes were sent. They were in charge of a warden, not a doctor, and it was a long time before the emphasis shifted to medicine and surgery. Spurring the change was the great typhus epidemic of 1847, which swamped Bellevue with almost 2000 plague victims.

Mounting deaths, due partly to neglect, aroused public opinion. Eventually a board of doctors was set up to manage the institution. Most of them were professors at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. They promptly invited their students to come to Bellevue to observe interesting cases, and the hospital began its career as a teaching institution.

From that day to this, Bellevue students have seen a continuous revolution in medical practice. For a modern example, take the case of a woman whom I will call Rosa, alive and doing well today because of a daring operation performed on her at Bellevue in 1954.

(*Continued on Page 70*)

"That, of course, is one of our more expensive birdcalls . . ."

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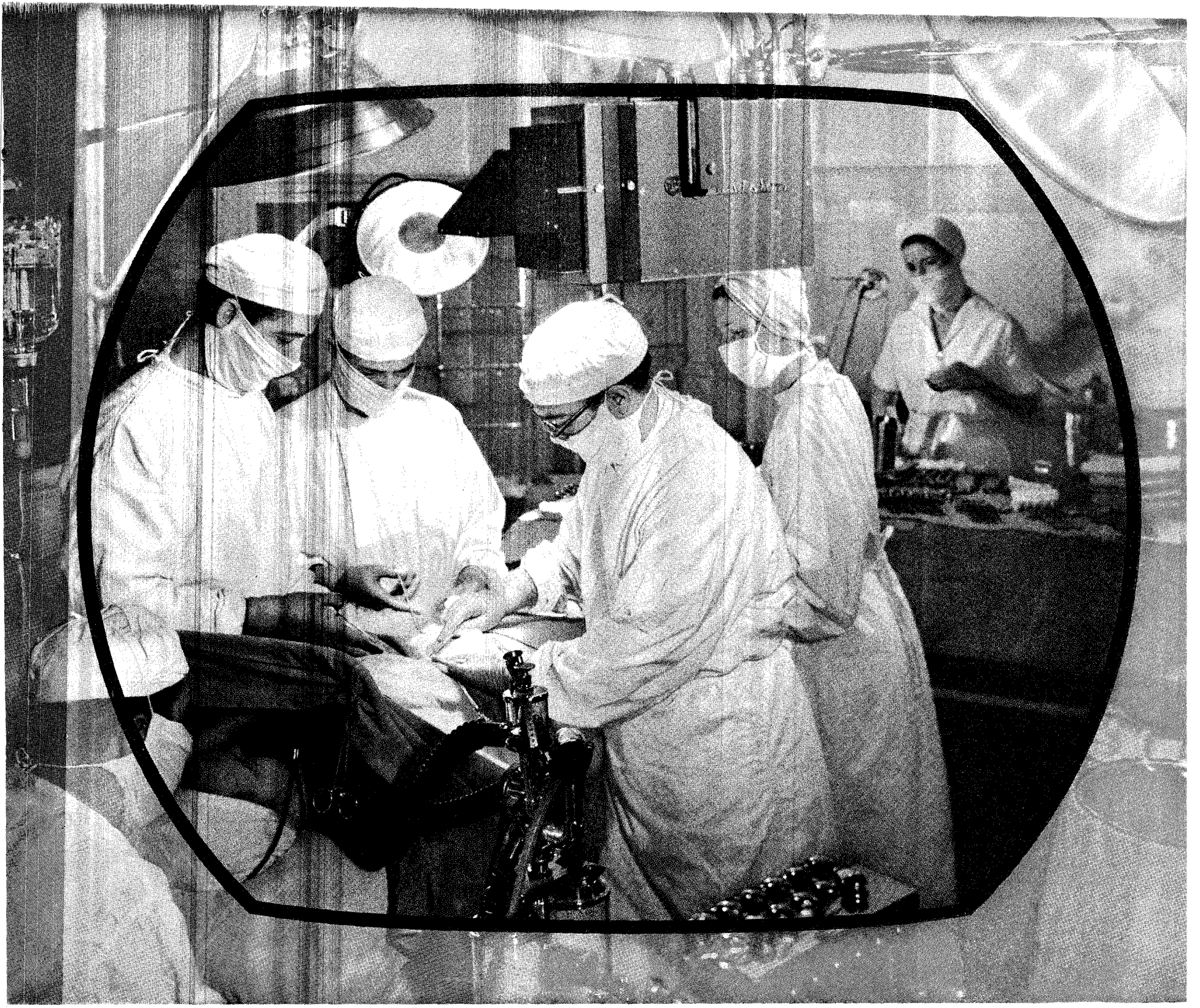


At a noted New York hospital, new RCA color camera telecasts an operation. Equipment is completely out of doctors' way.

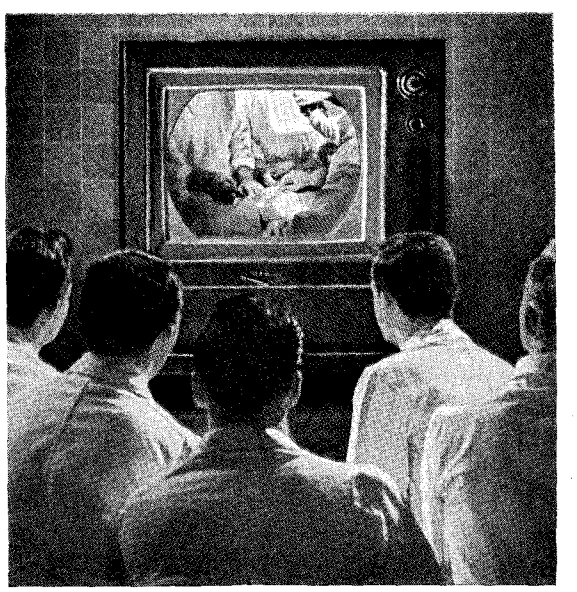
Now RCA Color TV helps doctors of tomorrow give you better surgical care

No longer must interns in a surgical amphitheater squint for a peek at the patient on the operating table below.

With the new, compact RCA color TV system developed specifically for medical use, students in other parts of the hospital can now see vivid close-ups of operations on standard color receivers. They can study enlargements of pathological slides that often determine the course of surgery. And what they learn today, of course, will enable them to give you better care tomorrow.

Ultimately, this same compatible RCA color TV system may be used to establish a nationwide network of specialists for on-the-spot consultation and diagnosis.

Here is another milestone in electronics from RCA, the pioneer that made it possible for you to see color and black-and-white programs on the same set. And continually, RCA scientists at the David Sarnoff Research Center in Princeton, N. J., search for new horizons of "Electronics for Living"—electronics that make life easier, safer, happier.



In other parts of hospital—or even hundreds of miles away—medical students can see close-ups of operation on Big Color RCA Victor TV. Shown above: "Director 21" model with full 250 square inches of viewable picture.

RCA®

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ELECTRONICS FOR LIVING

Fight Cancer with a Checkup . . . and a Check

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. . . THIS IS THE TIRE WITH

Ends fear of blowouts!
Ends fear of punctures!
Ends fear of skids!
Gives longer, safer mileage than any other tire!

Now from Firestone comes the automatic safety tire . . . the new Firestone Supreme. It gives you and your family protection never before provided in any tire at any price. It's the first and only tire with built-in peace of mind!

Blowout Safe! It's a tubeless tire. Its cord body is made of all nylon—stronger than steel, pound for pound. That's why the Firestone Supreme resists all causes of blowouts. But no tire is blowout-proof from a slash or cut in the sidewall. So to leave nothing to chance, Firestone engineers have built into the Supreme an emergency life protector.

For should a blowout occur, an automatic safety valve closes in the life protector and retains ⅔ of the air. This lets you ride out a blowout without swerving—without danger. Lets you come safely to a straight-line stop. This is built-in peace of mind.

Puncture Safe! The new Firestone Supreme has

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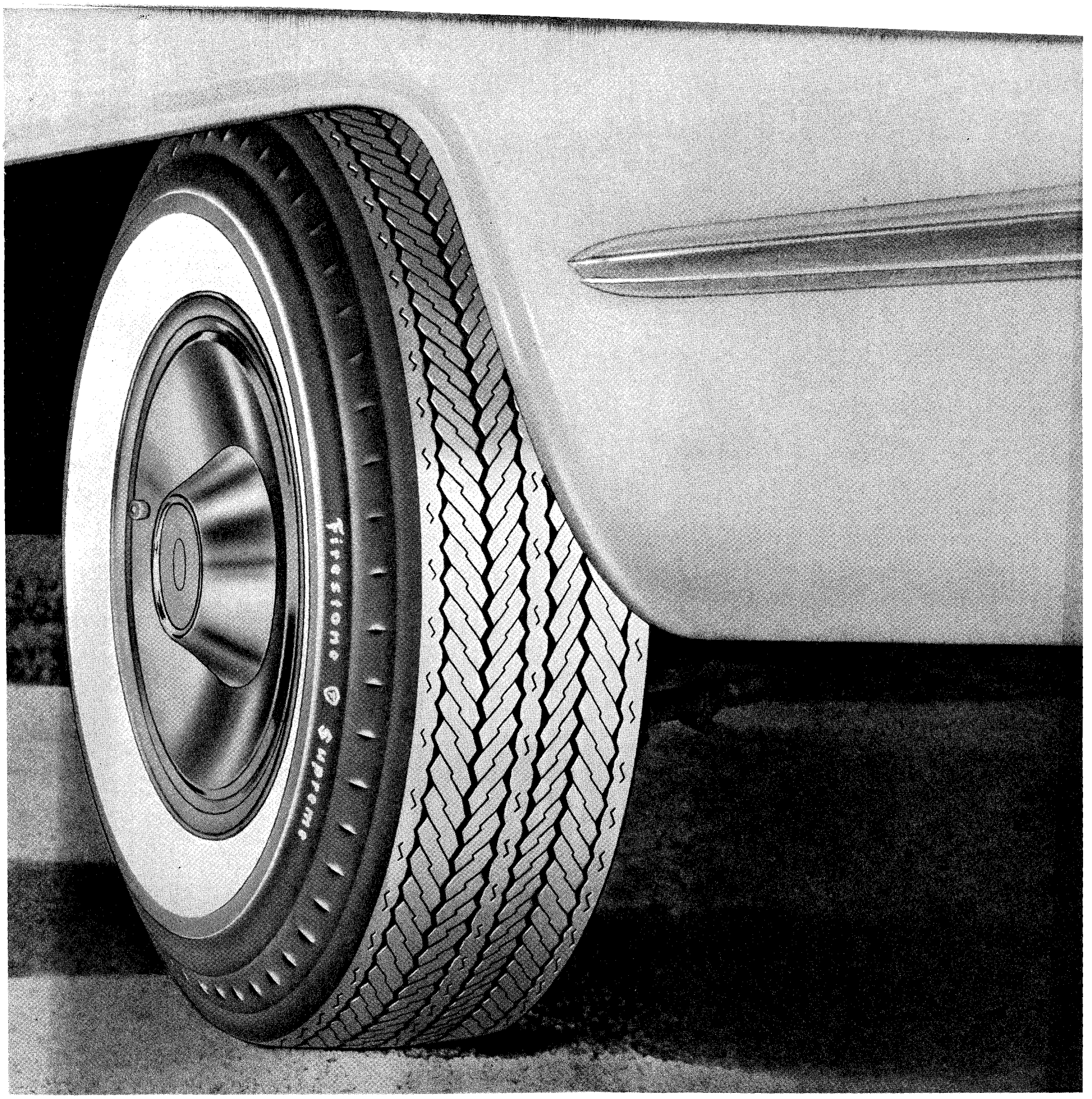

a special gummy rubber sealant that seals any puncture the instant it occurs—makes it completely puncture-safe. No more delays, no more fear of changing tires on a busy highway. This is built-in peace of mind.

Skid Safe! Firestone's new exclusive tread design makes all others out-of-date. Wider and deeper, this efficient tread holds the road with a powerful grip never before possible. It won't skid, swerve, or slide like ordinary tires. Takes danger out of driving on pavements wet with rain or snow. And this tread is *silent*—won't hum on the highway. Won't squeal on the sharpest corners. This is built-in peace of mind.

Thousands of extra miles! The rugged all-nylon cord body, plus 25% thicker tread, gives you the longest, safest mileage of any tire by far. And it's made for beauty—as well as duty. With its white sidewalls—made to *stay* white—with curb scuff protection—and smart fashion-line styling, the new Firestone Supreme gives you the most luxurious tire on the road.

Have your car dealer put Supreme tires on your new car—or have your Firestone Dealer or Store put them on your present car. You'll get a liberal trade-in—convenient payment terms—and built-in peace of mind in the bargain.

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WHY RYBUTOL CAN MAKE YOU FEEL PEPPIER IN 7 DAYS, OR MONEY BACK

You may need vitamin therapy —stronger vitamins—plus minerals. Read Why Rybutol High Potency B_1-B_2 with 11 vitamins and 9 minerals, is guaranteed to give results you really feel, in 7 days, or money back.

ONLY YOU CAN TELL HOW MUCH GOOD you're getting from your vitamins. If you don't *feel* results, you may need *more* vitamins, minerals, and high potency vitamins B_1 and B_2.

RYBUTOL IN A SINGLE FORMULA supplies all these, with vitamins B_1 and B_2 in therapeutic potency, so you can really *feel* results—enough for actual therapy, or treatment, to overcome deficiencies you may be suffering without even suspecting.

DEFICIENCIES ARE HARD TO DIAGNOSE until they reach the stage of disease. Your own symptoms may not be so definite. At first you may simply miss your old feeling of well-being. Or you may find yourself envying the pep and personality of your popular friends.

"NERVES" MAY BE A SYMPTOM. Nutritionists now blame deficiencies of B-complex vitamins for certain nervous upsets. If you're jumpy or on edge because you lack B_1 and B_2, you may feel results, and fast, with Rybutol.

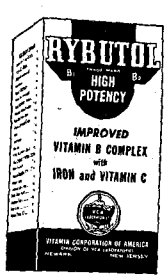
ONE HIGH-POTENCY RYBUTOL GELUCAP a day supplies 15 times your minimum requirement of vitamin B_1 and 3 times your vitamin B_2.

YOU GET 11 VITAMINS, 9 MINERALS, including 100% of your daily requirement of vitamin C, 100% of your iodine, eight B-complex vitamins including folic acid and B_{12}; and iron, liver and yeast!

SO POTENT IS THIS RYBUTOL formula that it can be sold with this unprecedented guarantee (made by the Vitamin Corporation of America, who have constantly improved the famous Rybutol formula).

FEEL PEPPIER IN 7 DAYS, OR MONEY BACK! Only *you* can tell how you feel—and this guarantee makes *you* the judge. It applies to both forms of Rybutol: the easy-to-take Gelucaps, and a special Liquid Rybutol with fewer supplementary ingredients but a very high potency of iron—680% of the minimum daily requirement; plus 6 B-vitamins including B_{12} and high-potency B_1 and B_2.

LOOK AT THE RYBUTOL LABEL and you'll see why this formula gives you more for your health, more for your money. Qualified druggists everywhere recommend and sell Rybutol in both forms.



RYBUTOL

Now! This High Potency Formula For As Little As 6¢ A Day.

The Vitamin Corporation of America
Makers of
Rybutol Gelucaps and Liquid Rybutol

SHOW YOUR DOCTOR THE RYBUTOL LABEL

(*Continued from Page 66*) I came down to the hospital earlier than usual on September 23, 1954, for it was on that day, at eight A.M., that the extraordinary surgical procedure was to begin. The International Congress of Cardiologists was winding up a meeting in New York, and some of its members were to observe the operation.

The procedure was to be the removal of an aneurysm of the descending aorta, and its replacement by a piece of synthetic material. The delicacy of this operation cannot be exaggerated; the aorta is the largest artery in the human body, carrying blood from the heart itself. This vessel ascends from the left ventricle, forms an arch in the neck, and descends in front of the spinal column.

The trouble with Rosa's aorta was a puffing out of the wall of the artery, forming a bulging sac—an aneurysm. A few years ago, surgeons wouldn't have dared touch it. But Rosa's case was a desperate one. If the aneurysm burst, she would bleed to death. If it didn't burst—well, it was pressing against her vertebrae in the region of the chest and wearing away the bone. When it reached the spinal cord, paralysis and death would follow. In either case, the patient was doomed unless the aneurysm was cut out of the aorta and replaced by a new section of healthy "pipe."

As the delegation from the Congress of Cardiologists filed into the gallery above the operating room, a medical team of twenty masked and gowned men and women moved into place. The patient was anesthetized. Then she was lowered into a bathtub filled with cracked ice, and kept there until her body temperature fell to eighty-four degrees F. This "freezing" of the patient slows down body activity; less oxygen is needed and the flow of blood can be greatly reduced. As a result, the surgeons can work for hours in a comparatively bloodless area.

When the chilled patient had been placed on the table, Dr. Robert Wylie, director of thoracic surgery at Bellevue, proceeded to open her chest. As a safeguard, a technician sat watching the ticker-tapelike scrawls recorded by an electrocardiograph machine. If the heartbeat had faltered or stopped, he would have given Doctor Wylie instant notice, and then, as has been done in the past, the surgeon might have massaged the heart to start it again.

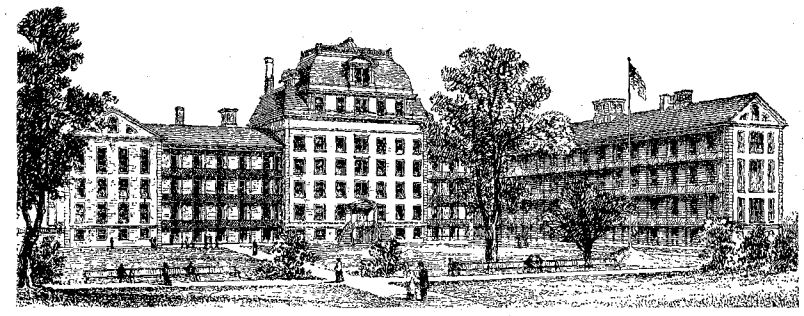
But the heart did not stop. Incredibly, it kept on beating while Doctor Wylie delicately snipped out the pulsating, distended section of aorta and clamped the two open ends. Working with lightning speed, he deftly stitched onto each open end a tubular piece of sterile cloth. It was one of the rare times that artificial replacement of a segment of a vital blood vessel had been attempted—and the first time that such a large portion of the aorta had ever been cut out.

The clamps were removed; slowly, the blood resumed its flow through the cloth splice. As expected, clots formed at the two junctures, sealing them. But it was found later that the seal wasn't tight enough; blood was oozing through. At midnight that same day, the patient was once again brought to the operating table. Doctor Wylie performed another operation to reinforce the two seams with cuffs.

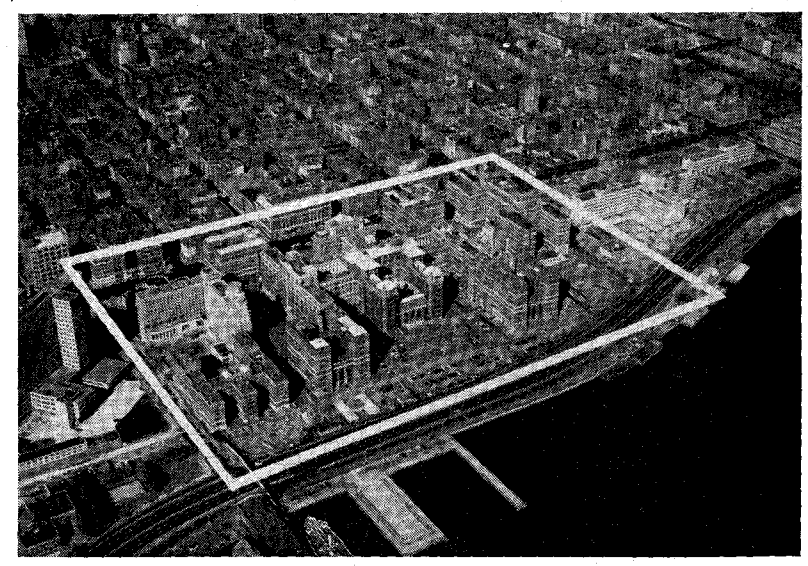
During the first procedure, Doctor Wylie and his operating staff had spent seven hours at the patient's side; no one concerned in the operation had left the theater for a moment, not even for a bite of food. This was the kind of supremely skillful surgery that would have cost a private patient thousands of dollars. It cost Rosa not one cent. And in less than four months she was able to walk out of Bellevue.

A doctor's chance to perform a pioneering operation of this nature is better at Bellevue than in most hospitals in the world, and it explains in part why top-flight medical men like Doctor Wylie, who is also a professor of thoracic surgery at Columbia, give us their services. Because Bellevue is such a gigantic institution, everyone gains—patients, doctors, students.

I often think of the hospital as an entire city. Without leaving the grounds, you can go to church, see a current movie, join a lending library or attend two public schools, P.S. 401 and P.S. 618, which the city runs for Bellevue's younger patients in the General and Psychiatric Hospitals. Also within the hospital grounds are a mortuary, a fire squad, a nursery school, a prison for sick or injured criminals, an adjunct of the State Supreme Court whose judge commits psychiatric patients to mental hospitals, and a post office which often receives letters from abroad addressed simply to "Bellevue Hospital, U.S.A."



In the 19th century, New York's Bellevue Hospital was shunned as a pest house. Admission to it was regarded as a passport to the other world.



Today, Bellevue consists of 15 buildings spread over five blocks. This famous modern hospital attracts interns from forty countries.

Bellevue's total population on an average day is roughly 8700. That includes 1000 female and 700 male patients, 582 graduate nurses, 302 practical nurses, 500 student nurses, a volunteer staff of 1000 men and women; 1322 attendants and 1890 other salaried people, including administrators, secretaries, cleaners, therapists, technicians, guards, clerks and cooks; and 1000 visiting physicians and a house staff of 459 interns and resident doctors, giving Bellevue more doctors than there are in the entire state of New Hampshire.

There is no municipal hospital anywhere that covers as much ground, medically speaking, as Bellevue. In fact, Bellevue is really three hospitals. We have here the Tuberculosis Hospital, with 382 beds; the Psychiatric Hospital, with 630 beds; and the General Hospital, which has a bed capacity of 1733.

As the largest medical-teaching center, Bellevue attracts students and doctors the way Vienna, Paris and Edinburgh once did. Every ward is a classroom, and each case a potential lesson in medicine or surgery. The professors and instructors comprising the teaching staffs of our four medical schools are the doctors who supervise treatment of patients on the Bellevue wards. They serve without pay for the opportunity of teaching their students and doing research.

Teaching and research, of course, are greatly stimulated by the sheer size of Bellevue's case load. We treat 50,000 patients on our wards each year. According to one column of Bellevue's census, close to 40,000 are whites, almost 9500 are Negroes, over 380 are yellow, and two or three are red men. Nearly 3700 of our patients each year are children under two years of age. Categorized in terms of maladies, almost 2000 patients suffer from tuberculosis or other diseases of the chest, and close to 2500 require treatment or surgery of the ear, nose and throat; both lists include cancer patients. And a staggering 17,000, roughly 34 per cent of the annual total, are patients in the Psychiatric Pavilion.

Other patients need care for ailments ranging from inflamed tonsils to leprosy. We occasionally have two or three leprosy cases on our skin service at one time. One of the most recent was that of a fourteen-year-old girl from the Caribbean. Her father was a leprosy patient here and she had come to New York to see him. One of our nurses on the skin ward, who saw the girl at her father's bedside, suggested that she stop in at our Admitting Office for an examination. On her back and on one arm were blanched areas as white as parchment. When one of our experienced skin men came down to Admitting, he asked the girl to hold out her hands. One of them was curled up, clawlike. She couldn't straighten out the fingers.

We put her on a ward, of course, although there wasn't much that could be done for her. When a patient feels well enough, we (*Continued on Page 74*)

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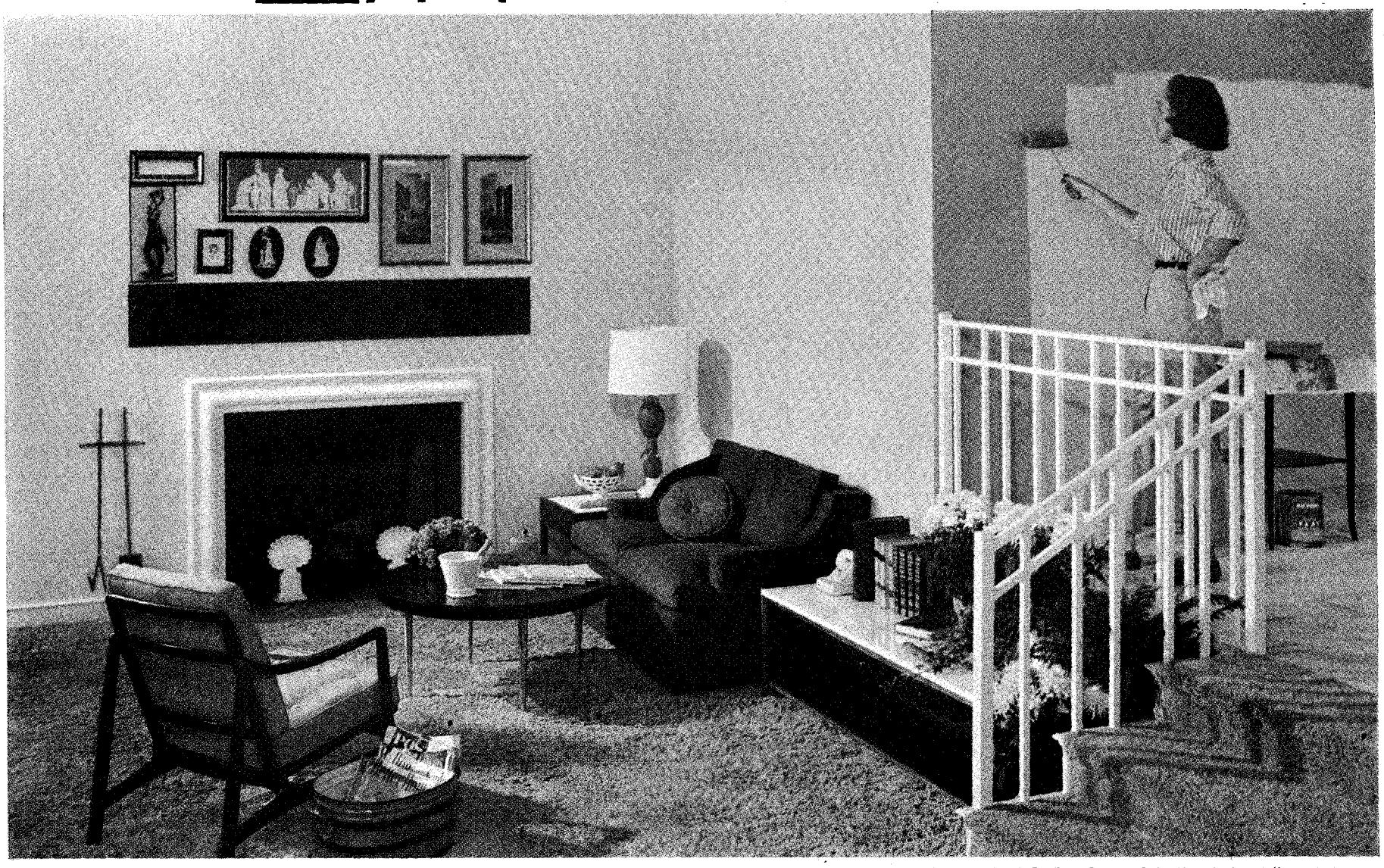
Your guarantee of the right paint for every purpose... DU PONT PAINT CHEMISTRY



This charming pink room has the walls painted with Du Pont Custom Color No. 1094, with "Duco" Gloss White on the woodwork and iron railing. That's Custom Color No. 1251 being rolled on the wall at the right.

Du Pont chemists give you these EASY-TO-APPLY, ODORLESS paints!

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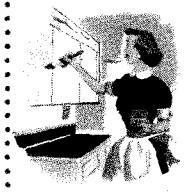
For gay, modern colors, your choice of 572 mixed-to-your-order shades in alkyd-base paints . . . and over 200 in rubber-base wall paints! You can find just the paint colors your rooms need to bring out the full beauty of your furnishings! Du Pont Custom Colors come in three sheens of matched colors—Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat—to give you the paint you need for every interior. They're simple to apply with brush or roller . . . wash beautifully . . . last extra long. Odorless during application!

Get "one-coat magic" with DUCO® ENAMEL



For kitchens, baths, or for walls and woodwork in any room in the house—Du Pont DUCO brings like-new beauty to old surfaces, usually in just one coat! Easy to apply, and pleasant, too, because DUCO is odorless during application. In Gloss and Semi-Gloss, this superior alkyd enamel resists grease, dirt, moisture and repeated washings. Ideal for furniture—indoors or out—because its tough surface is difficult to mar, lasts and lasts—*for years!* Dozens of colors and white.

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RUBBER-BASE WALL PAINT

For speed and economy, you just can't beat Du Pont FLOW KOTE latex wall paint! You'll paint the walls of an average room in just half a day because FLOW KOTE goes on fast and easy with brush or roller, leaves no laps or streaks. Dries in 30 minutes with no annoying odor. Washes out of brushes or rollers with soap 'n' water! Paint in the morning; entertain the same evening! Dirt, grease, grime wash off in a jiffy . . . it'll look like new for years! Matching colors for woodwork in DUCO Enamel.

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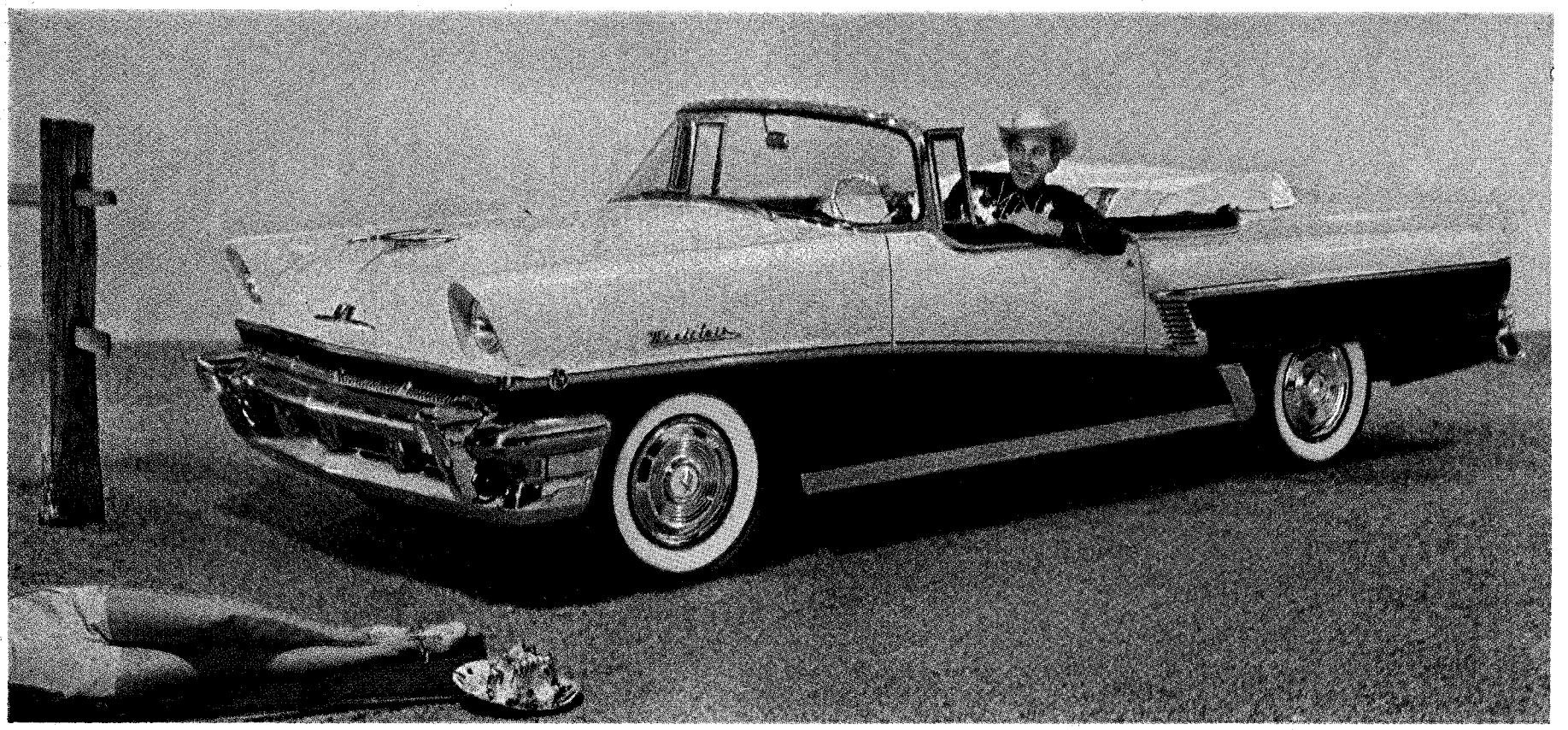
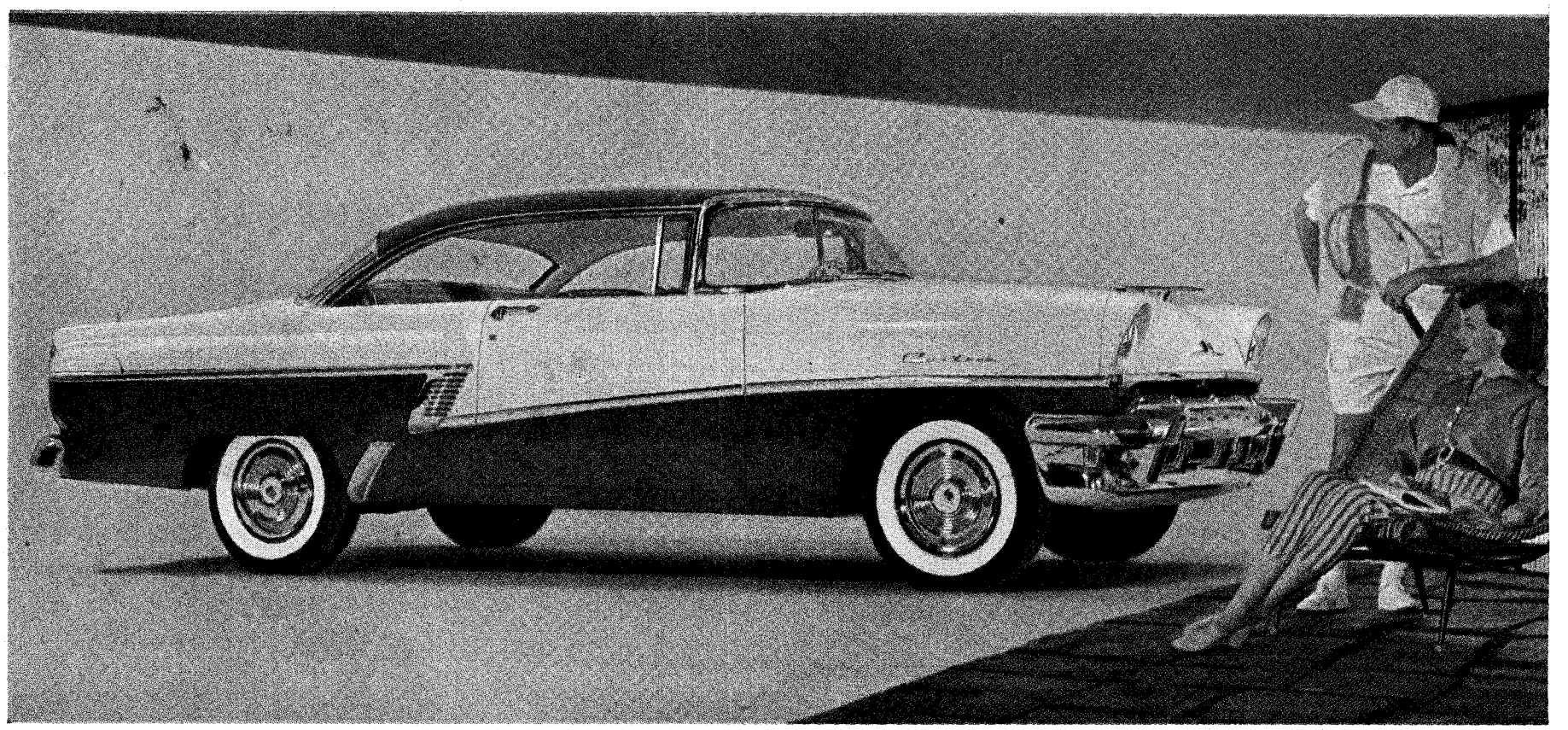


FOR FUN IN THE SUN—Mercury now offers you two "top-down" beauties. There is the gay, debonair Montclair convertible, shown above in Tuxedo Black and Saffron Yellow. And there is a new BIG M convertible in the lowest-cost Custom series. Every Mercury features new Safety-First Design and Safety-Surge V-8 power.



NEW OPEN-AIR EXCITEMENT—THE BIG M now offers you hardtop coupes in 4 price ranges. Shown above is the low-profiled Custom hardtop in Lauderdale Blue and white. Whether you choose a Montclair, Monterey, Custom, or Medalist you enjoy the wide-open feeling of a convertible with the steel-topped protection of a sedan.

You'll find the model you want at a

You're looking at four different body styles in THE BIG M line. These are just examples of a total of 18 stunning models, in 4 price ranges. Almost anyone in the market for a new car can now afford a BIG M.

And no matter what model suits your needs and budget best, you are sure of getting "The Big 4" of THE BIG M.

NEW REFLEX-ACTION PERFORMANCE—To your every command, there's reflex-fast *response* from a new Safety-Surge V-8. There's instant *adjustment* to rough roads and curves from advanced ball-joint suspension. On every road, THE BIG M makes your driving easier.

NEW BIG M BEAUTY—Notice the smooth unity of design in all models. The new sleekness that snuggles to the road. The distinctive Flo-Tone color styling—or your choice of the greatest array of two-tones and solid tones we've ever offered. Here's young-minded, trend-setting beauty that will protect your investment.

NEW SAFETY-FIRST DESIGN—You're surrounded with new safety—10 new features in all. For example, at no extra cost, you get an impact-absorbing safety steering wheel (an exclusive in Mercury's field) and triple-strength safety door locks. And as options, you can have

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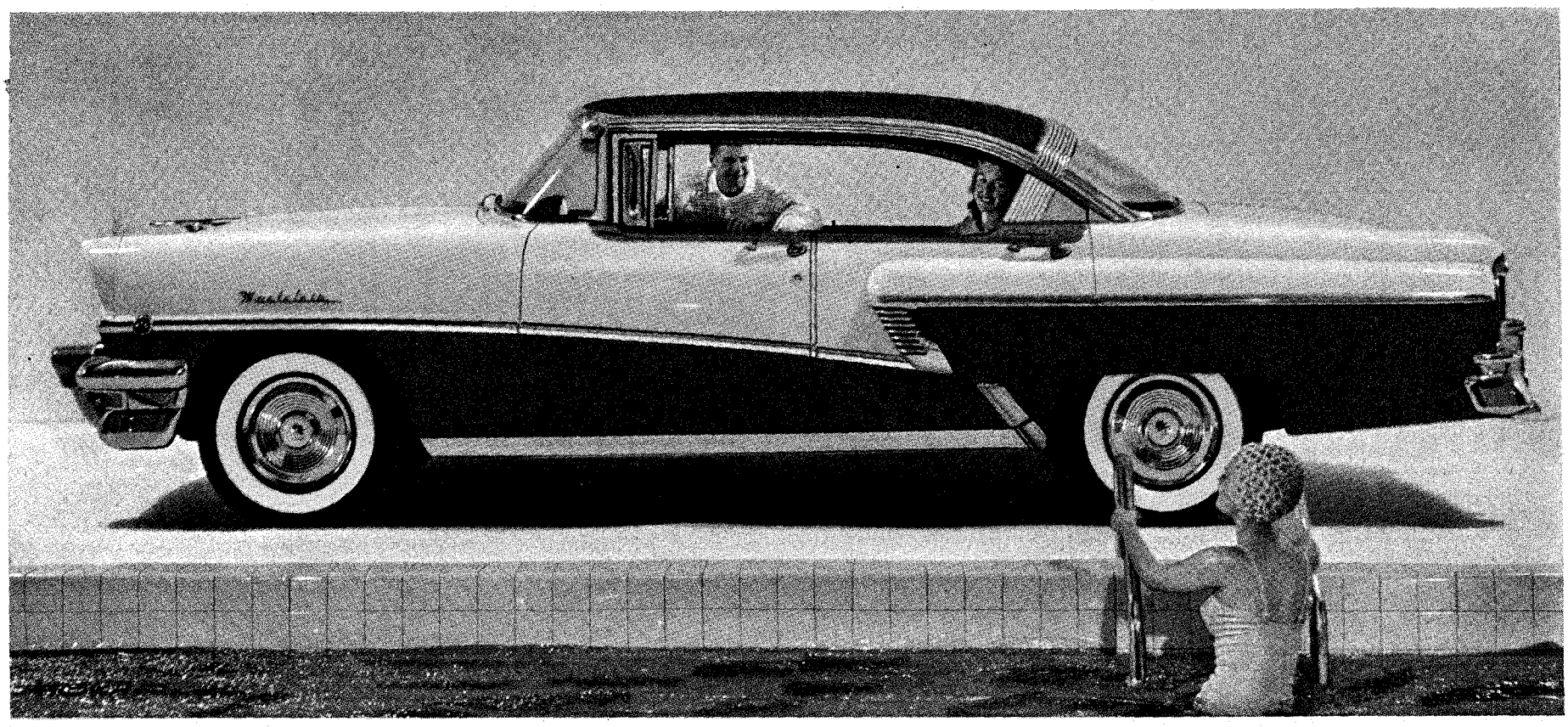

PICTURE WINDOW ON WHEELS—The exciting new Phaeton, most beautiful and advanced of all 4-door hardtops. No center pillars of course. New "see-ability" all around—but especially for rear-seat passengers. And notice the exclusive styling touches. Now available in all 4 BIG M series. Shown, the Montclair Phaeton.

LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE—Mercury now offers you three "double-duty" beauties. The Monterey Voyager station wagon is shown above. As a sedan, it seats 9 passengers. As a utility car, it can haul up to half a ton. Both 6- and 9-passenger models are offered in the lowest-cost Custom Commuter series. All have dual exhausts.

price you'll like in THE BIG M line

safety seat belts, a padded instrument panel, even padded sun visors.

PROVABLE VALUE—Not claims, but extra value you can measure by the way it cuts your costs. For example, Mercury prices start low. Operating costs are low. And Mercury's resale value has been consistently high. So just pick your favorite model here. You can get it in up to 4 price ranges at your nearest Mercury dealer's. Visit him today. *You can't do better than a Mercury.*

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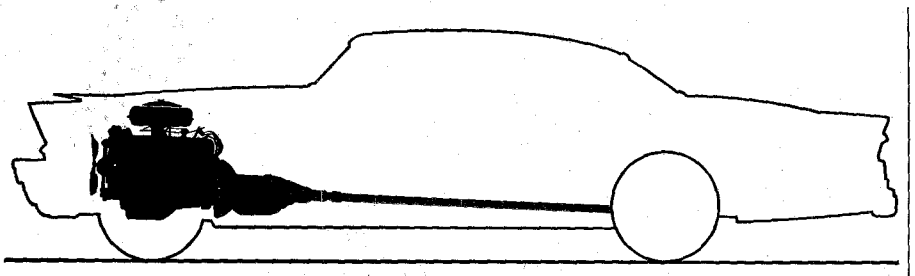

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(*Continued from Page 70*) send him to a leprosarium or to his own home. There are thirty-nine lepers currently living in New York City, all closely watched by the city Health Department. The disease is not highly contagious, and to my knowledge there has never been a case of leprosy contracted in the city.

On occasion, we have got in patients who had ants in their wounds. We take virtually everyone who needs care, and if there is any ugly physical condition lurking anywhere in New York, Bellevue is the place where it is likely to turn up. We do try to bar from our crowded wards anyone who can afford to pay for private care but we treat sick people first and ask the financial questions later. Then, if we find a patient can pay something, we charge him. The top is twenty dollars a day, exactly what it costs the city for bed, board, drugs and nursing care on a Bellevue ward. The doctoring is free.

Among those treated without charge are a few steady customers, like O'Toole—I'll call him that—who has been turning up at least once a year for over fifteen years. One year he was admitted twenty-three times. O'Toole is a tubercular and alcoholic, and it's a wonder he is still alive.

He always comes into Bellevue when things on the outside get a little too tough. Sometimes we turn him away; last summer, for instance, he came in with nothing much wrong except a hang-over and lack of funds. Miss Celia Dowd, the slender, soft-spoken nurse in charge of the Admitting Office, told him firmly that he couldn't come in. But O'Toole was so dirty and woebegone that Miss Dowd let him take a shower, and gave him a clean shirt and underwear from our clothes house—and carfare from her own pocket.

Over the years, we've had many ailing men like O'Toole who would manage to get admitted for a few days when they wanted to rest up after an alcoholic debauch or participate in Bellevue's Christmas or Thanksgiving banquets. Having no homes but flophouses and park benches, they found Bellevue a luxurious vacation spot, with clean sheets, good meals, free movies and plenty of companionship. We've had to tighten our rules to prevent this kind of free-loading, but we often give special favors to patients who deserve coddling. For instance, on a recent Christmas we had on the wards a woman we believed to be 105 years old. We gave her a party and useful gifts—two corncob pipes and a tin of tobacco.

It is not only the patients at Bellevue who figure in the hospital's story. In 1940, death ended the strange masquerade of Lewis N. Foote, a white-haired elevator operator at Bellevue. He was sixty-eight when a heart attack killed him, and only then did hospital authorities reveal his true identity.

Lewis Foote was a doctor of medicine. At fifty-nine, after a long and successful practice, Doctor Foote was so shattered by his mother's death that he lost interest in medicine. He came to Bellevue, asking for any humble job that would allow him to be useful to the sick. The superintendent, promising to keep his secret, assigned him to an elevator. During his nine years' service, Lewis Foote always had a cheering word for worried patients, and gifts of toys for the frightened children who rode with him to the operating room.

Grief like Doctor Foote's can be shattering, as I know from my own experience. I remember an autumn day in 1931, a year after I started work at Bellevue, when I brought my wife in for a routine kidney-stone operation. We had been married for almost two years; our son, Edward, was eleven months old. This surgery was to be merely a brief interruption to our happy married life.

A few days after the operation, she died—the only patient who died after a kidney-stone operation at Bellevue that year. There was simply no medical explanation for her death.

For two years thereafter I was so depressed that I could barely bring myself to see private patients. Why should people consult me, I asked myself, when I couldn't even help save my own? But that kind of self-torture is futile. Those brief years of dismay are now a closed chapter of my life. The vigorous and happy ones that ensued have long since healed the old wound.

I met my present wife, Louise, in 1936; we were married two years later. In the first week after our honeymoon I was out delivering babies almost all night for four nights running, and, of course, I was at Bellevue all day. In the years before I gave up obstetrics, when Edward and our two daughters, Gail and Mona, were growing up, my wife would often find herself apologizing to the children for my absence. She told me once that she kept mentioning my name to them, so they would know who I was.

I could recall similar episodes from my own childhood. My father was a doctor, too, a general practitioner much loved by his patients. As a boy, one among five children, I used secretly to

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Few women can resist the strong, silent type of man—and the opportunity to do all the talking.

BILL IRELAND

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wish for my father to be ill—just slightly ill—so he would stay home with us. He had a heart condition, but when he was feeling fit we saw little of him for days on end.

His office was part of our apartment. One evening—it was January 3, 1917, and I was eleven years old—my father walked through his crowded waiting room, greeted his patients and asked them to wait a few minutes longer. He came into our living quarters and said to me, "I feel kind of tired, son. I'm going to rest for fifteen minutes. You time my nap and call me."

Fifteen minutes later I went to my father's room to wake him. He was dead. My father was only forty-two. Maybe I've felt impelled to complete my father's unfinished work, to compensate for his short life. At any rate, from that day on I never doubted that I would be a doctor.

When I entered Fordham University for my premedical training, I helped pay my way by teaching French classes there. During the summers, I jerked sodas. From Fordham I went to Long Island College Medical School for my four years of medicine.

After finishing my internship in 1929, I took a three-week job as surgeon on a cruise ship to Panama. Apart from victims of seasickness, my only patient was a woman who became violently ill with typhoid fever. I treated her with all the prescribed methods, but transferring her to a hospital when we got back to New York was a great relief. Soon afterward I was calmly accepting responsibility for patients far more critically ill. By then, however, I had Bellevue's staff behind me, and that was enough to inspire anyone with confidence.

This is the first of five articles by Dr. Cutolo. Next week he tells about the terrible day an airplane crashed into the Empire State Building, killing fourteen and injuring twenty-six. —The Editors.

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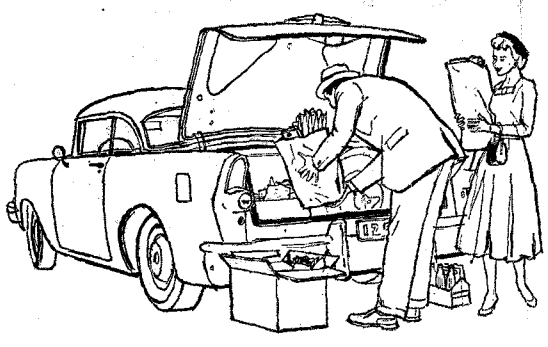

Philco Super Marketer "16"... two full-size appliances in the floor space of a standard refrigerator...: a 6.8 cu. ft. home freezer below and a 9 cu. ft. refrigerator above.

World's first master combination food keeper... custom designed for the modern trend of buying foods ahead and storing them in volume... with all needed temperatures from 38 degrees above zero to 20 degrees below. Only 33½" wide. Total food storage capacity is 15.8 cu. ft.

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FREEZER FOR MODERN AMERICA...

Marketer

It's the food keeper of the future . . . a full-size 9 cu. ft. refrigerator plus a full-size 6.8 cu. ft. freezer, all in one. A veritable super market of frozen and unfrozen foods safely stored, now for the first time, under automatically controlled conditions.

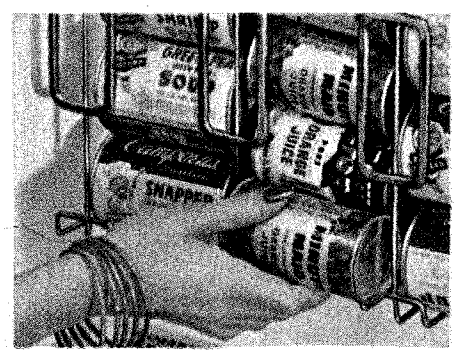
■ For the new needs of modern America, in this age of frozen foods, super market shopping and smart "living room" kitchens, Philco has created this new kind of food keeper . . . the *all-automatic* Super Marketer refrigerator-freezer.

Super Market Convenience at Home—Now, right at hand, is the entire family food supply. And most vital of all . . . *every food* now safely stored at its proper temperature, thanks to Philco's exclusive *all-automatic* twin system. Frozen foods at zero. Unfrozen foods at ideal 38 to 42 degrees above zero. Everything automatic . . . no refrigerator defrosting, no controls to set.

2-Door Refrigerators Now at 1-Door Prices—The Super Marketer is one of many *years ahead* advances in automatic appliances from Philco for 1956. Two-door refrigerators now at no premium in price . . . and with famous Philco features too! New fully automatic Twin System models from $229.95 up (model 864). Such values are yours only in a Philco, the refrigerator with everything to make the woman's world more automatic. Don't settle for less.

Sharp freezes to 20° below

Gives you all the services of the best equipped home freezers. Sharp freezing that seals in food quality. Zero storage for safe long-time protection.



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Your dinner literally "cooks itself" on Philco's new *All-Automatic* electric range. All you do is set the dials to suit the food and Philco's *four* automatic *Self-Regulating* surface units do all the rest. No more pot-watching.

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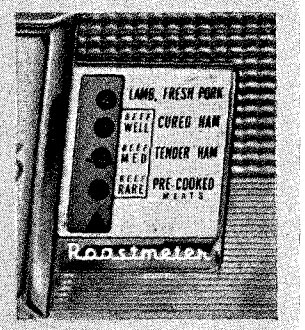
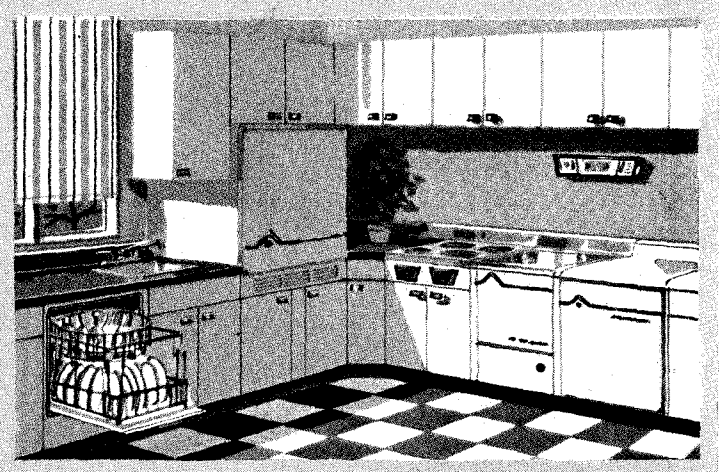
Makes EVERY Roast Perfect

The Roastmeter gauges the degree of "doneness" of *any* kind of meat, shows the exact point at which various kinds of meat are perfectly cooked to *your* taste—RARE, MEDIUM or WELL DONE.





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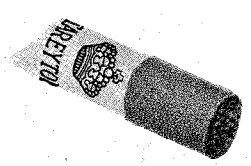
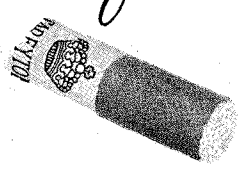
The TAREYTON Twosome

the perfect choice for better smoking



HERBERT TAREYTON

For better smoking, ask for Herbert Tareyton. You'll enjoy the mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos and you'll like the genuine cork tip that always stays firm and fresh . . . that adds so much to your smoking pleasure.



FILTER TIP TAREYTON

All the pleasure comes thru . . . the taste is great! Filter Tip Tareyton smokes milder, smokes smoother, draws easier. And Tareyton's filter is pearl-gray because it contains Activated Charcoal for real filtration. It's the best in filtered smoking!

Only FILTER TIP TAREYTON gives you Activated Charcoal filtration

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We Sweat Out Our Campus Marriage

(Continued from Page 59)

moved to another university and won his Ph.D. after only two years more. A second friend, with a working wife and no children, studied one year at a Midwestern university and five more at California before receiving his doctorate in physics. There may be graduate students of wealth, but I have never met them.

Our own experience in the graduate world is fairly typical. Chip and I were married during my husband's senior year at Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, my alma mater. Since Chip was a Navy veteran of three years' service, he received a regular GI allotment during that year and for two years following. At the end he received his M.A. degree. As a full-time unmarried student during his junior and part of his senior year, he had received seventy-five dollars monthly. Our marriage made me a "dependent," and raised his allotment to $105. In addition, he was allowed up to $500 per year to apply on tuition, fees, books and incidentals—a sum which he never used up. Also, he was a graduate assistant, a job which paid sixty dollars a month at first—later on, ninety dollars.

The Korean Bill, which is the law applicable today—since most World War II veterans have used up their allowance—has slightly different provisions. Under this law the student is allowed a lump sum from which he must pay for everything—tuition, fees, books and supplies. The rate is $110 a month for a single, full-time student; $135 for a student with one dependent, and $160 for a student with two dependents.

During our early years I supplemented our income by filling occasional jobs, and we had a comfortable life. By the time Chip received his master's degree, he was suffering a severe case of mental fatigue—hardly surprising, since he had spent his entire adult life in school and the Navy without a rest. We took a break. For two and a half years we lived a carefree existence, most of it spent in Idaho, where Chip worked for the Forest Service. One winter he worked for a dairy, and liked to refer to himself as the only milkman west of the Mississippi with an M.A. in cultural geography.

We lost a final year of eligibility under the GI Bill by not being enrolled in school during this period. When we returned to the University of California in Berkeley, so Chip could shoot for a Ph.D. in geography, we faced the problem of financing his studies ourselves.

This university pays its teaching assistants $157.50 a month for a ten-month year. We like to think we live on this salary, but we do not. It may cover our running expenses of sixty dollars a month for food, fifty dollars for rent and ten dollars for utilities—we budget no other expenses—but it does not cover capital expenditures. However, in the most spendthrift of our recent years we did live on $250 a month. This included taxes, car insurance, college expenses, food, rent and a baby—and California babies are not cheap.

To supplement his university income, Chip has worked during the summer for the Forest Service in Idaho as fire lookout, smoke jumper and, following an accident, as a dispatcher. My contribution has been a book whose publication paid for the baby and part of the school expenses. The baby was considered by some of our friends to be a mistake. Many of them have waited until they were through school to start families, but we don't like to compromise on major issues. We can compromise on *ersatz* coffee and dried skim milk, but our baby we wanted when we wanted her. To date, the initial cost has been greater than the upkeep, and Katie provides the only light in a sometimes drab existence.

We have made one other choice. Many Ph.D. candidates begin teaching as soon as they are through with their classwork, promising themselves that they will work on their theses in every spare moment. Spare moments are few during one's first years as an instructor. It may take five to ten years to complete the field work and thesis. Rather than temporize on a minor teaching job, we prefer to continue our budgeting until the degree is in hand.

At present we are nearing the end of three years of classwork. The immediate future will bring my husband stiff reading exams in French and German, plus an oral examination given by a board of several of his professors. This test will determine whether he is qualified to hold the degree of doctor of philosophy. There will then remain the field work and dissertation, for which we have allotted two years, if all goes well. If one of us becomes ill, if (*Continued on Page 81*)

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How can you make sure that your business will benefit? S. D. Warren Co. would like to answer this question: you can achieve and maintain a dominant, competitive position at reasonable cost by educating more and more people to become your customers. You can accomplish this objective best through effective selling literature, through well-printed booklets, brochures, broadsides, bulletins, annuals, folders, reports, manuals, catalogs.

How Literature Helps You

Effective literature can give people complete and correct details about your product and your service. Good literature can describe and document both major and minor facts. It can help prevent circulation of misleading rumors that might discredit your good name. It can provide a permanent record of your business achievements which can be referred to time after time. It can persuade many people of your superiority so that your reputation and your sales grow in ever-widening circles.

Your Ally—A Good Printer

At this point S. D. Warren Co. would like to offer you a time-tested suggestion: don't tackle the job of planning and creating selling literature without a good printer present. Be sure to call him in *right from the very start.* A good printer can save you work and time and money if you appoint him a member of your team right from the beginning of a job.

One thing is almost certain: your printer will probably specify Warren's Standard Printing Papers because he wants to produce the finest printed pieces possible. *S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad Street, Boston 1, Massachusetts.*

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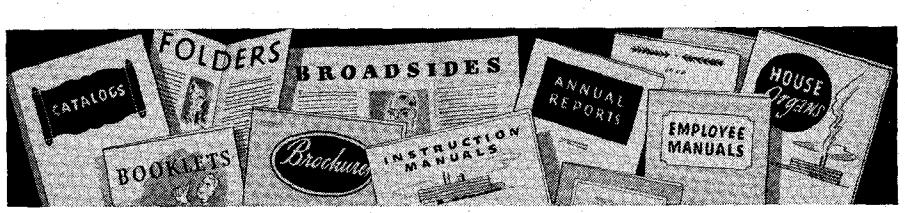

Some of the forms of literature, printed on
WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS, *that are aiding Industry*

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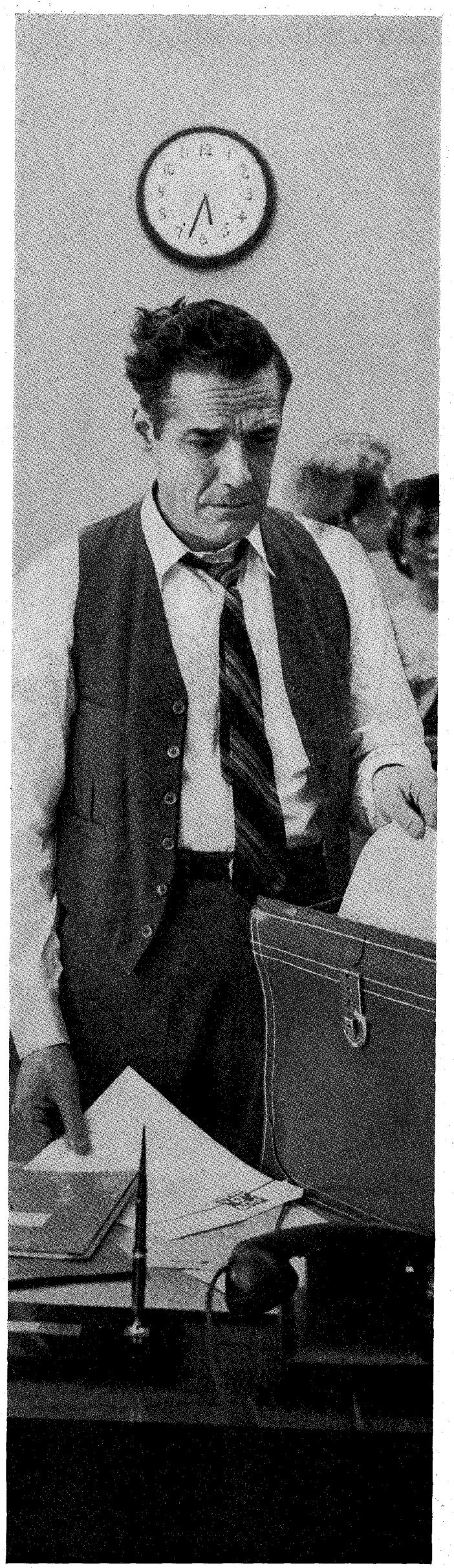


When the "ball of fire" starts cooling off!

Maybe you're this fellow . . .

Maybe you can remember a time when you came to work every morning ready to lick your weight in wildcats.

The job was your oyster, brother. And the boss kept throwing the tough ones your way because he figured you for a comer. As the expression goes, you were a "ball of fire."

But somehow . . . somewhere along the years, you began to get the uneasy feeling you were losing your stuff, like a pitcher gets when he feels the zip going out of his fast ball.

You couldn't quite put your finger on it. You weren't old . . . and you weren't sick.

But, oftener and oftener you'd have to drag yourself out of bed. Your job began to look like a mountain, and it was all you could do to shovel your way through it.

Making excuses?

At first you could make excuses to yourself. "A man can't be up to snuff *all* the time. Even a .300 hitter has his bad days at the plate." And so on. And so on . . .

But maybe the excuses are beginning to wear thin . . . *even to yourself*. You're face to face with the fact that—almost every day—you're nervous, edgy, dragged out. It's an effort to get up enough steam to do your job, let alone have fun with the wife and kids.

You're beginning to wonder about other people. Do they notice the change in you? Do any of *them* feel the way you do?

Well, if it's any comfort to you, the truth is that you're *not* alone. *Many, many men have had the same problem.* And many have found the root of their trouble in a habit that is so commonplace it seems above suspicion.

It's the caffein habit—the habit you acquire as you drink coffee or tea, cup after cup, day after day. And—if you're one of the millions affected by caffein—it's a case of a little stimulant *multiplied* by the number of cups of coffee you drink each day . . . *multiplied* by the years you've been drinking it.

Your doctor would tell you

Your doctor would be the first to tell you that, for some men, one of the worst offenders against the human nervous system is caffein. When you use this strong stimulant constantly, its effects tend to "build up". . . and may result in nervousness, sleeplessness.

If this has happened to you . . . if caffein is acting as a "drag" on you . . . isn't it time you did something about it?

And there *is* something you can do—to get in tune again and feel as you used to.

You replace a *bad* habit with a good one

You switch from caffein-heavy drinks to a new, wonderful, caffein-free hot beverage . . . Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum—now available for the first time.

What a rich aroma this new beverage has! And it tastes *so full-bodied, so satisfying!*

Your grocer has both new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum and famous *regular* Instant Postum with a distinctive flavor that millions have enjoyed for many years.

You make Postum *instantly*, right in the cup. Just add boiling water and stir. You can enjoy it straight, or with cream and sugar, all day long, without fear.

There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in Postum. It *can't* make you irritable. It *can't* keep you awake *because it doesn't have a single speck of caffein in it.*

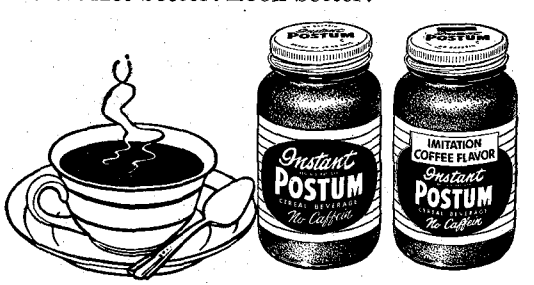
You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this wonderful, caffein-free beverage not just once, but for 30 consecutive days. After all, you can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days, or even a week.

Costs half as much as most coffees

Whether you choose new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum (red label) or regular Instant Postum (blue label), you'll get up to 100 cups from the 8-oz. jar and up to 50 cups from the 4-oz. jar—for less than a cent a cup! Postum is so inexpensive, compared with most coffees—cup for cup, it costs only *half as much.*

So, try Instant Postum for at least 30 days—take this one step that may make a real difference in your everyday life—every waking hour, every sleeping hour.

Don't let another day go by without giving this caffein-free beverage a fair trial. Start the 30-day test *today*. See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better!



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(*Continued from Page 79*) something happens to the baby, if we lose our sense of humor, if the car should fall apart, all will not have gone well.

And when those two years have gone by, making a total of seven spent in the graduate world in preparation for my husband's lifework, we, in our middle thirties, will have nothing to show for them but a lovely little girl and two educations. My husband's education will enable him to earn a living teaching at the college level. My education, of a more practical nature, will enable us to buy some of the material possessions we want.

We expect a starting salary of $4500 a year. If we find a job in a small school, which is what we desire, we must expect less. Chip prefers teaching to research. If he concentrates on the former, he must be content with fewer advancements and less in the way of salary increases. Promotion in the academic world seems to be based mainly on one's research and published findings.

Actually, graduate students of the past had a harder life than ours. I know a graying college professor who had to begin teaching at a university as soon as he had his bachelor degree, because he also had a wife and child. He acquired his M.A. and Ph.D. along the way. Once he spent a year away from his family at another university, under conditions which might have driven a less earnest man insane. This was during the depression. A Y.M.C.A. hotel gave him cheap lodging, but rooms were rented for only one night at a time. Every morning this professor would pack his belongings in a suitcase, check out of his room, store his suitcase in a locker, and return later in the day to check in to another room. He lived out of that suitcase for an entire school year, while he lunched on coffee and doughnuts and studied for his doctorate. I don't know what symbolized his day of economic deliverance. Perhaps it was two nights spent in the same bed. His wife once told me that, for her, deliverance came on the day she could buy lipstick at a department store, instead of the dime store.

Well, my day will not be so poignant, since our student days haven't been so harsh. But I am looking forward to the day I can cook with butter, and send my husband to a barber instead of cutting his hair myself.

Trying to feed a family on sixty dollars a month, a sum which includes toilet and laundry items, can be a stimulating challenge at first. But the glamour wears off as the years pass, and only a mechanical chore remains. My day of deliverance may be when I can take a cart around the market and load it with whatever I want, regardless of cost. Or it may be the day I can go shopping for the family's clothes, intending to buy them, instead of seeing how they are made and going home to copy them.

What makes our existence attractive and meaningful? We are sometimes asked this question by those who think that living at a subsistence level must have mysterious spiritual rewards. But I have found nothing in a life of deprivation to make it worth while, in itself. No, this present existence is only a means to an end. My husband wants to teach at the university level—"Put some questions in students' minds," he says—and to him this will make a satisfying life. Since the goal seems worth while to us, the years of attaining it are well spent. We, too, might be complaining of the inadequacies of a $10,000 income if we had chosen another path.

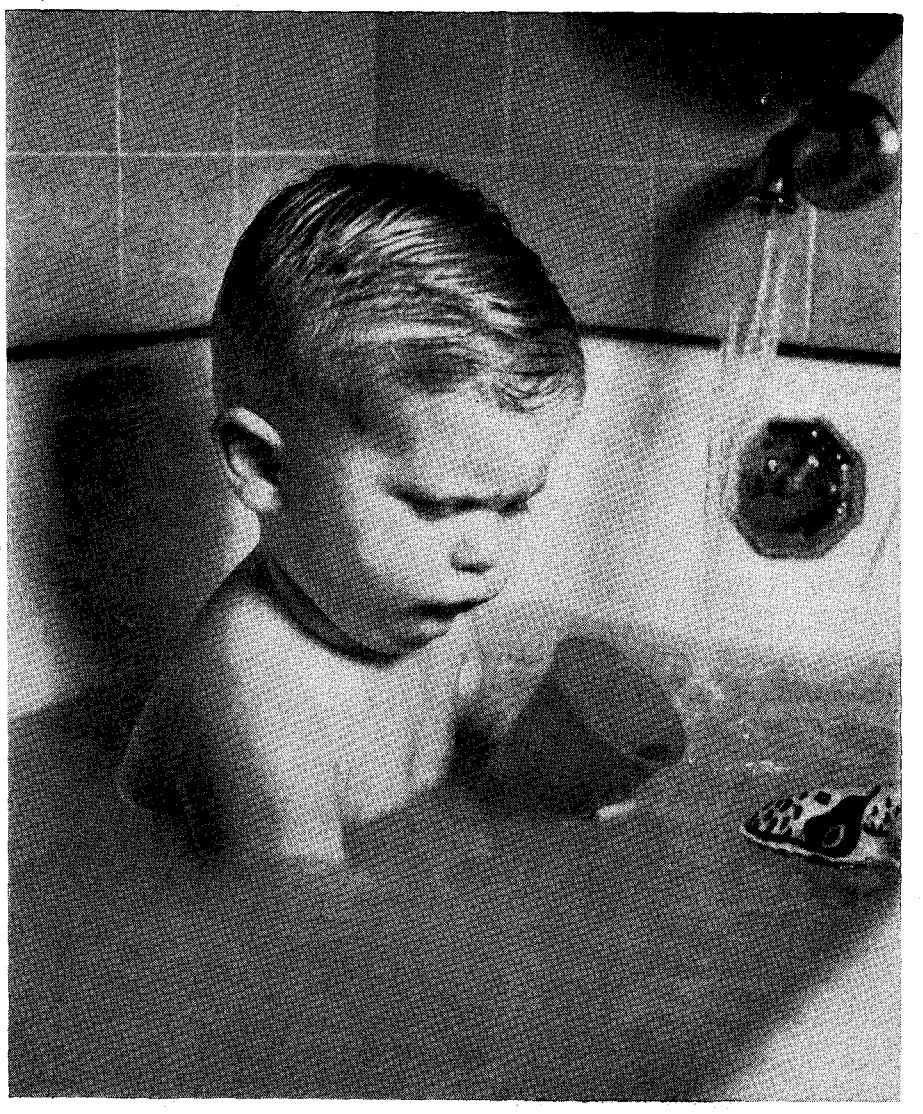
Yes, we have moments of doubt, but knowledge of what we really want in life sets straight our perspective. We visited a classmate of my husband's undergraduate days not long ago, and found him ensconced in a lovely modern subdivision with his wife and three children and a swimming pool. If we were envious in the first moment, we were appalled later when Chip's friend remarked that he had built the pool because of extreme boredom.

Well, Chip and I aren't bored. But I think our greatest advantage is that we are free. If we have no home, neither are we bound by the obligations of home ownership. If we have no treasures to take the eye of the tax assessor, neither do we have time payments falling due every month. Our life is uncomplicated. This may be freedom at a price, but we are paying that price for an education, so the freedom is a bonus. No, we are not eccentrics. We're just aiming toward what we want out of life. Like everyone else.

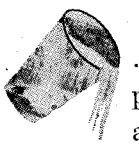
THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Watch out for a bunt."



NO CHILD'S PLAY...



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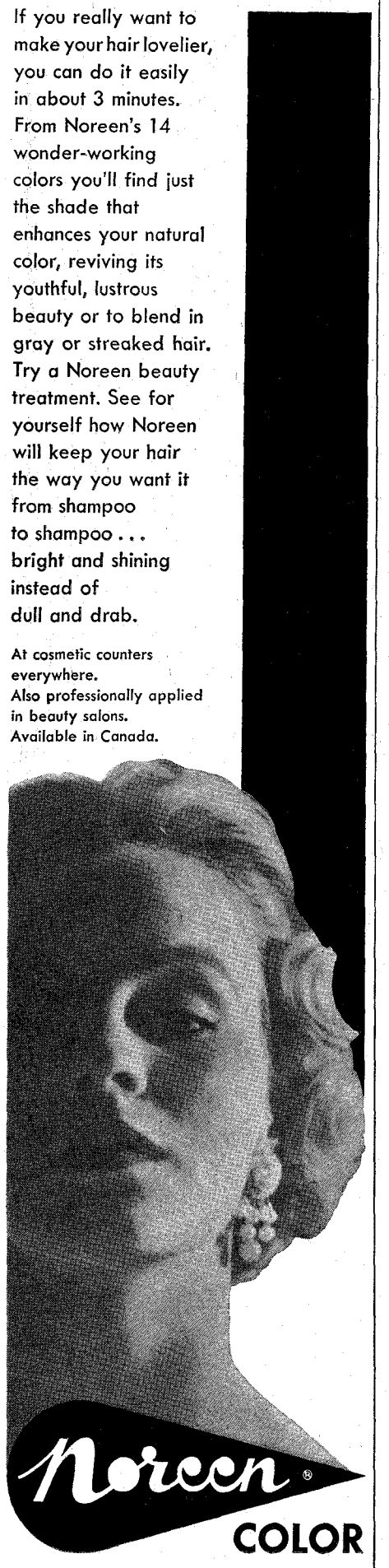

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I Love You, Mama Girl (Continued from Page 53)

Miss Cranshaw gave us our schedule. We got up at six every morning. We walked in Central Park half an hour; then we had breakfast at the Julien—a big one for me, and a little one for Mama Girl, because Miss Cranshaw wanted her to take off a few pounds.

After breakfast every morning in the coffee shop at the Julien we went up to 2109, and Mama Girl read a little of the play, over and over, and I listened. Miss Cranshaw didn't want me to begin practicing my lines until I had heard my mother read them many times; until I almost knew them by heart.

At half past seven we rested, but of course I couldn't. Sometimes Mama Girl took a nap, but I just stretched out, remembering things. Sometimes, a little before eight, Miss Cranshaw visited 2109.

The day Mama Girl signed all the papers at Mike McClatchey's office she said, "Well, Frog, we are in the money now."

When we got to the Julien she spoke to the manager about an apartment. An hour later we moved in, and it was beautiful—on the thirty-third floor. But oh, what a mistake *that* was.

Miss Cranshaw went to 2109 the next morning, but of course we weren't there. She called the manager, and he told her we were in 3336 now, so Miss Cranshaw came up and paid us a visit. I thought she would be very happy about our new home, but she wasn't at all. She was angry, but she tried not to let Mama Girl know. She is a pro, of course, and she knows how to hide anger.

"This is one of the most beautiful apartments in the hotel," she said. "It used to be Mrs. Keegan's, but do you know, it isn't right for you two at all? This just isn't a place to work, and of course when anybody is in a play, it's necessary to work all the time, night and day."

"But 2109 hasn't even got two beds," Mama Girl said.

"Of course," Miss Cranshaw said.

"I can't have friends to visit me there."

"Of course not."

"I feel happier here."

"I must speak plainly now," Miss Cranshaw said. "I don't think it's in order at the present time for you to be happy. It's like trying to enjoy the rewards of an achievement before the achievement has been made. Plenty of time to enjoy fame and fortune. Now is the time to work, to be a little uncomfortable, to be a little anxious, all the time."

Mama Girl picked up the receiver and spoke to the manager, and an hour later we were back in 2109. I don't know why, but I was glad we were.

Gladys Dubarry came by with her personal doctor, and she began to make an awful fuss again because we were still in such a small room.

"Why, the papers are full of reports of your wonderful luck," she said. "How can you possibly permit yourself to stay in a place like this?"

"You just listen to me a minute, please," Mama Girl said. "I've known you since we were both little girls. You've had a fortune all your life. You don't have to get married and try to make a life for yourself, so you *haven't got* married. You don't have to get divorced because your marriage hasn't worked out, because you *haven't been* married. You don't have to try to be a good mother to your son and your daughter after your family has broken up, because you *haven't got* a son and a daughter. All you've got is your money and yourself, and as far as I'm concerned—if you're going to nag *me*—you're welcome to them, but I'm going to live anywhere I please, any *way* I please, and this is where I want to live right now, and the way I want to live."

Gladys Dubarry said, "I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

She turned to her personal doctor and began to cry. Then, she shouted at him, "Well, why are you standing there with your mouth open? If you're a doctor take her temperature! You can see the poor girl's deathly sick, can't you? Sick, sick, sick! I've never seen her so sick!"

He put his arms around Gladys Dubarry and said, "All right, now, Dumpling."

Gladys Dubarry jumped out of his arms and screamed at him, "Don't you dare Dumpling me, you phony, you fortune hunter! Oh, I know you, Mister Tall, Dark, Handsome, Sneaky and Boring—I know you good! Don't you dare Dumpling me again!"

The doctor bowed to Mama Girl, and then to me, and he turned to go.

"Where do you think you're going?" Gladys Dubarry said.

The doctor stopped at the door. He turned, and then he just looked at her a moment. He didn't say anything. Then he opened the door and went out.

"Why don't you marry him?" Mama Girl said. She spoke very softly.

"Why should I?" Gladys Dubarry said. She spoke very softly too.

"Well, for one thing, he loves you," Mama Girl said.

"I can't stand a man who lets himself be pushed around by a woman," Gladys said.

"His mother?" Mama Girl said.

"No," Gladys Dubarry said. "Not his mother. *Me*. His mother adores him. She *despises* me."

"Marry him."

"He's not a fortune hunter at all. I just said that. I was angry. But he just doesn't know how to treat a girl like me."

"Teach him how."

"What do you think I've been trying to do for a whole year?"

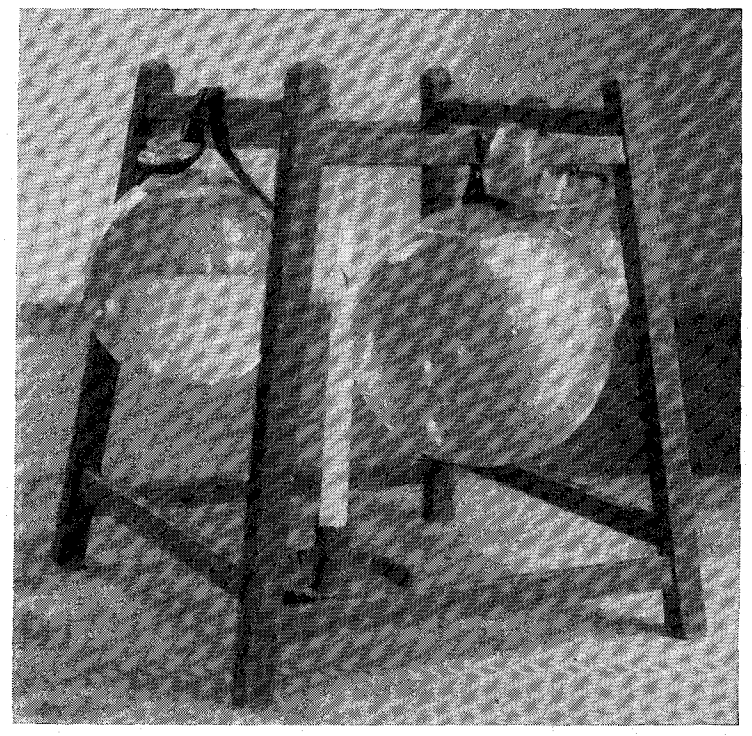
"How do you *want* him to treat you?"

"I want him to treat me like a girl. I don't want him to listen to everything I say, and do everything I ask him to do. He's got to *make* me marry him."

"*You* make him make you marry *him*."

"If he treated me the way I treat him, and we were married, I'd poison him."

"Maybe you'd better see a psychiatrist." (*Continued on Page 84*)



How's Your Pioneer Instinct?

This candlelit contraption of glass and wood, displayed in Old Sturbridge Village, Massachusetts, was essential to a New England activity of the early 1800's. It measures approximately a foot across the bottom and stands a foot high. Can you name it and its use?

It was called a	It was used to
GOLDFISH BREEDER	Warm and hatch goldfish eggs
COBBLERS' LAMP	Give light to shoemakers
EGG INSPECTOR	See if hen eggs were fresh
CHEMICAL RETORT	Heat chemicals for dyes

BARLOW BRIDGES

CORRECT ANSWER:

A cobblers' lamp, around which three or four shoemakers worked economically by the light of one candle. The water-filled globes increased and spread the light.

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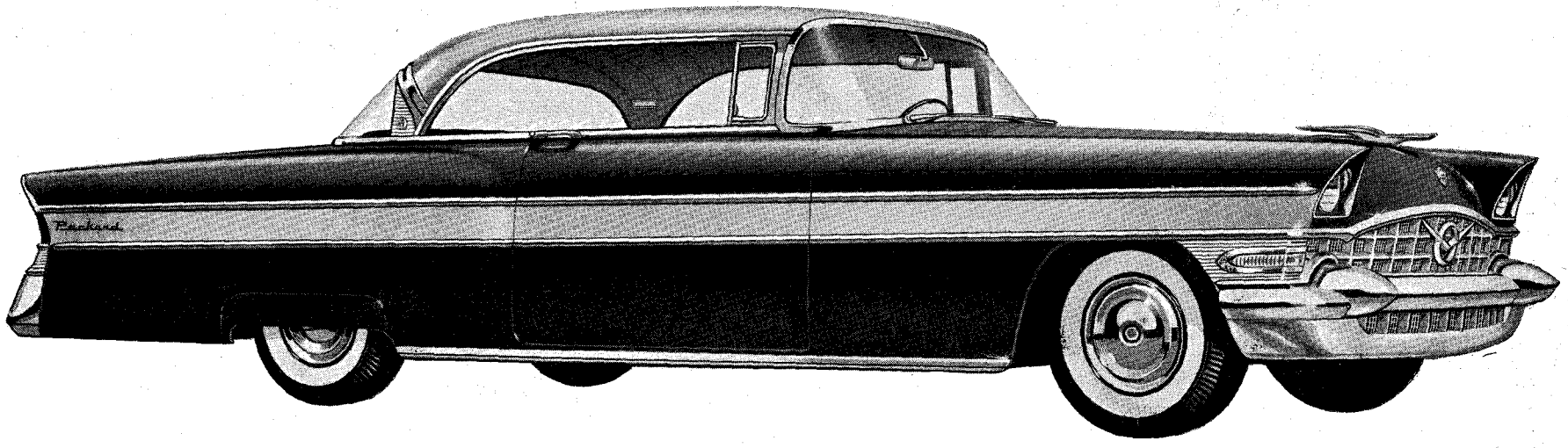
The New PACKARD *Executive*

An Invitation to people of taste to enter the luxury-car class at a modest investment



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Designed to sell just slightly above medium price, this new series offers you an exciting opportunity to move up to the Packard class with surprising ease.

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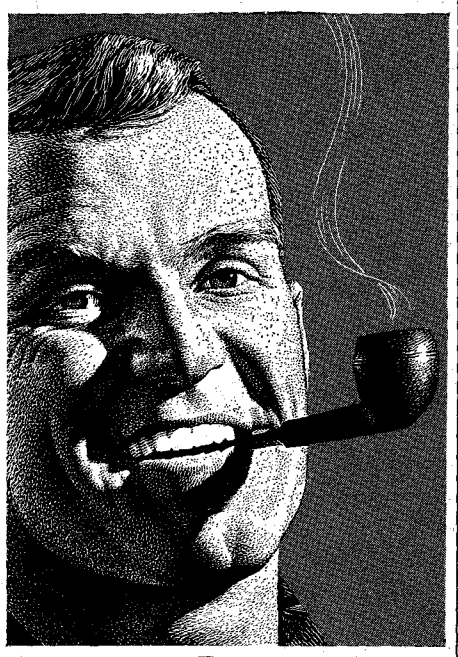

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Opens wide to let you dip

Fills without a single slip

Folds down neatly till smoked completely

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(*Continued from Page 82*)

"Do you know a good one?"

"Of course not, but *he* does."

"I wouldn't want him to know about a thing like that. I'm afraid of having children too."

"Go downstairs and ask the desk to let you have the classified telephone directory," Mama Girl said. "Find the listing for psychiatrists. Find the one whose office is nearest your house. Phone him. Tell him your name's Gladys Smith, so you'll be able to tell him the truth about yourself. It's the only way you'll ever be able to pick yourself up out of a whole lifetime of delusions of grandeur."

"I haven't one single delusion of grandeur."

"Oh, no? Well, just try living without your fortune for a month. You'll find out what you've got and what you haven't got. Give yourself fifty dollars to live on in a little room somewhere until you find a job."

"I'm not speaking to you again as long as I live," Gladys Dubarry said. "Fame will pass, but friendship never will. I know you'll be sorry and ashamed when you come to me for help, and instead of turning you away, I *am* going to help you. Good-by forever."

"Good-by forever," Mama Girl said.

Gladys Dubarry went out.

Mama Girl picked up the play and began to read again, as if nothing had happened. Her voice was better now than ever. I listened, but I couldn't help thinking about Gladys Dubarry. I wished she wouldn't be so unhappy. The door buzzed. Mama Girl opened it, and there was Gladys Dubarry again, holding out a roll of currency.

"I happened to find this money in my handbag," she said, "and I'd like Frog to have it to spend on herself for clothes and an automobile before I'm dead."

Mama Girl pushed her hand away, but she wasn't angry, and she said, "Oh, go on away, will you?" She shut the door, and went right on reading.

In spite of the hard work, Mama Girl *was* happy. In spite of the friends she had, like Gladys Dubarry, who were always visiting her, or asking her to visit them, or telephoning and talking, she was happy—or maybe it was *on account* of them. I don't know.

The way she woke up every morning was different now. She couldn't wait to get up, and that had never happened before, because she had always hated to get up, she had always hated to get her own cup of coffee.

But now, when the telephone rang at six in the morning, she knew what it was—a new day, a whole new day of fun—and she jumped out of bed, answered the phone, said thank you, jumped into a tub, called me, we bathed, and then we got dressed.

Miss Cranshaw asked Mama Girl to spend as much time with me as possible, to go to as few places as possible without me. But she said that once a week, on Saturday night, Mama Girl must go to a party and have fun and talk a lot and stay up late, but just once a week.

One night Mike McClatchey telephoned and woke us up. Mama Girl talked on the phone a long time. When she was finished, we were both wide-awake, because I can't sleep when somebody in the same room is talking.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"It's very important," Mama Girl said. "At noon tomorrow you and I are going to meet some people at Mike's office."

"Who are they?"

"Newspaper writers, magazine writers and photographers. They're going to talk to us and take pictures. Mike's going to try to have Miss Cranshaw there later on, and he would like her to invite a few special people to visit her apartment for tea."

"What for?"

"Publicity. It's one of the most important things in the theater. In the whole world. Even kings and queens hire people to get them publicity."

"Why?"

"They want to meet us and talk and take pictures, that's all, first at Mike's office, then at 2109, then at Miss Cranshaw's, then in the Park, and so on."

"Why, though?"

"Because right now you and I, Frog, we're news. We're big news in the world of the theater."

"Since when?"

"Since Mike McClatchey went to work, and you and I went to work, and Miss Cranshaw went to work."

"Weren't we always news?"

"Of course we were, but not the way we are now. We're in a Mike McClatchey play. It's going to be one of the most important plays of the new season. We're news because we're not famous yet, and maybe we will be famous after the play opens."

"Let's go to sleep," I said.

Mike McClatchey's office is in a big building on Fifth Avenue between 49th and 50th, and it's on the fiftieth floor. You can see the East River from up there, and the boats and the bridges. When Mama Girl and I opened the door of the first office, Helen Gomez, who is Mike's private secretary, was waiting for us.

"Everybody's in Mr. McClatchey's office," she said.

"I'm scared," Mama Girl said.

"Don't be," Helen Gomez said. "The whole town's buzzing about you two and the play. I've read it ten times, I guess, but I can't wait to see the new version. Have you seen it?"

"Oh, no," Mama Girl said, "but I'm dying to, too."

"I understand it's finished, but he wants to work on it some more. He feels it's a much better play now."

"It's wonderful just the way it is."

"You'd better go in."

"I don't know what to say," Mama Girl said.

Helen Gomez laughed. "Don't give it a thought. You'll do all right, don't worry about that. This whole office has come to life since you two came to town."

"You're very sweet, Helen."

"I'm not being sweet. I'm telling you the truth. Mr. McClatchey and Emerson Tully sat and talked about the play for weeks before you arrived. They just couldn't decide how to do it, and half the time Mike—Mr. McClatchey—wasn't sure he *would* do it. Now look at him."

"Helen," Mama Girl said, "I don't want to keep them waiting, but please help me. You've had a lot of experience. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. Now, really, what do I do?"

"You want *me* to tell *you* what to do?" Helen Gomez laughed. "I came from Arizona fifteen years ago to be a great actress. Well, here I am, and glad to *be* here too. Some of us have got it, and some of us haven't. You two have got it. You *have* got it, believe me, and I've seen them come and go by the hundreds. You don't have a thing to worry about."

"Shall I be serious?" Mama Girl said.

"Be any way you like. It's all right. Hurry now."

So Mama Girl and I smiled at Helen Gomez, and Mama Girl squeezed her hand, and we went in.

There were a lot of men there, and three or four women. Mike McClatchey jumped up from behind his desk when he saw us and he hurried to Mama Girl and put his arm around her, and his other arm around me, and we all smiled, and a man with a camera said, "Could you hold that, Mike?" So we didn't move, and the man pressed something on his camera. There was a flash. He removed the bulb quickly, and then two other men and a woman with cameras flashed their cameras too.

And then Mike said, "Plenty of time, ladies and gentlemen. Allow me to introduce the star of my next play. I say the star because *both* of them are the star."

Mike introduced us to everybody, one by one, and then he invited everybody to help himself to food and drink from the big table along the wall that was loaded with bottles and glasses and all kinds of good things to eat.

"I think you two might as well know," an old man with a big smile said, "that as starved as we are—being newspaper men and women—we didn't touch anything because we wanted to eat and drink with you."

Everybody laughed and got a plate, and the old man said to Mama Girl, "Now, don't you worry about a thing. We like you." (*Continued on Page 87*)

"Well, how's the new sailboat?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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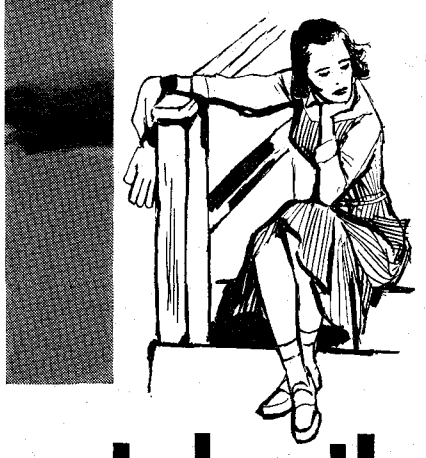
Having fun is good for you...

. . . and a family project is wonderful for a "change of pace" . . . so is a hobby, or your favorite game. They all help you relax . . . give you a fresh outlook . . . lift your spirits.

Feel good so you can enjoy your fun!



The stress and strain of everyday-living can cheat you . . . keep you from enjoying yourself as you should. When a tiring day leaves you sort of all-in-all-over with a headache, upset stomach, or a general achy feeling . . .

take the medicine that's so refreshing

Take ALKA-SELTZER

Drop ALKA-SELTZER tablets in water and listen to them *fizz!* This is the action-in-the-glass that completely changes ALKA-SELTZER tablets into liquid . . . a relief-giving liquid your system can use easily and naturally. After all, even solid food has to become liquefied before your system can make use of it. ALKA-SELTZER saves your system time and quickly sets you right again.

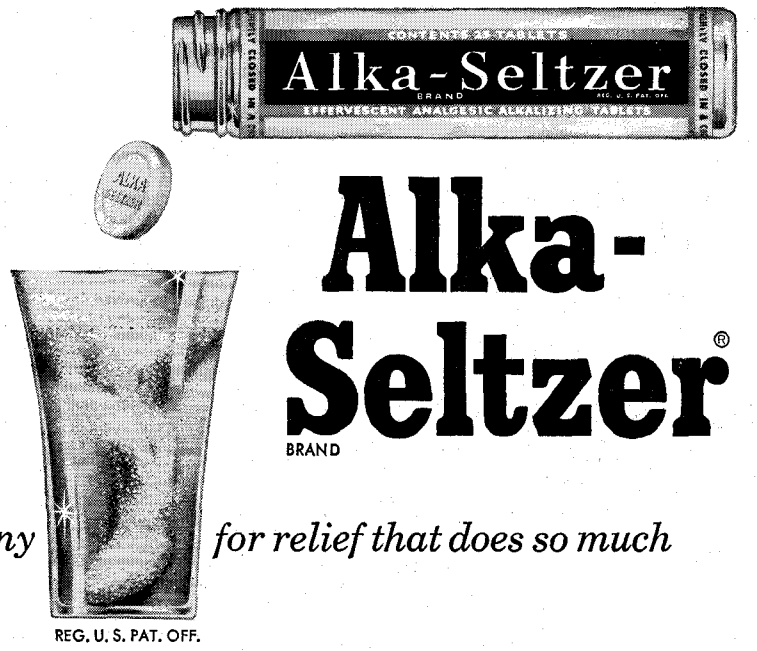
Take ALKA-SELTZER . . . for relief of Headache, Upset Stomach, Aches and Pains, or Cold Discomforts.

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD . . . the comfort ALKA-SELTZER gives means so much.

GARGLE with ALKA-SELTZER to relieve the irritated throat.

DRINK ALKA-SELTZER to ease the feverish, achy feeling.

FEEL BETTER while you're getting better — keep on taking ALKA-SELTZER as directed for relief in colds.



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BRAND

favorite of so many *for relief that does so much*

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Don't just lie there and let heat and humidity rob you! *Do* something! Call Carrier.

Cool, dry, draftless Carrier air conditioning pays for itself. Workers arrive on time, keep busy all day. Efficiency goes up. Mistakes go down.

Carrier Weathermakers air condition offices, stores, small buildings. The Carrier Weathermaster System air conditions larger office buildings, hotels, hospitals. (See the column at the right.)

From Tallahassee to Tokyo, from watch-making to tractor-making, Carrier air conditioning is serving more people and more purposes than any other make.

Look up your local Carrier Dealer
in the Classified Telephone Directory.
Or write Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York.

FIRST NAME IN AIR CONDITIONING **Carrier**

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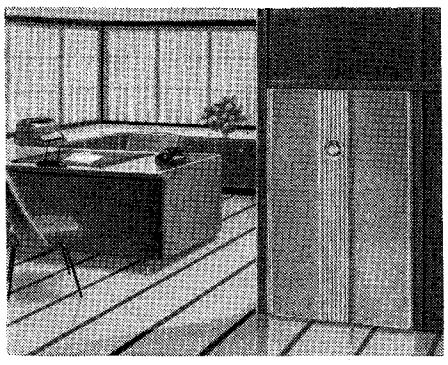
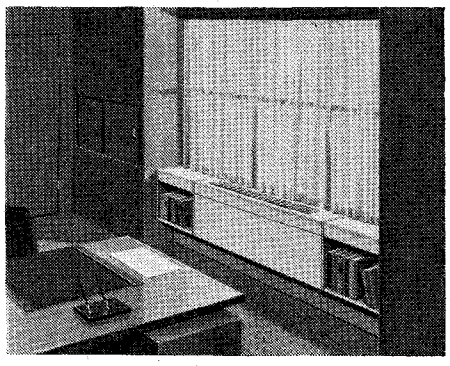
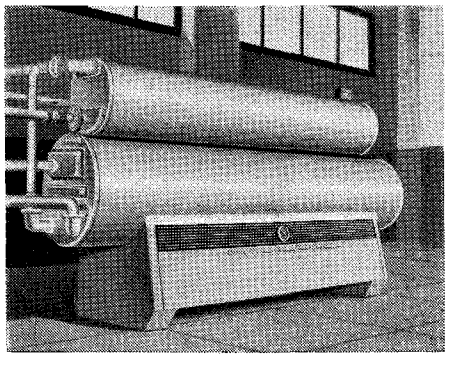


The Carrier Weathermaker is designed for lower installation costs. One unit can air condition a number of offices, a store or a restaurant. Several units can be used to air condition an entire floor, a small building or plant.



Carrier Weathermaster System is the only year-round air conditioning for office buildings, hospitals and hotels which provides modular under-the-window units universally adaptable to the architecture of new and old buildings.



The Carrier Absorption Machine uses low-cost steam to provide chilled water for large air conditioning systems in commercial and industrial buildings. Quiet and vibrationless. Push-button start and stop. Automatic in operation.

Carrier

FIRST NAME IN AIR CONDITIONING

(*Continued from Page 84*) He put his arms around us the way Mike McClatchey had done, and he squeezed, and then he said, "Mike has been trying to tell us about you, but of course we've had to wait—to *see* you, and make up our own minds. This isn't going to be hard work for you. It's going to be food and drink with friends. You know, newspapers and magazines need people like you. When the time comes to answer questions, just one word from an old-timer who's interviewed them all. Don't *try*. Because you don't *have* to. All right?"

"All right," Mama Girl said.

"All right?" the old man said to me.

"All right," I said.

"I love him," Mama Girl whispered. "Whoever he is, I just love him, Frog, don't you?"

"He's Archie Palmer, of the United Press."

"Frog," Mama Girl said, "you didn't remember the name of *everybody* Mike introduced us to, did you?"

"Oh, no," I said. "Just him, and Elizabeth Corbett, of Vogue."

"What made you remember their names?"

"*They* did. I like them, I like everybody, but them especially."

"Which one is Elizabeth Corbett?"

"Over there," I said, so Mama Girl and I went to her, and she saw us coming and waited for us.

"Well, now," she said, "how nice of you to come to speak to me."

"How nice of you to be here," Mama Girl said.

Miss Corbett handed each of us a plate, and Mama Girl and I put food on our plates, and Miss Corbett put food on hers, and we talked and laughed as we moved along the table.

The eating, drinking and talking kept up for a long time, and then all of a sudden everything quieted down.

Mike McClatchey said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you may now fire away."

One by one, the ladies and gentlemen asked questions. They asked Mike, they asked Mama Girl, and they asked me. One or two of them wrote things down in notebooks, but most of them didn't. After about an hour some of the men and women thanked Mike and said good-by to Mama Girl and me, and went away.

Archie Palmer said, "You're in. If Mike really *has* got a good play, as he *says* he has, if you can be as impressive in the play as you are *anyhow*, all is well."

Elizabeth Corbett said, "No matter what happens—and you know anything *can* happen in the theater—you're ahead of the game. If the play fails, if your performances are bad, if you just can't act, if the play doesn't even get to Broadway, if it closes out of town, just remember you're ahead of the game. Good-by."

"Oh, please," Mama Girl said. "Don't go. You've scared the life out of me. The play has *got* to be a hit. We've got to be great. Everything has got to be great. It's just *got* to, that's all."

Elizabeth Corbett smiled and patted Mama Girl's hand, and then she put my hand on Mama Girl's and patted them both.

She kissed us on the cheek and went quickly, and Mama Girl looked at me, and I knew she was awfully worried.

"Oh, Frog," she said, "what are we going to do? We just mustn't fail."

"Maybe we won't."

"What good is maybe?"

"Better than nothing."

"Oh, I'm worried," Mama Girl said.

Emerson Tully came in, and Mike introduced him to the people who were still there. Some more pictures were taken, and a little later Miss Cranshaw came in, and some more pictures were taken with her too.

When it was all over, Mike McClatchey took us to a place for dinner, upstairs in a private room. We had steaks and salads.

After dinner, Mike said, "This is a very important day. First, because we've met the press and they like us. Second, because Emerson has just finished the new version of the play."

Emerson Tully smiled and Miss Cranshaw said, "Good for you, young man. And do you like it?"

"Well," Emerson said, "of course not—nothing a man ever writes is good enough—but I think it's a much better play than it was."

"Well, when do we get to read it?" Miss Cranshaw said.

"It'll take a few days to have it typed," Emerson said.

"In the meantime," Mike said, "suppose Emerson reads it to us?"

"Oh," Mama Girl said, "do you mean you've got the manuscript with you?"

Emerson Tully reached into the back pocket of his trousers and brought out a manuscript folded in half. He spread it out in front of him on the table.

"I'm not a good reader," he said. . . . "Mike, don't you think you'd better read it?"

"No," Mike said. "I can't read your handwriting, and besides, I'm going to be busy thinking as you read. Is everybody comfortable?"

Everybody was, of course, and excited too.

"It'll take about two hours," Emerson said.

"Let's all just listen very carefully," Miss Cranshaw said, "and not discuss it until after it has been read."

"O.K.," Emerson said, "but before I begin, I want Twink to know why I wrote this play." He looked at me and smiled, and then he became very serious, and he said, "I wrote it for you."

He had a goblet with brandy at the bottom of it. He took a sip and smiled, and then he said, "Here goes, then."

He read the whole play from beginning to end, speaking in a clear voice. When he was finished, nobody said a word, but Mama Girl blew her nose, and then she handed me the handkerchief and I blew my nose too.

Mike McClatchey cleared his throat and rubbed his eyes, because he didn't want us to think he had tears in them, but he did.

Only Miss Cranshaw didn't have tears in her eyes. She said, "Young man, you have broken my heart. . . . Mike, I think Mr. Tully may as well know I believed the first version would fail."

"Yes, that's true," Mike said to Emerson. "What do you think now?"

"I'm stumped," Miss Cranshaw said. "I can't even *guess*. I'm afraid to. I know it *should* be an event in the American theater. I even believe it should be a hit. But I'm stumped. I don't know, that's all. And that means we've got to work very hard—harder than ever now."

Miss Cranshaw smiled at Mama Girl and said, "You especially, my dear, because now your part is just as important as Frog's, and how you do yours will determine how she will do hers. . . . I'm still stunned, young man. . . . Mike, is there anything more we ought to discuss?"

"There is, of course," Mike said, "but not tonight. If you'll let me have the manuscript, Emerson, I'll get it to Helen Gomez. She'll get it to somebody who'll make copies—*tonight*. I'll have three copies at the Julien tomorrow morning."

"Are you sure?" Miss Cranshaw said.

"Helen Gomez will take care of it, I know," Mike said. "Let's all read the play as soon as possible tomorrow morning, and then let's all get to work."

"Emerson," Mama Girl said, "thank you very much."

"Let me thank you," Emerson said.

"We'll study through August," Mike McClatchey said, "and then we'll cast the rest of the parts. We'll start rehearsals as soon as possible in September. We'll try out for two weeks in Philadelphia late in September, and from there we'll go to Boston for two more weeks. We'll open in New York early in November—at the Belasco, most likely."

"Then my work is finished, is that right?" Emerson said.

"It's just beginning," Mike said. "I want you to direct the play."

"I don't know how to direct," Emerson said.

"I don't think anybody else in the whole world can bring this play in," Mike said.

"I think it was a positively marvelous idea to honeymoon in Las Vegas."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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He didn't strike out— YOU DID!

Eyecare today will boost his "batting average" for life...

If your child consistently "strikes out" . . . whether it be on the sand lot, in school, or in other common activities . . . chances are the fault is *yours!*

Thousands of children today need immediate eyecare to correct visual defects that retard their progress. Poor eyesight slows down their coordination and ability to learn . . . tends to make them inattentive and unresponsive . . . takes much of the fun out of active lives.

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Make it a rule to have your child's eyes examined at least once a year. And don't forget that this same sensible rule also applies to your own eyes!

See

your ophthalmologist or optometrist at least once a year . . . and see better!

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GOOD EYE CARE DOESN'T COST . . . IT PAYS!

"Mike," Emerson said, "I tell you I just don't know how to direct a play."

"I want you to learn while you're directing this one," Mike said.

"Miss Cranshaw," Emerson said, "believe me, I think Mike is making a mistake."

"I'm sure he isn't," Miss Cranshaw said. "Now, just don't worry about anything."

"Besides," Mike said, "don't forget you've got Kate Cranshaw to help you. . . . Hasn't he, Kate?"

"Yes, I'm afraid he has," Miss Cranshaw said. "I'm afraid I love the play."

"Oh, Mike," Mama Girl said, "I'm thrilled to death, but it's an awful responsibility."

"I'm glad you think so," Mike said. "You're going to be great. Good night, now."

So we went home to 2109, and Mama Girl got me to bed, and then she sat on the bed and began to sing softly. Just hearing her sing made me sing, too, and then I fell asleep.

By the last day of August a lot of things had happened, and on that day Gladys Dubarry married her personal doctor. His name is Hobart Tuppence. She had gone to a psychiatrist whose office was next door to her house on East 77th, and under the name of Gladys Smythe, instead of Smith, which she thought was just a little too plain, she had told him the story of her life, but instead of going to see him once a week, the way most people do, she went once a day, and sometimes twice. Gladys told Mama Girl all about it just before the marriage party, right after the ceremony.

"I just talked and talked," Gladys said. "That's how psychiatry works, you know. You talk and talk, and little by little you decide who you want to be and what you want to do. Well, I decided I wanted to be Gladys Dubarry, and to marry Ho. But, of course, I hadn't seen him since our fight in your apartment at the Julien."

"My *room* at the Julien," Mama Girl said.

"Yes," Gladys said. "Well, I decided I wanted to be Tup's wife. I dialed his number, and of course he answered, because he doesn't have a secretary or a nurse yet. Don't you think he's the handsomest?"

"Yes, but what did you tell him?"

"Oh, you know," Gladys said. "After you've been analyzed you don't beat around the bush. I said O.K."

"What did that mean?"

"That meant O.K., I'd marry him."

"Had he ever *asked* you to marry him?"

"Well, not in so many words, because he hasn't been analyzed, but I've always known he *wanted* to—and I was right, too, because—well, we're married, aren't we?"

The party was at her home, which was five floors and a penthouse. We were in the penthouse, because Gladys wanted to rest a minute before going down to the fifth floor to greet the most important people at the party. Hobart Tuppence was in the entrance hall on the ground floor, to greet everybody.

Mama Girl and I saw him there when we arrived. "Up to the penthouse," he said. "She's alone there, waiting for you. You'll find the private elevator at the end of the hall on the left."

"I'm so happy for both of you," Mama Girl said, and she kissed Ho on the cheek.

"Well, I love her," he said, "but I'm afraid I just don't know what to do with her. She just seems to get her way in everything, and for some reason I can't ——"

"Little by little," Mama Girl said.

"Am I expected to use force?" Ho said quickly, because some more people had just come in.

"Yes," Mama Girl said. "A *lot* of it—but little by little."

When Gladys was ready to join the party, she stood at the top of a carved-marble stairway leading to the fifth floor. After a moment somebody looked up and saw her, and then *everybody* looked up. *Then*, Gladys began to move down the stairway very slowly and carefully.

I began to follow her, but Mama Girl took my arm and drew me back.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," she said.

Six or seven photographers were taking pictures. One of them had a great big moving-picture camera.

"We've got to get out of here," Mama Girl said. "It's the best party I've ever been at, but I only came because she said in her telegram that if I didn't come her marriage would fail and it would be my fault. I just didn't want to have that on my conscience. I only wanted her to know I was happy for her, but we've got to go now, we've got to get back to work."

We were on our way to the private elevator when we saw somebody away over in the corner, standing at a little bar, drinking. It was Ho.

"What are you doing up here?" Mama Girl said.

"Drinking," Ho said. "I've taken all I can take for one day. Her friends didn't come to see me, I can tell you that. They

●

To check on conditions, we used to ask the man-in-the-street. Now we ask the man-in-the-car bought on the installment plan.

HERBERT VICTOR

●

thought I was the butler. They didn't come to see her either. I don't know why they came. I don't know why I ever got into this either. What kind of a woman is she, anyway?"

"Oh, now, look here," Mama Girl said. "Put that drink down and straighten yourself out. This party'll be over in a couple of hours, and you'll be alone with a very rare and lovely girl—your wife."

"What's this party for?"

"For fun," Mama Girl said. "Now go on downstairs and have fun, the same as everybody else. They've all been married, so of course they're celebrating *their* marriages, and you should celebrate yours."

"Why aren't you down there, then?"

"I've been on every floor," Mama Girl said. "It's after five, and I have a rehearsal at half past. I'll be late as it is. I simply had to come by for an hour to wish you both well."

"I'm lost down there."

"That's the proper place to get lost," Mama Girl said. "Not up here. You'll know how right I am tomorrow."

"I don't know how to be the husband of a crazy woman," Ho said. "*Is* she crazy?"

"Of course not," Mama Girl said. "She's just mixed up, and she's counting on you to straighten her out. You've been married ——"

Ho looked at his wrist watch and said, "One hour and thirty-five minutes."

"Yes," Mama Girl said. "The sooner you start straightening her out the better."

"How do I do that?"

"Little by little," Mama Girl said, "beginning (*Continued on Page 90*)

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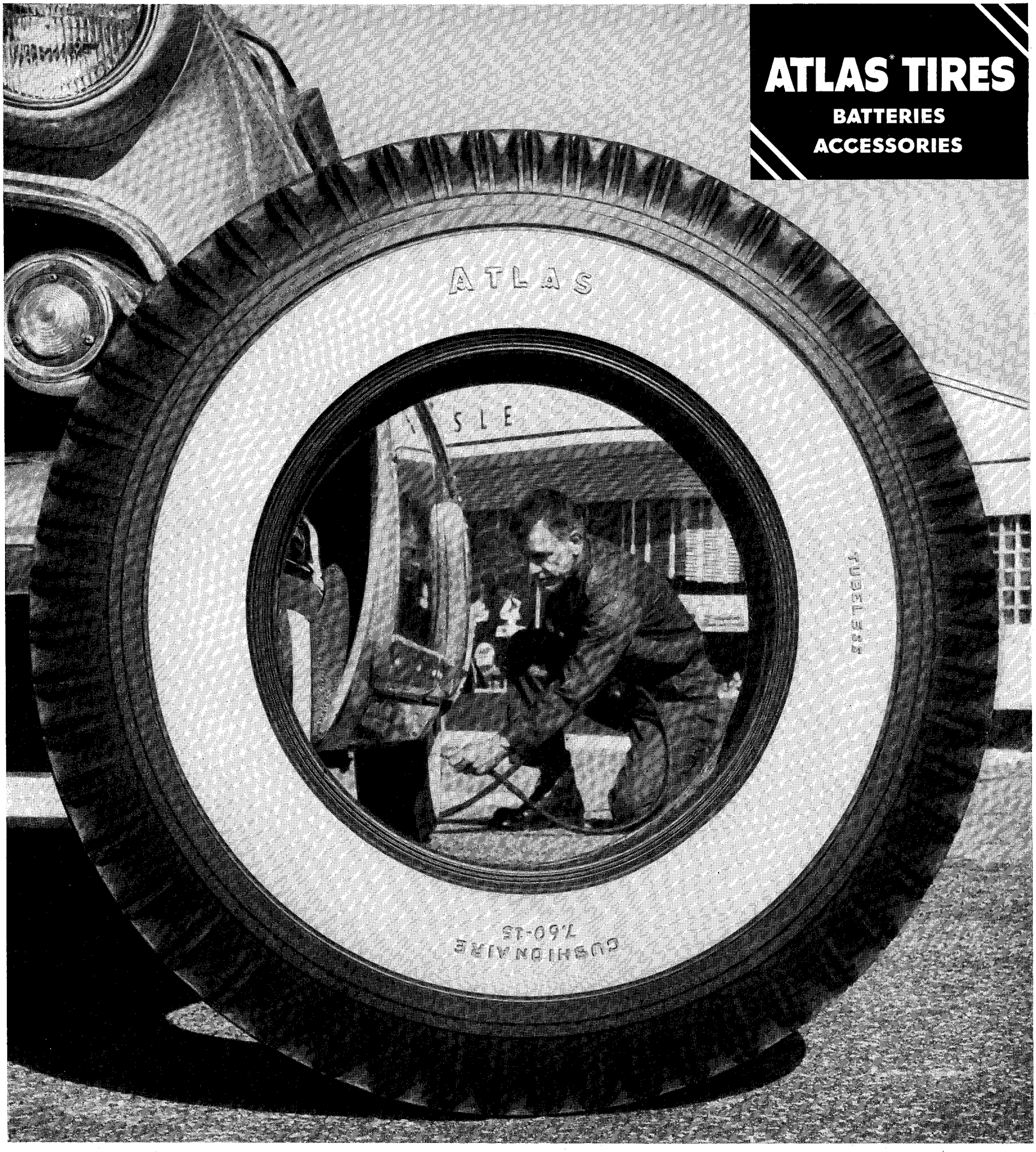

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Wembley Ties are Seen Wherever Smart Men Gather

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(*Continued from Page 88*) right now. Now, go downstairs to your wife and be her husband."

Ho put down his glass and made a face. Then he shook his head as if something was in it that he wanted to get out of there, and then he went to the door, opened it and went out.

Mama Girl and I went to the elevator. When we got out on the ground floor there weren't quite so many people there as before, and after a little while we got to the street. We walked to the corner and found a taxi there. From the lobby Mama Girl telephoned Miss Cranshaw to explain why we were a little late, and then we went up. Mama Girl and Miss Cranshaw talked about the marriage party a few minutes, and then it was time to get to work.

Miss Cranshaw said, "We'll take it from the beginning of Act Two. The key is this: the mother says happy things, but she isn't *really* happy. Vocal tone is what we are going to be concerned about now. Posture and movement and gesture will come later. All right, then; read."

We worked for about an hour. The telephone rang, and it was Mike McClatchey. He wanted all of us to go to his office immediately, so we did.

On his desk was a big stack of music, and I knew it was my father's, because one of the first things I ever saw in my whole life was my father's music, just as he wrote it, and I know the way he writes notes and words.

"Well," Mike said, "the music came from Paris by airmail early this afternoon." He picked up the pile of manuscript. "Here it is. He's had the new version of the play only two weeks, and when I talked to him, he said he was a slow worker, so naturally I didn't expect anything at all for another two or three weeks, or maybe even longer. When I saw all this music I was sure it couldn't be very good. Now, I'm not the best pianist in the world, but I can read music, and *play* it after a fashion too. Well, I've played the whole thing straight through." Mr. McClatchey smiled at me, and then he said, "Well, Twink, your father *has* written the music for the play. . . . Kate, would you like to hear a little of it?"

"Don't ask silly questions," Miss Cranshaw said. "You know perfectly well the music has been on our minds from the beginning. I can't believe it's finished, but let's hear it."

Mike began to play the music my father had composed for the play. It was very quiet and thoughtful, and then it became so lively I had to dance, as if my father were at home playing a new piece, especially for me, when I was a little girl.

Miss Cranshaw walked around me as I danced, and Mike watched. Then he stopped playing and went to Miss Cranshaw.

"Kate?" he said.

"It's just right," Miss Cranshaw said, "but of course it makes new work for me. You saw Twink dancing, of course."

"Yes," Mike said.

"Well," Miss Cranshaw said, "that's going to be part of my work. I don't want to call in a choreographer unless I have to. The way she danced just now is the way I want her to dance in the play, but of course she doesn't know what she did, or how she did it. . . . Do you, Twink?"

"No," I said. "But I've always danced to my father's music."

"I'll work something out," Miss Cranshaw said.

"I've sent for Oscar Bailey," Mike said. "I've asked him to play it straight through, so we can *really* hear it. I'm having him form a small band to get the whole thing on tape, so we can listen to it and decide what we are going to do with it, how much of it we're going to be able to use. Emerson's on his way too."

Mike played the same music over again while we were waiting, and I danced again, and afterward Miss Cranshaw said, "It's just as I thought. She dances a little differently each time, but I think it's all right. I think I'll want it to be that way at every performance."

Oscar Bailey was a very thin man. Everything about him was thin—his face, his neck, his arms, his fingers—but his eyes were very alive and almost a little mean—at least until you heard his voice, which was low and gentle. He turned the pages of my father's music, and then, when Emerson Tully came in, Oscar looked around and said, "If you're ready, I am."

"I've got some food coming," Mike said.

"Go right ahead while I'm playing," Oscar said. "I'll have some after I'm finished."

He sat down at the piano, and didn't do anything for a minute. And then he began to play, but he really played—much better than Mike, much better than my father, even. Miss Cranshaw kept watching me. I guess she was waiting for me to dance again, but I couldn't move. I just wanted to hear the music my father had written for the play. As Oscar Bailey played, everybody looked at one another and smiled and nodded, and when he was finished, everybody applauded.

"Wow," he said. A few minutes later he said it again. "Wow."

He was about an hour playing the music, but nobody had moved the whole time. A few minutes after he was finished, Helen Gomez pushed a table loaded with food into the office.

Helen took two or three little sandwiches, and began to eat them. The rest of us helped ourselves, as Mike McClatchey and Mama Girl and Oscar Bailey and Emerson Tully and Kate Cranshaw talked about the music my father had written.

I felt very happy.

The whole first month in New York was hot, but I didn't care, because I like it hot. I like it cold, too, but when it's hot, I like it hot. I wear summer dresses then. In the first week in September, New York was a little cooler, but not much.

Mike McClatchey began to see people for the rest of the parts in the play. He saw hundreds of them, because that's the way it is. When actors and actresses hear that somebody is going to produce a play, they go to his office. The play needed nine people, but Mike McClatchey said he saw more than nine *hundred.*

Mama Girl and I were at his office one morning when he was seeing people, and the whole front office was full of them—all kinds of them. It made me feel unhappy to see them. I don't know why, but it made me almost sick. They were all there together, some sitting, but most of them standing, and something was the matter. They wanted something. They wanted it badly, and that's no fun at all.

I guess that's the reason the people I saw at Mike McClatchey's made me feel sick. I could see they wanted something, and I couldn't give it to them. I hate to see somebody wanting something and not getting it. I felt ashamed when I saw them sitting and standing and just waiting. Wanting hurts. It hurts worse than anything. I'd rather go without than want. I've always got myself anyhow, and plenty of time.

Helen Gomez sent us right on in to Mike's office, and Mama Girl said, "Oh, Mike, I wish you could give them *all* jobs."

"So do I," Mike said, "but of course I can't."

"Well, at least don't keep them *waiting.*"

"They'd rather wait than have me go out and send them away. Kate wants to go to the country for a few days. She thinks it might be a good idea for you two to have a holiday too. Where would you like to go until Sunday night? That gives you almost four full days. Monday we begin reading with the full cast—nine o'clock, here? Atlantic City? Connecticut? Where?"

"Paris," I said.

Mike McClatchey laughed and said, "Oh, no, not so far, please."

"Well," Mama Girl said. "All I really like is going for drives, but of course I don't have a car."

"I'll hire one," Mike said. "I'll have it at the hotel garage. Do you want a chauffeur?"

"I hadn't thought of it," Mama Girl said, "but it would be awfully restful just to sit in the back and go for long drives, and come home every evening."

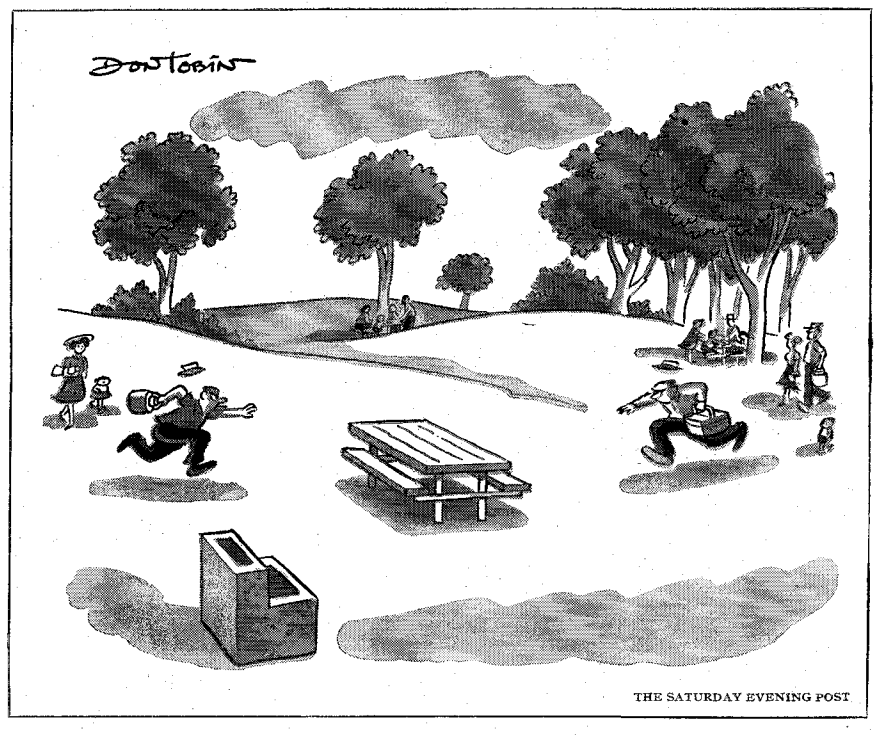
"A car with a chauffeur," Mike said. "Forget the play. Forget everything. Just have fun for four days."

"We'll go on a picnic every day."

"Good," Mike said. "Anything else?"

"Anything else?" Mama Girl laughed. "You mean there's more?"

TO BE CONTINUED



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THESE GREAT AIRLINES WILL BRING YOU BOEING JET SERVICE

Fleets of Boeing Jets like the plane pictured above have been ordered by all seven of these major airlines. Delivery of the big 550-600 mph airliners will begin in 1958, and the first ones will be in scheduled service a few months after.

These airlines have chosen Boeing Jets because they *know* what they're getting. Boeing's 707 prototype airplane has been flying for well over a year—proving its performance in more than 360 hours of flight tests.

Pilots and officials of these airlines have flown the 707. They have experienced for themselves its ease of handling and excellent flight characteristics—the extraordinary smoothness and quiet of its ride. They have discovered how economical it is to operate and how its design makes maintenance simple and quick. They know its speed and range—not from paper calculations but from actual flight records.

In October the Boeing 707 crossed the continent twice—from Seattle to Washington, D. C., *and return*—in 8 hours, 6 minutes! That's an indication of the schedule time you can expect aboard the new Boeings. Boeing Jets will be first in service because *only Boeing* had enough faith in jet transports to build a prototype with its own money—and enough experience in developing and producing big multi-jet aircraft to carry the job through.

Over a period of nearly 40 years, Boeing has proved its leadership in aviation research, design, engineering, and in the ability to produce and deliver large numbers of aircraft *on schedule*.

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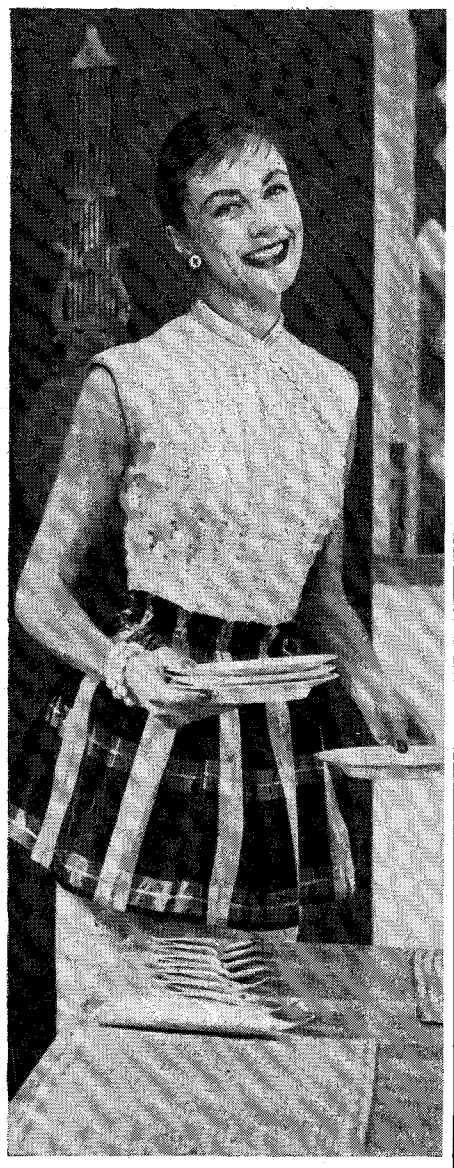
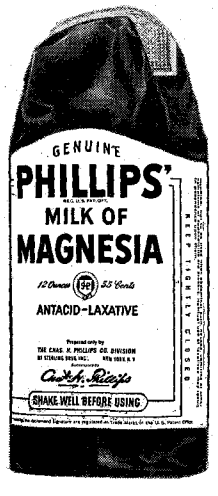
I settle my stomach in seconds...



with Milk of Magnesia

Gas, heartburn, stomach sourness —*all* symptoms of acid indigestion are eased away—*quickly!* Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—one of world's fastest antacids—actually *settles your stomach in seconds!* So when too much food, drink, tobacco upsets you, take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and feel fine again—*fast!*



PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

Night of Disaster (Continued from Page 32)

closed, but the girl told him that the Chimes Café down the street was nice.

It was ordinary, the sergeant decided as he went out of the brightly lit depot and turned east on Main Street. A few of the stores were staying open late. A young couple, hand in hand, studied a windowful of appliances. They had several parcels under their arms and the girl was pregnant. At the entrance of the firehouse, three old men in blue shirts and black hats sat on ancient wooden chairs, smoking cigars and pipes. Cars crawled slowly along the street, looking for parking places. Two small boys dashed past and a dog trotted from parking meter to parking meter, sniffing and checking up on who was out this evening.

There were sounds—the rumble of cars going by, dishes crashing in a sink, a radio playing softly, a burst of earthy feminine laughter. Behind it all there was the soft rush of water flowing beneath one of the bridges on Main Street—the coarse fabric behind the evening's tapestry of sound.

After the sergeant had finished eating, the summer-night darkness was complete. He went into a drugstore for cigarettes. It was a small, compact place with magazine racks against one wall, a soda fountain against the other, cigarettes, cosmetics and drugs at the rear. One of the front windows had been broken and was boarded up.

The druggist, small, shrunken and nearly bald, was talking to a heavy-set man in work clothes. The sergeant leaned against the counter behind a Negro couple.

"I'd vote to burn the place down," the druggist said, compressing his thin lips. "Smells like heaven knows what."

A woman at the far end of the store put down the magazine she was reading and came back to the cigarette counter. "It isn't only the smell," she said, in a voice intended to be low, but a voice that carried. "The noise. I live near their church and on Sunday nights you can't hear yourself think!"

The druggist nodded and frowned.

The fat man put his cigar back in his mouth. "I gotta go," he said slowly. "See yuh." He moved down the store with the woman beside him.

The druggist straightened up. "Help you, soldier?"

The sergeant nodded at the waiting couple. "I think these people were ahead of me."

"They can wait. What'll it be?"

The sergeant shook his head. "I'll wait."

The druggist looked at him coldly a moment. Then he glanced at the Negro man. "What is it?"

When the Negro couple had left the store, the druggist turned back to the sergeant. "You didn't need to do that. . . . Cigarettes?"

The sergeant nodded.

The elderly druggist got a pack of cigarettes and matches, and turned back. "Always like to wait on a serviceman first."

"I don't mind waiting."

The druggist took the sergeant's money. "See that busted store window?"

"Yes?"

"One of them did that last week. Killed a policeman and himself doing it too."

"One of who?"

"The colored. This kid. His old man's a preacher at their church. Some preacher! He's actually a day laborer around here. I've known him all his life. The kid had one of those hot rods, you know?"

The sergeant nodded, wishing he could leave.

"Came down the street at seventy miles an hour two o'clock Thursday morning. Tim Beard—he was one of the policemen—went after the kid, tried to make him pull over. Kid lost control of the hot rod, smashed into Tim and went through the store window. Both dead."

"Too bad."

"I haven't anything against the colored," the druggist sniffed. "It's just that Shacktown—that's where they live. Teenage gangs, gambling—and that ain't all."

The sergeant smiled. "Hope you get your window fixed soon."

"Well, it isn't ordinary size. They're bringing glass up from Hartford. Probably some Shacktown kid'll bust that too."

As the sergeant left the drugstore he glanced at a movie marquee, but remembered that he had seen one of the pictures.

He crossed a second bridge and came to a wide, dimly lit square. On the far side three streets branched out. Two factories stood at the intersection, their windows wide open and brightly lit; through them came the roar of machinery. There was a small park in the middle of the square. The sergeant found a bench and sat down.

He was used to the feeling of not belonging, of just participating in his surroundings. It wasn't a sad or depressing feeling, because he had never really belonged—either in the foster homes that had reared him or the Army camps that had been his career. Someday it would be different.

He finished his cigarette and tossed it onto the gravel. Suddenly he noticed that he wasn't alone on the bench any more. A girl had sat down at the other end and was fumbling in her purse.

She glanced up at him. "Pardon me, do you have a match?"

The sergeant snapped his lighter open for her.

She leaned forward, lit her cigarette and smiled at him. "Thanks. I had a lighter until six weeks ago."

"Lose it?"

She nodded. She was quite handsome—ash blond, as far as the sergeant could tell in the dim light, clear-skinned, with no make-up except lipstick. Her clothes were simple—cardigan sweater, tweed skirt, low, crepe-rubber-soled shoes.

"Lost it in the car," she said. "They took the whole seat apart, but didn't find it. A friend of mine gave it to me."

Male friend, the sergeant said to himself. *An attractive girl's friend is always a male friend.*

There was a momentary silence in which the conversation hung between life and death. The sergeant decided to let it live for a while. He asked about the factories.

She told him, and the information passed lightly over his mind without being absorbed. After that, the talk drifted easily from factories to the war, the Army and then to the state of the nation. It skipped casually from television to Senator McCarthy, the Midwest, the Army again, and then to the heat. An hour had passed.

The sergeant finally looked at his watch. "I ought to go," he said.

She laughed. "You like to talk as much as I do. Live around here?"

He shook his head. "Just passing through. I've got to find a place to stay before they all close."

"Really?" For a moment the sergeant thought that he sensed a faint change of inflection. "I'll give you a lift."

They stood up. "I don't want to put you out of your way."

"I'm just killing time, too, sergeant. Come on."

Her car was on the other side of the park. Somehow it didn't fit into the sergeant's first impression of her. It was a long, low, two-toned convertible with the top down.

"Where are your bags?" she asked.

"At the bus depot."

"Pile in," she said, swinging open the door.

As they drove up Main Street the sergeant studied her face. It was well sculptured and poised—went well with her controlled, obviously intelligent personality. Her hands on the steering wheel were long, slender-wristed and adorned with a gold charm bracelet, a simple engagement ring and wedding ring. She was quite beautiful.

They got his bags and drove back down Main Street, past the park and factories with their deafening roar. The road dipped down and crossed a bridge. The glow of the town slipped behind them. The road that spread out in the headlights was macadam; the beams rippled on the river passing over rocky rapids down (*Continued on Page 96*)

"How long has it been since your last raise, Higgins?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The new 1956 NORGE Tri-Level REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER

Now! 3 Separate Storage Lockers make food keeping so convenient you can find what you want with your eyes shut!

You wanted greater convenience, so we created 3 separate storage lockers that classify foods automatically—as they're stored. In each locker we put compartments, sections and every convenience feature known—so you can find what you want almost without thinking or looking! And we engineered all these wonderful conveniences into a really glamorous looking new Norge that gives you more storage space—in less kitchen space!

Completely separate lockers assure greatest protection for frozen foods ever known!

Three separate lockers let you select refrigerated foods, even ice cubes and frozen juices, without opening the freezer. Insulated on all six sides, the frozen food locker has a Self-Sealing Drawer that automatically retains the true zero cold. And it glides out to put all frozen foods within fingertip reach!

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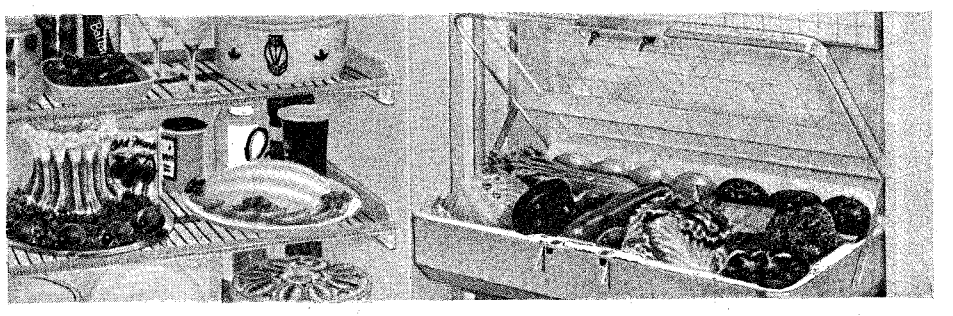
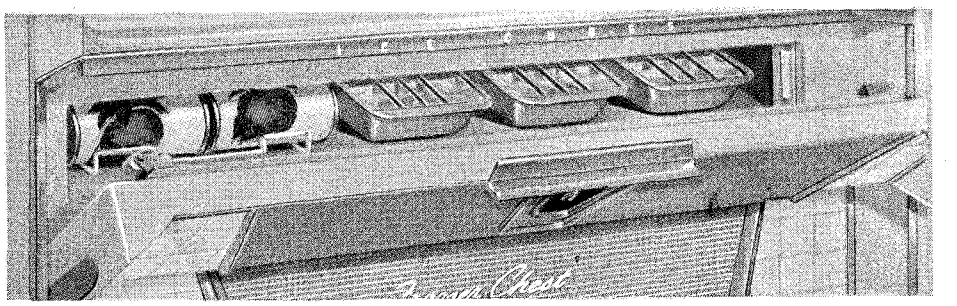
In-A-Dor Crisper tilts down to make food selection easier. Inner shell removable for easy cleaning and counter use.

Tilt-Down Shelf Guards let you store extra-tall containers easily. Special storage for butter, cheese, eggs.

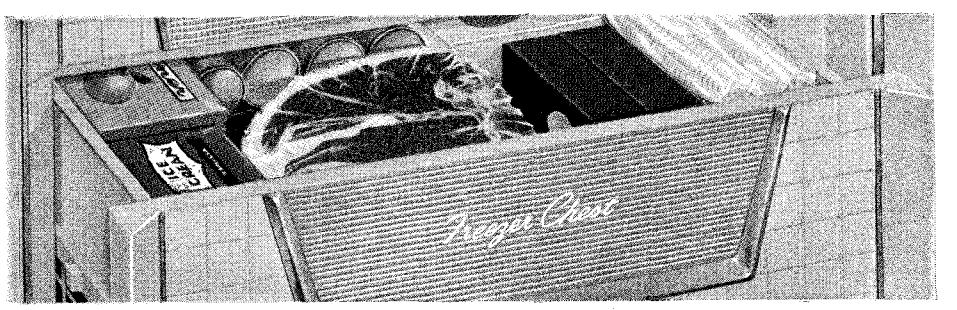
Prices from $179.95 to $549.95 • See your NORGE Dealer today!



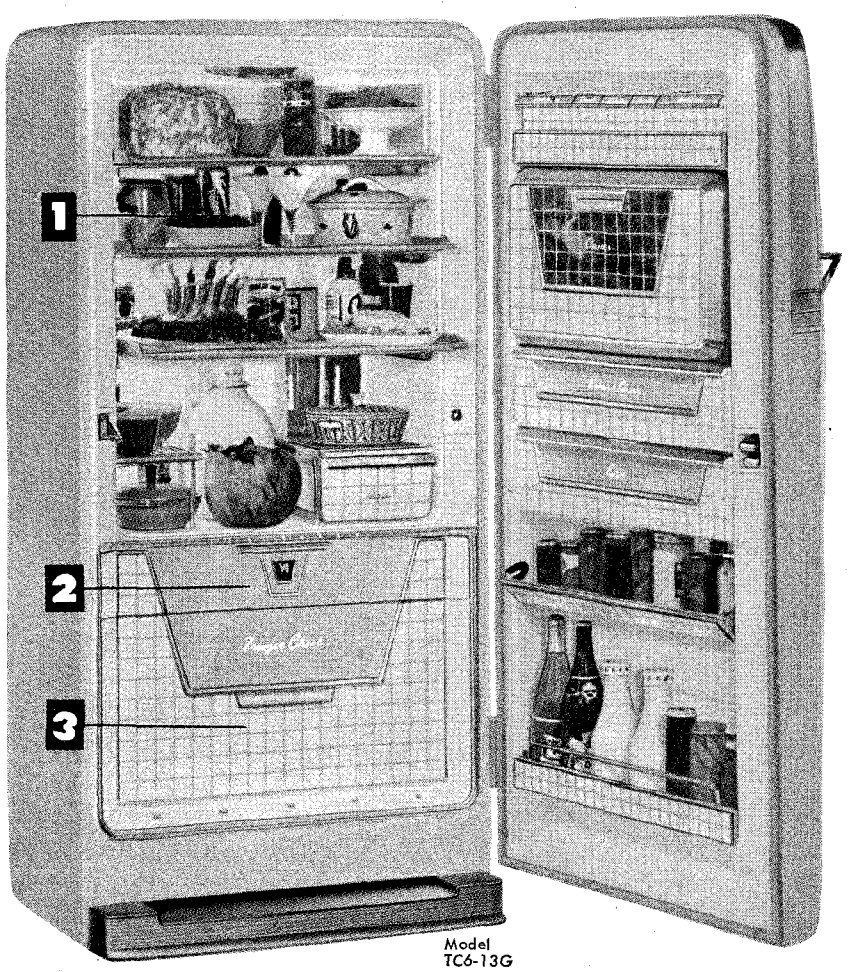
1 10 CU. FT. REFRIGERATOR LOCKER includes this new, removable In-A-Dor Crisper for fruits and vegetables.



2 NEW SEPARATE ICE LOCKER provides ice service and hands you frozen juice cans with freezer section closed.

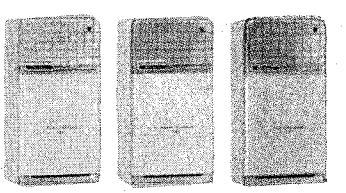


3 105 LB. FROZEN FOOD LOCKER with true zero cold actually keeps a steak safe-frozen for an entire year.



Model TC6-13G

Color and styling to fit your kitchen's mood!



Spruce up your kitchen with a Norge Tri-Level in pastel yellow, green, pink or Glacier White. For a two-tone combination with a custom-tailored look, add Norge aluminum "Custom Caps"—finished in copper, grey, or satin chrome to match your kitchen decor.

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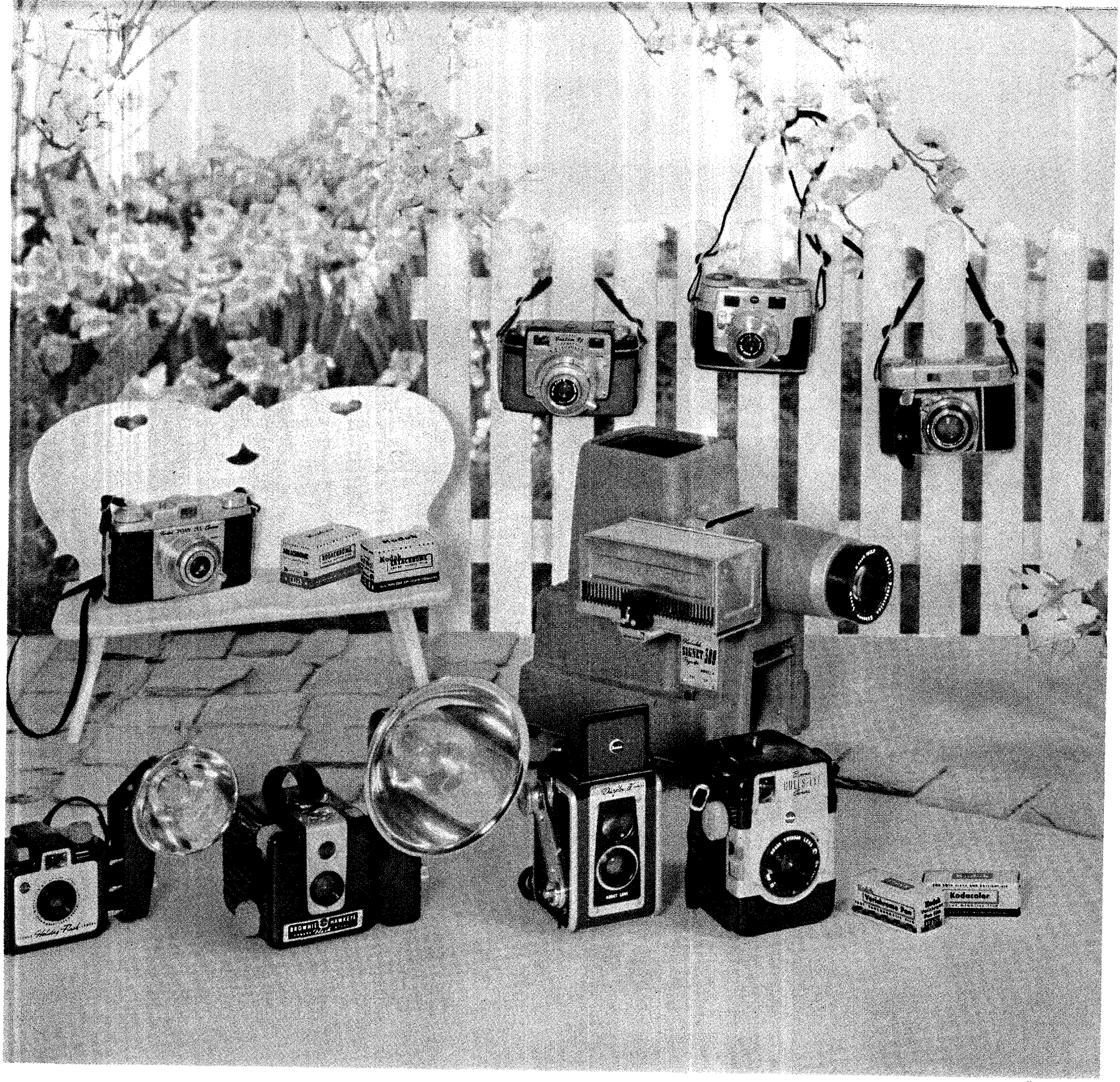

Springtime is picture time!

***Color-Slide Equipment**—left page, top row (l. to r.):* KODAK PONY 135 CAMERA ($33.75)—thrifty way to get started in color slides. KODACHROME FILM (from $1) and EKTACHROME FILM (from $1)—for lifelike color slides. KODAK BANTAM RF CAMERA ($49.75)—roll-film miniature with coupled rangefinder. KODAK SIGNET 35 CAMERA ($75)—great value; new, low price. KODAK RETINA IIIc CAMERA ($190)—valued the world over; built-in light meter. (Below cameras) KODASLIDE SIGNET 300 PROJECTOR ($69.50)—with automatic changer; gives brilliant color-slide shows.

***Popular Flash Cameras**—left page, bottom row:* BROWNIE HOLIDAY FLASH CAMERA ($4.95, Flasholder $3.20)—a wonderful all-purpose snapshooter. BROWNIE HAWK-EYE CAMERA ($7.45, Flasholder $4.25)—America's overwhelming favorite. KODAK DUAFLEX IV CAMERA ($15.95, Kodet Lens)—with an extra-big viewfinder. BROWNIE BULL'S-EYE CAMERA ($13.50)—focuses down to 4 feet for close-ups. VERICHROME PAN FILM (from 45¢); gives you sparkling black-and-white prints in *any* light. KODACOLOR FILM (from $1)—takes beautiful color snaps indoors and out, on the same roll!

Prices include Federal Tax where applicable, and are subject to change without notice. Ask your Kodak dealer about small down payment and easy terms.

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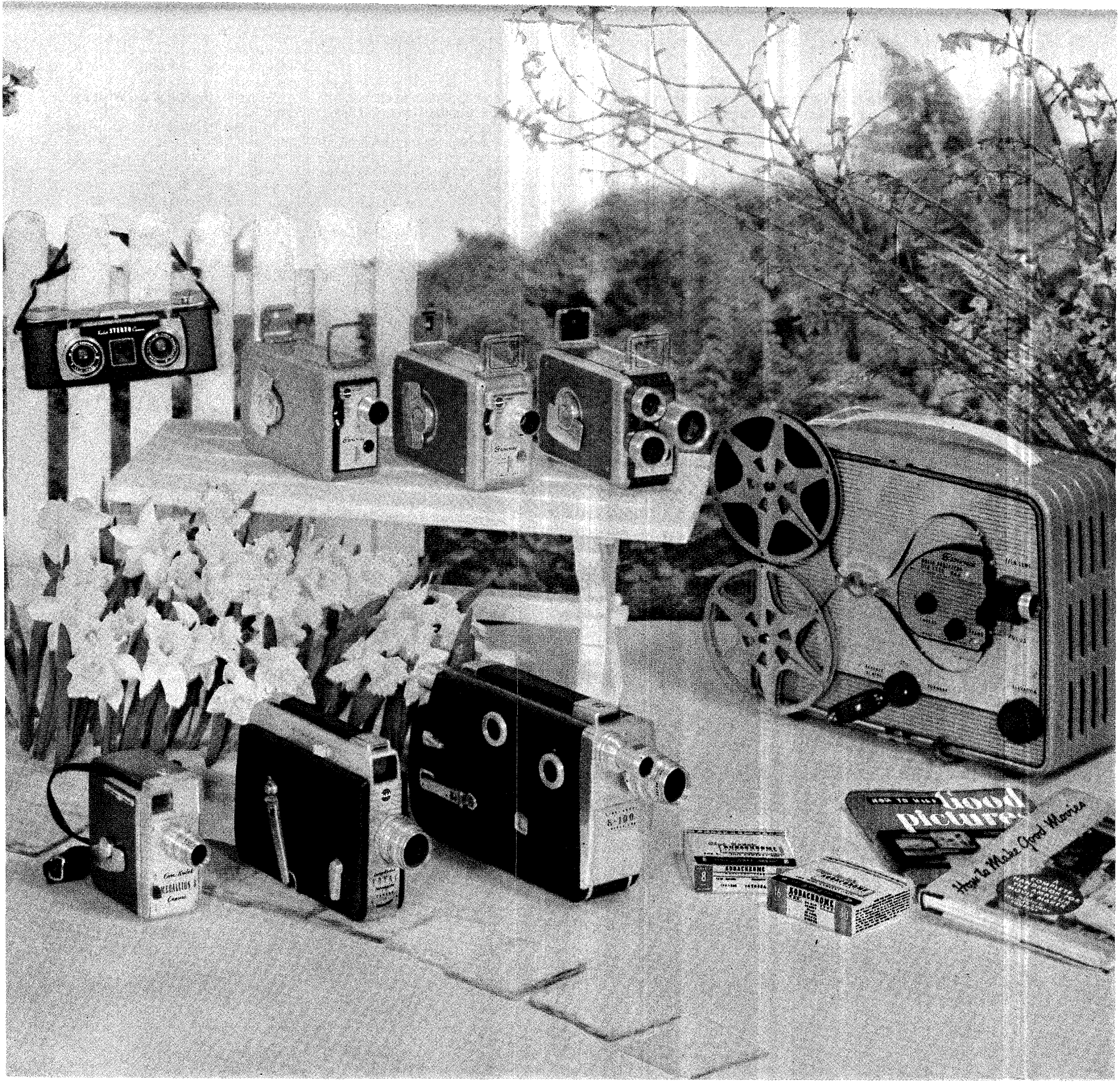
Kodak
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Kodak

(*Continued from Page 92*) the bank to the right. The big convertible's tires screeched as it swung off the main highway into a dark road overhung with branches. A sign read Rangely Road.

White houses stood back among the trees, their well-groomed lawns silver-gray in the moonlight. The girl drove for half a mile in silence and then braked the car down to a slow speed and turned into a driveway.

The house in the shadows was large, dark and rambling. The girl turned off the ignition and switched out the headlights. There was a momentary silence that breathed in the gentle ripple of the river beyond the trees.

"Well, sergeant?"

He reached for his cigarettes, lit one and put the pack away. "You're wearing a wedding ring," he answered.

Her voice lowered. "He won't be back until Monday night."

The sergeant glanced at her. She still had her hands on the wheel. Her eyes, in the moonlight, watched him expectantly. "Sorry," he said quietly; "I don't think this is our night."

Her expression didn't change. "I thought we were both trying to kill time."

"Time, yes."

She took a deep breath, shrugged almost imperceptibly and took her hands off the wheel. "Well, it's a novelty to be turned down," she said. "How about a drink before I drive you back to town?"

"Sure. Got any Scotch?"

She laughed without mirth. "At least you have good taste in liquor."

He followed her across the lawn, a stone patio and into the house. She switched on a hall light and dropped her keys onto a silver dish. "The living room's in there. I'll get a tray."

He went into the dark room and turned on a lamp. He found a wall switch and three other lamps went on. The living room was in beautiful taste with its smooth, thick carpeting, flowered drapes and chair covers, and personalized by the photographs on drop-leaf tables and the piano.

The dominating portrait hung over the mantel. It was of the girl—an oil, richly executed in warm ocher, red and burnt sienna, backed by greens, blues and grays. The artist had been a subtle realist. At first glance, his subject was a striking, fresh-faced young woman. Then, after one studied the portrait a moment, a look of faint cynicism appeared in the eyes, a boredom that deflated the girl's natural beauty.

The sergeant glanced at the photograph on a drop-leaf table. The young man's blond hair was too wavy, the pipe held between thumb and forefinger too obvious. The weak, vapid face was certainly not that of a man who gave married women cigarette lighters. It was the face of a man who went away on five-day business trips either trusting that his wife would keep her car in the garage at night or knowing that she wouldn't and being powerless to do anything about it.

Glasses tinkled in the hallway. The sergeant turned, relieved that she hadn't changed into something a little more intimate for another try.

"Admiring Johnny?" she asked, setting the tray on a coffee table.

"Is that his name?"

"That's his name," she answered, settling herself on the sofa. "Not John or even Jack. Johnny." She studied the portrait a moment, a silver bottle opener in her hand. "He looks like a Johnny, I'm afraid. . . . How'll you have it, sergeant?"

"With soda in a tall glass. What's your name?"

"Meg Barber. Was Meg Scattergood. And to save time, no, daddy doesn't own the mill, but uncle does. What's yours?"

"Peter Molloy. English-type Molloy."

She handed him his drink. "Ashamed of being Irish?"

"No. What are you ashamed of?"

She stirred her drink a moment. "Lots of things. Want a list?"

He nodded. Her reversion to cynical glibness intrigued him.

"I'm ashamed of my pathetic little husband. He needs a mother, so I'm mother. Then I'm ashamed of daddy for not owning the mill. I'm ashamed of myself for getting trapped, and then I'm ashamed of this crummy little town and all of its crummy little people." She looked sardonically at him, as if she expected a shocked reaction.

The sergeant sipped at his drink and settled back. "I've been in New York," he said quietly, studying his glass. "Saw some good shows."

Her face flushed. "How utterly fascinating."

"You seen Teahouse of the August Moon?"

"No," she snapped, mashing out her cigarette with short jabs.

"Darn good play."

Meg Barber brushed the tobacco from her fingers and gulped down her highball. "Let's quit this!" she said angrily. "Drink up and get out of here!"

He set his glass down. "Sore about something?"

"It isn't the injury I mind so much," she shot back. "It's your lousy little insults."

"You're ashamed of something," he said, standing up. "I'll call a cab."

"I wouldn't think of it, sergeant!" she answered furiously, striding through the hall and snatching her car keys from the silver tray. "I always drive little boys home. Might be afraid of the dark."

They didn't speak until she had dropped him before a dingy hotel on Main Street. He took his bags from the back seat. "Good night," he said quietly; "thanks for the ride."

The girl muttered something scornful as she swung her car into the post-movie traffic. He stood watching her go.

It had begun to rain—a few, heavy drops on the sidewalk and street.

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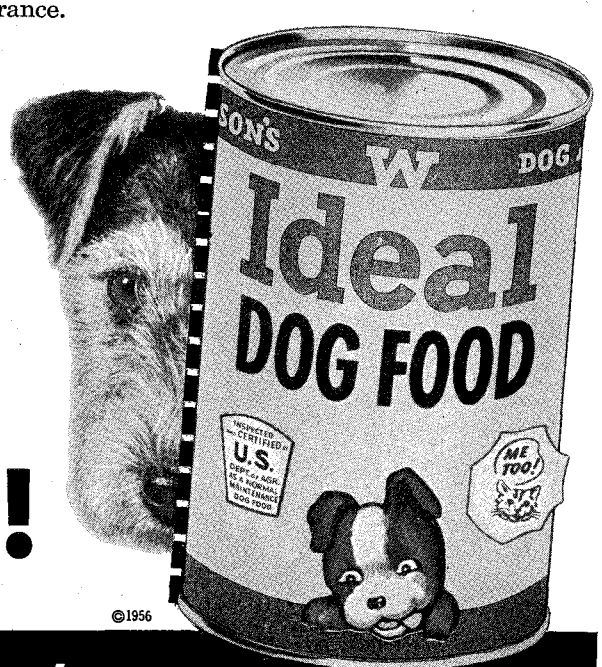

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HALF A DOG!

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"As to why the ex-champ is trying this comeback, rumor has it that the Bureau of Internal Revenue . . ."

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His sleep was deep and dreamless. He broke from its velvet numbness and came half awake. Torrents of rain were falling against the windows of his small, close room. He rolled over and took his wrist watch from the bedside table. It was nearly noon. The sergeant had a sense of leisure—the perfect leisure that comes from a lack of obligation. He had nothing to do; there was no place he had to be.

A boy brought up coffee. The sergeant drank it, took a shower in the dingy hall bathroom and dressed, got his raincoat and went downstairs.

At the desk the clerk handed him a message with a phone number on it. The sergeant crossed the lobby and went into a booth. He dialed the number.

A maid answered, "Barber residence."

"Is Mrs. Barber there?"

"One moment, please."

Meg Barber came to the phone quickly. "Hello?"

"Sergeant Molloy, Mrs. Barber."

"Oh, good morning. Thanks for calling." Her voice was restrained. "Look, I didn't sleep very well last night, sergeant. I wanted to talk to you. Are you leaving today?"

He hesitated. "Well ——"

"Guns checked at the door? Hands above the table? On the level?"

The sergeant looked across the lobby, trying to think of an excuse. "I've got to check a bus schedule. I'll call you later."

"All right," she answered quietly. "I won't push it, sergeant. I hope you'll change your mind, though."

He left the booth and went out of the hotel. The busy street was jammed with cars, their bodies gleaming in the rain, horns honking irritably. Within ten seconds the sergeant was soaked as rain trickled down his collar and sloshed against his shoes and trousers. At the intersection a hooded policeman was directing traffic away from the bridge. Sawhorses had been set across Main Street. Huge, orange trucks rumbled across the bridge and a crowd of laborers shoveled sand and gravel into bags.

The sergeant crossed the street and walked past the sawhorses. The sound of the rain was nearly drowned out by the deafening roar of the river as it thundered under the bridge, crashing boulders and tree trunks against the supports. The river had risen a good eight feet.

The sergeant went over to a traffic policeman. "How bad is that?" he shouted.

"Damned bad! They're trying to sandbag the bridge and they ain't havin' one hell of a lot of luck. Two of 'em are washed out up in Sandersfield already. Route Twenty-four's busted in eight places." The policeman blew a sharp blast on his whistle. "Nobody crosses here, lady!"

A woman leaned out of her car window and squinted against the rain. "I have to get to the hospital!"

"Go up Pratt Street, cross on Robbins and come back down!"

The sergeant went back to the bridge. Work crews were lugging sandbags to the rail. Down below, men piled them around the concrete pillars that held the bridge up. Most of the bags sagged into the rushing water as fast as they were placed. More of the big orange highway trucks were coming down Main Street. On the far side of the bridge, men in raincoats and women with kerchiefs over their heads watched silently.

A police cruiser came across the bridge and stopped beside the sandbag gang. An officer rolled down the window and called to a large, broad-chested Negro who was filling bags. The colored man put down his shovel and came over to the car.

"We were just across the tracks," the officer said. "Can't get the people to move out. How's about going over?"

"Water high?" asked the Negro.

"Over the road in some places. Those ni—— people won't move, but they'd listen to you."

"I ain't got no way of going," said the colored man. "Can't drive. You take me?"

The policeman got out of the cruiser and peered through the rain. "Can't. I gotta help with traffic." He looked at the sergeant. "You know how to drive, soldier?"

The sergeant nodded.

"How about taking this man over to Shacktown? He'll show you the way."

"Sure," the sergeant answered, raising his voice above the noise.

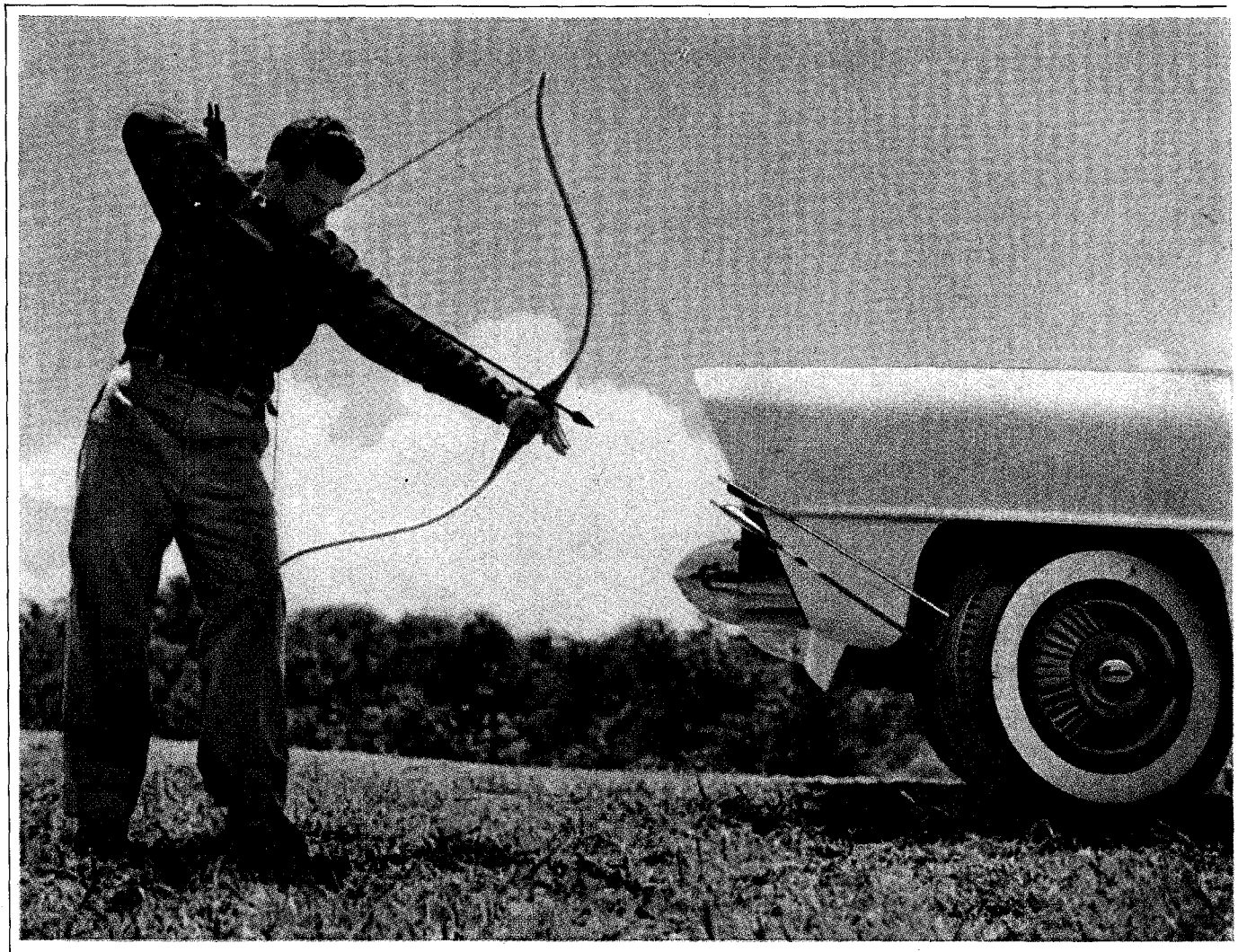
"Take that jeep." The policeman pointed across the bridge. To the colored man he said, "Will, get those people out of there fast."

The sergeant followed the Negro to the jeep. They got in and closed the door.

The fuzzy curtain of rain blurred the big orange trucks rolling toward the Muddy River bridge. The sergeant stopped once as a procession of cross-country transport vans moved across Main Street and rolled up the hillside toward higher ground. A slicker-clad policeman stood at every corner directing traffic away. The officially marked jeep was allowed to pass. Cars moved with their parking lights on. The rain and overcast veiled Main Street in semidarkness.

"There'll be a real flood sure," the Negro said.

"Had them around here before?" the sergeant asked. (*Continued on Page 101*)



Cougar Killing Arrows

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With bow and arrows—Roscoe Reams, big-game hunter, repeatedly punctured the puncture-sealing Sealed-Aire Tire. Arrows capable of killing big game could not flatten this exceptional tire. No loss of air! All competitive-make puncture-sealing tires were subjected to this test—and failed. No other tire can give you equal protection for yourself and your family in everyday driving with its many dangerous road hazards. See your Seiberling Dealer for a set of Sealed-Aire tires today. You will get full trade-in allowance for your present tires—*all that your Sealed-Aires will cost you is the difference in safety!*

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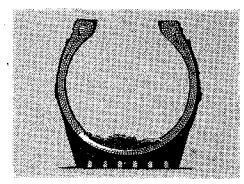
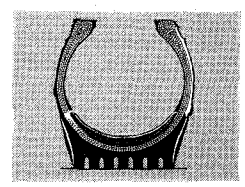


Ordinary puncture-sealing tires can lose puncture protection—Centrifugal force and tire heat can cause the sealing gum to flow out of position losing puncture protection and causing out-of-balance.



Only Sealed-Aire has exclusive "Bulkhead" construction that keeps the sealing gum permanently in place for lifetime puncture protection and lifetime balance.

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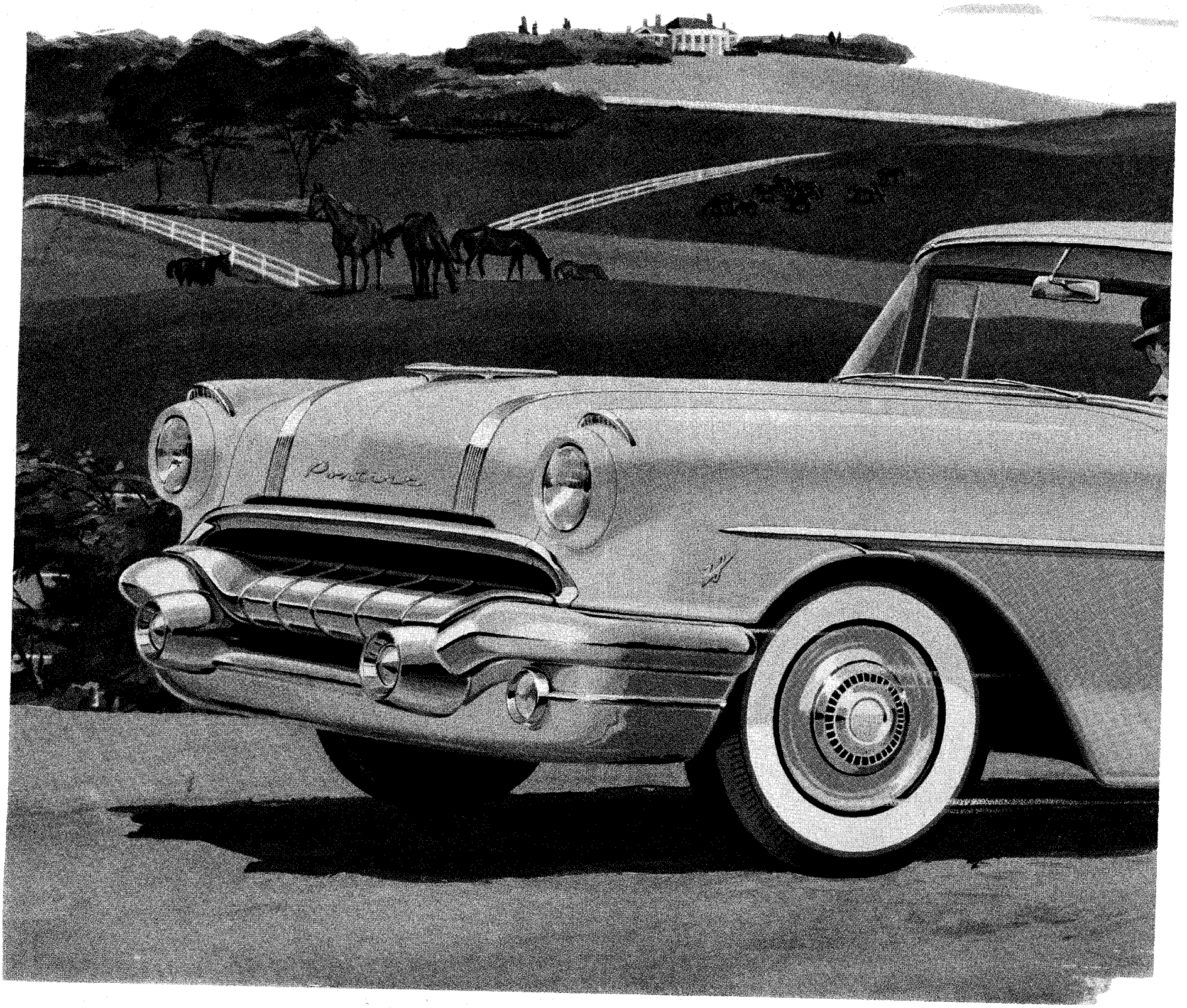
No Hint in the Price Tag of *Extra Size and Go!*



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its

Guess at Pontiac's price without looking at the price tag and chances are you'd be way too high. As a matter of fact, in a recent survey the average guess was *more than $300 too high* . . . and it's easy to see why!

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But it's in performance that Pontiac really outstrips its price tag with an all-new kind of "go" you can't get anywhere else no matter what you pay!

It's "go" that starts with the industry's newest high-compression, high-torque V-8. It's power born in a big, husky 205 or 227* horsepower Strato-Streak engine. And you can boost that 227 another 12 with low extra-cost dual exhausts!

Team this power with Pontiac's Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic*, America's newest automatic transmission, and you have a team *especially designed to go together*—a combination that provides performance so alert, so unbelievably smooth you know from the first touch of your toe that there's nothing like it anywhere!

The first traffic light tells you you're on even terms with anything on the road. The easy way you master hills, curves and rough roads tells you that in one handsome package here's the excitement of a sports car and the comfort of a big car. You know instinctively you're bossing the greatest "go" on wheels!

But don't for a minute think it's too rich for your blood, for Pontiac's price tag makes it as easy to own as it is to want. Fact is—you can actually buy a big, glamorous Pontiac 860 for *less* than many models of the low-priced three! Is there any reason *not* to see your Pontiac dealer?

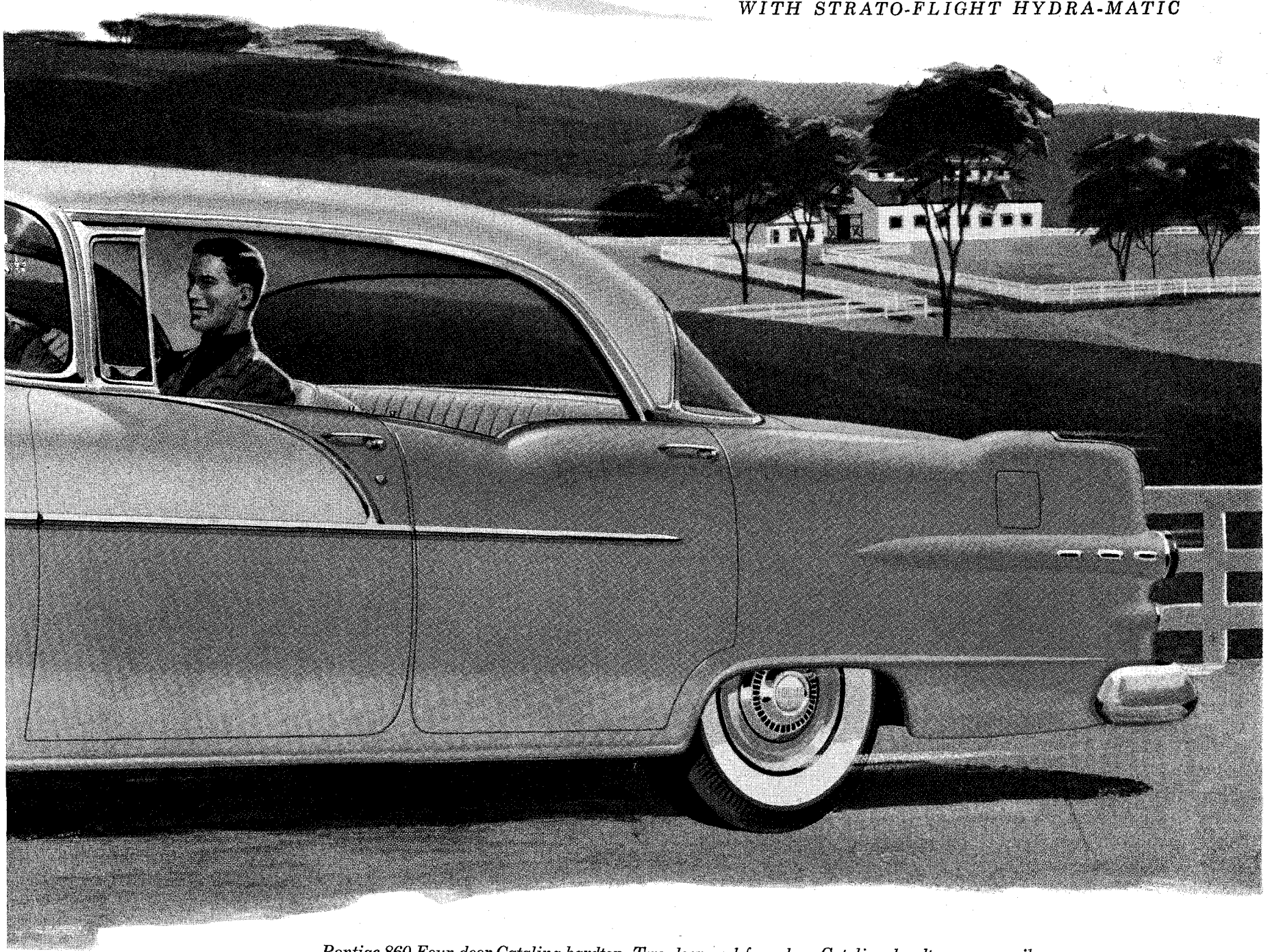
**An extra-cost option; 227 h.p. standard on Star Chief series only.*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

'56 STRATO-STREAK

PONTIAC

WITH STRATO-FLIGHT HYDRA-MATIC



Pontiac 860 Four-door Catalina hardtop. Two-door and four-door Catalina hardtops are available in all three Pontiac lines—the 860, the 870 and the Star Chief—in three price ranges.

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WITTNAUER

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(*Continued from Page 97*) The man shook his head. "Saw them on the Ohio as a boy."

The sergeant braked to allow a procession of cars to turn up the hill. He looked at the colored man's flat, composed face. The sergeant guessed his age at fifty.

"You the preacher?" he asked, sliding the jeep into gear.

The Negro nodded, keeping his eyes on the road ahead. "You're a stranger around here, aren't you?"

"That's right."

"But you know about my boy." It was a statement, not a question.

"I did hear something," the sergeant answered quietly.

The traffic thinned out as they rounded the curve of Main Street. By the time they had sighted the second bridge—a looming, old-fashioned span—there were no cars near them. The sergeant slowed down and put the jeep in first.

The second bridge spanned the Crohawk River just below a deep ravine. Water was flowing swiftly across the bridge and road. Over the roar of rain and the thunder of the river they heard a hollow, crashing sound as boulders rolled and pitched down the swollen river's chasm and smashed into the bridge. The sergeant rode the clutch, studying the bridge.

"She'll hold," the preacher said quietly. "Go over fast."

The sergeant eased the jeep hub-cap-deep into the water, gunned the motor and slowly lifted his foot off the clutch. The jeep lurched forward. The roar of wind and crash of boulders grew deafening as water sprayed over the hood. The sergeant's heart beat faster. Sweat mingled with the water that cascaded down his face as the steering wheel jerked and tugged beneath his grip. He cursed and pressed the accelerator to the floor.

The jeep bucked and began to rise out of the flood. Its wheels skidded on the high-crowned road that was running mud and water.

"Turn right!" the preacher ordered.

The sergeant spun the steering wheel and the jeep tipped sideways over the bank, slithering and twisting to the bottom. It bounded to a stop before a tall, slatternly wooden house standing forlornly in the rain. A group of frightened colored women and children huddled at one end of the porch.

"Wait here," the preacher said. He got out and went up onto the porch. He spoke to the women, his hand resting on the back of a baby huddled beneath a blanket in its mother's arms. After a moment, the people went down the steps, around the house and started to climb a high bank that led to a tree-lined ridge above the road. The preacher came back to the car. "These houses are all they've got," he said, "and the men are working up in town. The women don't want to leave unless the men say so."

"Any insurance?"

The preacher shook his head as the jeep started.

The flood was thundering along just on the other side of the road. The sergeant turned to look. Through the veil of rain he saw a chicken coop swirling by. It crashed into the iron bridge and disintegrated. An old jalopy careered along the flood. It, too, smashed into the bridge, rose as if in agony, crashed again and sank out of sight.

They stopped at house after house, and from each there emerged a group of women, children and old people. At the preacher's urging, they scurried away through the rain, clutching babies and household possessions. At one place the preacher gave away his jacket. As the jeep moved on, the sergeant could see the people climbing the bank.

The jeep pulled away from the seventh house and suddenly a whole section of the road collapsed into the river.

"One more!" the preacher shouted. "One more and then —— Look out!"

Ahead of them, the road was disappearing. At first it was a rippling crack that spread like a rapidly sketched pencil line. Then, within a second, it widened and the bank began to sink. Brown water thundered up as the section of road disappeared.

The sergeant jerked the wheel of the jeep, pushed it up over the low roadside and roared across a cluttered back yard, smashing through a fence and a chicken coop. The preacher leaped out, kicked open the back door of the last house and disappeared inside. Within seconds he reappeared, leading a young girl and an old colored woman.

"You all right?" he shouted.

The girl nodded and put her arm around the old woman.

The Perfect Squelch

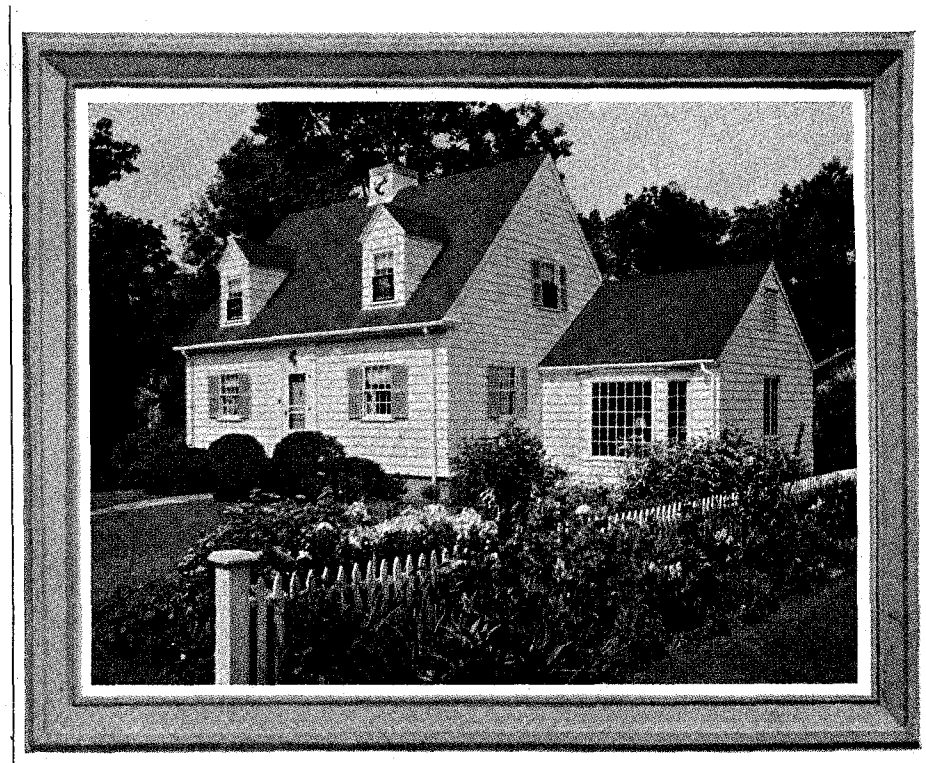
At a party, a pompous individual who apparently did nothing but make money and go salt-water fishing, to hear him tell it, held the floor at length. He trolled, chummed and reeled in big ones in wearisome detail. His arms flailed enthusiastically as he measured off the size of each.

"And you should have seen this bonito!" he finally exclaimed. "What a whopper of its kind! Why, my shoulders still ache ——"

Softly one of his bored listeners asked:

"From hauling it in—or describing it?"

Paul Conti



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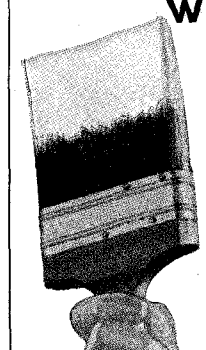

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"Go to the church and stay there! That's high! Now go!" The preacher slid back into the jeep. As the vehicle bounced away, the house began to fall apart. The screaming wind ripped loose boards, sent a shower of shingles down on the jeep. The porch groaned and cracked. It crashed into the water as the front wall went down. Then the house collapsed inwardly upon itself. "The road goes up the bank!" the preacher shouted. "Turn left and push her hard! It's just mud!"

The jeep slithered up the hill, its wheels spinning furiously with a high whine. At the top they roared along a rutted road back toward the bridge. They passed a tall, ramshackle church. People were running toward it, most of them colored. Women carried babies; a few young men helped the old or encumbered.

"Faster!" the preacher said. "Got to get back across that bridge before she gives! Watch the hill! Going t'be slippery!"

The sergeant turned the jeep and it nosed down. Through the rain and lashing tree branches he could see the bridge swaying as debris swept into it and the flood surged around its iron skeleton.

The jeep picked up speed as it hurtled and skidded down the hill. The sergeant hit the brakes, but the vehicle was caught in its own momentum on the slippery, yellow-mud roadbed. The bridge loomed closer and closer.

"Going to make a run for it!" the sergeant yelled.

A horrible screeching sound pierced through the roar of rain, river and wind. The arching suspension span of the bridge sagged, then crashed into the water. Girders and bits of iron snapped into the air.

The preacher shouted as the sergeant spun the wheel. The jeep careered into a stump. Windshield glass sprayed into the front seat, and the sergeant crashed sideways into the door. It sprang open and he landed, chest and face down, in the muddy, rocky road.

For a moment he lay still as the sting of countless cuts and bruises came awake across his body. Then he felt the wet seeping in on him. His teeth were embedded in a chunk of his inner cheek. He slowly opened his mouth and spat blood and flesh into the mud before his face. His shoulder began to throb.

He felt hands beneath his chest and he was lifted easily to a sitting position, back against the jeep. Slowly the ringing in his ears subsided. He shook his head.

The preacher was squatted before him. "Where does it hurt, sergeant?"

"All over," the sergeant answered, crooking his knee. He put his hands wrist-deep into the yellow mud and stood up. "This is better than hitting that bridge," he said slowly. He noticed that the preacher's face was cut and his neck was starting to swell. "How do you feel?"

"I'm all right," the Negro said quietly. He looked down the river. His blue work shirt was plastered to his thick, muscular shoulders. "Now the rich'll suffer just like the poor," he said, rain streaming from his face. "Rangely Road'll get it bad."

The sergeant leaned on the crumpled wreckage of the jeep. "I know someone on Rangely Road," he said.

"Then let's get to them," the preacher said, turning.

"No, I'd better go alone," the sergeant answered. Suddenly the rampaging flood had become sharply personal.

"You helped my people; now I'll help yours." The preacher started up the road. "Come on. We can cross a railroad trestle at the dam."

They walked back up the slippery road and trudged along the top of the ridge. The preacher led the way past the church, where people huddled in the doorway, peering out at the slashing rain that rode in from the southeast on a howling wind. Below them, the river had completely engulfed the road and was swirling around the ramshackle houses. The sound of the wind and rain rose to a deafening roar, but there was a quiet confidence in the preacher that made the sergeant feel that whatever they decided to do was possible.

After a few hundred yards the preacher cut down the bank into the ravine. The forest floor was a slippery mat of wet, dead leaves and mud. A hundred infant streams gushed down the steep slope. Overhead, the topmost branches of the trees swayed and groaned against the gray sky and scudding banks of clouds. The sergeant dimly recalled a news story about a hurricane named Diane and wondered if the storm had changed course.

Ahead of them, the shape of a railroad trestle loomed out of the blur of forest and rain. It spanned the ravine along the top of a dam that stood against the wild, choppy waters of a lake dimly visible through the trees. A mighty torrent of water rushed across the railroad tracks and crashed down into the ravine from the overflowing lake. Tree trunks, boxes, barrels, small boats and bits of trash were trapped among the girders and supports of the trestle or whirled through and dropped to the ravine below. Suddenly the preacher shouted. A human form was swept from the lake, through the trestle and hurled down into the ravine.

"He was already dead," the preacher said as they watched the gigantic waterfall. "Drowned in the lake, most likely. Come on, son; we gotta cross that trestle. Town's on the other side."

They climbed a streaming stone embankment and edged out to where the trestle began. A mighty torrent of water was thundering across the tracks. The preacher watched it a moment and then grabbed a support and pulled himself up onto the guide rail. Water gushed around his knees as he held on a moment, his streaming, impassive face studying the girders and cross shafts above. The Negro grabbed for a steel bar that crossed between two girders, hung a moment and then jerked himself up, his legs swinging over to tighten his grip. As the sergeant followed, tons of falling water swept

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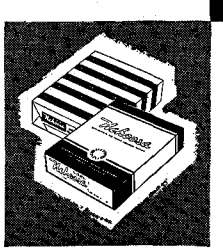

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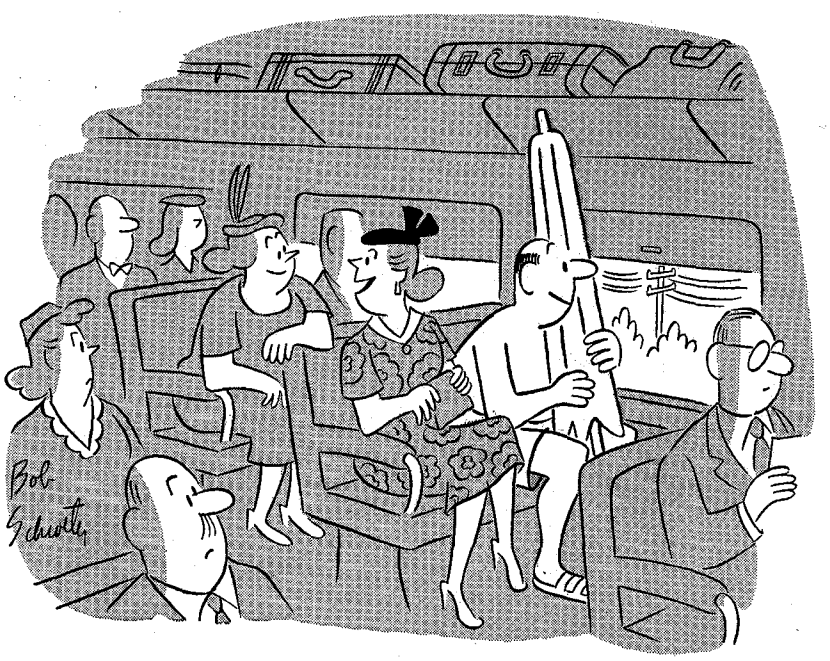

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You just don't know how much my husband's been looking forward to this vacation."

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around him and for a moment he held on, waist-deep. Then he started to climb.

He was conscious of only one thing; *don't look down*. Below him, the water roared over the ruined railroad tracks and cascaded down the ravine. The sound deafened the sergeant as he climbed, reaching from one girder to the next, groping for a place to brace his feet.

Once he did glance down and saw a small building surrounded by roaring sheets of water. "Control house," he mumbled to himself as his fingers gripped the slippery steel and his knees ached from their pressure against the rivets that held the trestle together.

Somehow, it ended. He was climbing down, and then, with a rush of thankfulness, he felt his feet touch cinder track bed and railroad ties again. He stood a moment, breathing deeply, dimly proud of having made the climb.

"Come on," the preacher said; "railroad station's a mile ahead."

They walked out along the embankment between swaying trees, rounded a curve and saw the station. A sand truck carried them to the bridge over the Muddy River. To the right, the thundering Crohawk swept around a bend and ran parallel to Main Street, its lashing, seething torrent rising. Police were routing the last of the onlookers away from the bridge. The work crew was gathering up its tools. As the sergeant crossed he felt the bridge shaking.

The tired, soaked traffic cop peered at the sergeant. "What happened to you?"

"Bridge went out. We crossed the railroad trestle. How's Rangely Road?"

The policeman wiped his face with his hand. "Can't get past where the rivers join, down below. The whole section's under water."

The preacher joined the sergeant. He was breathing heavily and his face was grave. "I just talked with some of my people. Rangely Road's gone."

"Anybody still down there?"

The preacher nodded. "They say lots. The bridge down below by the factory went an hour ago. They're moving back from the park."

The sergeant thought of how the little park had been just twenty hours before—the quiet lamplight, secluded benches and gravel paths.

"They say a lot of people died on Rangely Road," the preacher repeated. "I'm sorry."

"Thanks," the sergeant said quietly. Suddenly he hoped very hard that Meg Barber was alive. He wanted her to have a chance to tell him whatever she felt, so that she could expiate the guilt that had tormented her after their brief evening.

"The work crew's pulling out of here," the preacher said. "Can't save this bridge now. I'll be going with them."

The sergeant smiled automatically and shook hands.

"Thanks for everything," the Negro said. "I'll pray for your friend."

Beyond the smashed factories and flooded highway, the sergeant could see a row of trees swaying in the wind, dimly etched against the gray sky in the fading light. No housetops were visible.

There weren't any cars on Main Street; the river was already sweeping over its embankments, running in torrents along the gutters to the jammed sewers. Buildings jutting out over the river were slowly breaking up in a melange of sound—glass shattering, groans, roars, and the crumbling of brick and concrete. An automobile dealer's showroom window caved in as water surged up from the river and crossed the highway. Overhead, telephone and power lines were swaying like too-taut skip ropes.

Above the tumult and the howling of the storm there was a sudden roar. The sergeant (*Continued on Page 105*)

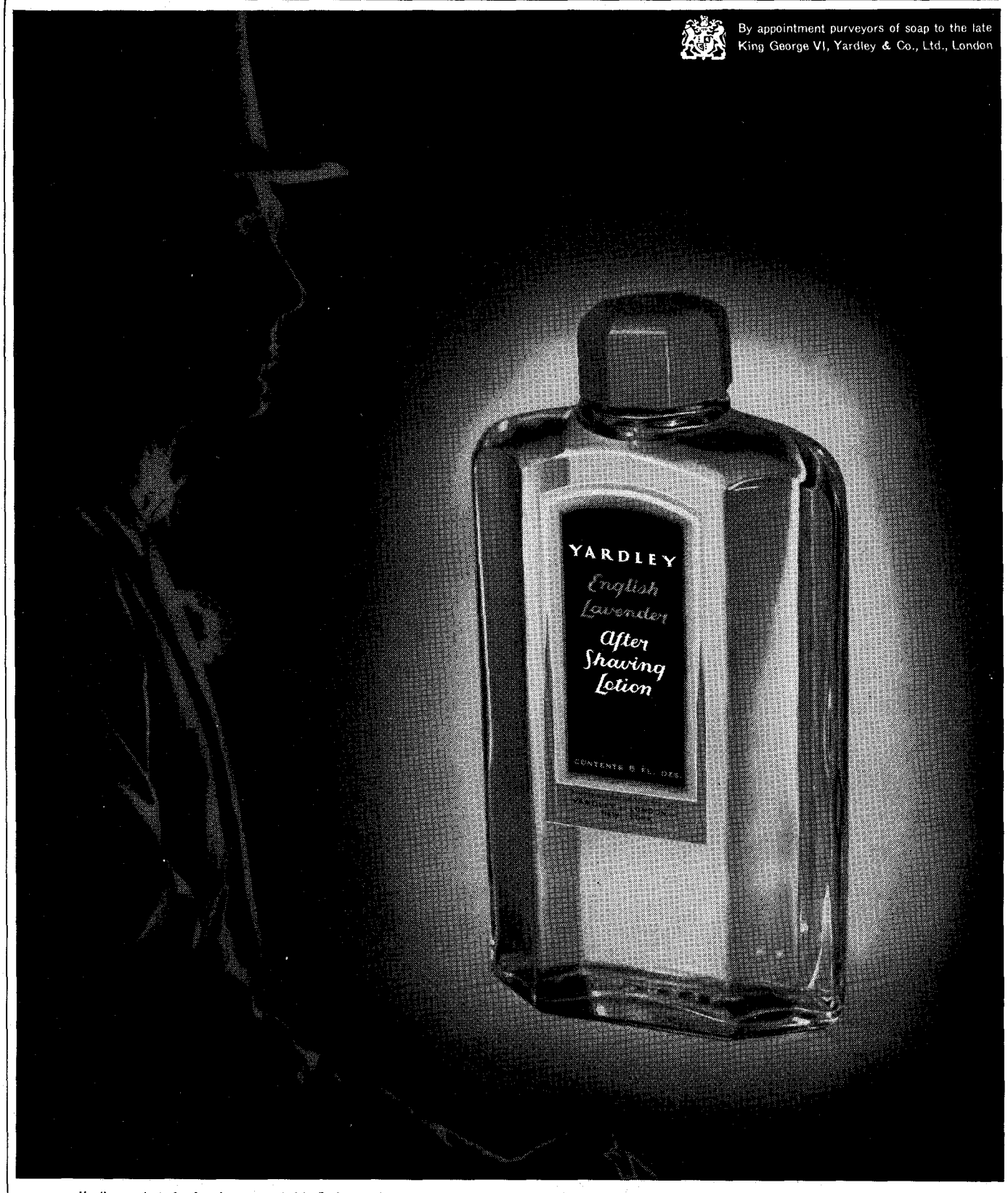
Alone

By Elizabeth Bohm

The wind knocked at the
door.
I said to the wind, come
in;
The sky is welcome
here. . . .
I was all alone.

The wind came into the
house
And wandered through the
halls.
It brought the smell of
sea;
It brought the sound of
gulls.

The house grew tall, oh,
tall;
The house grew vast and
deep.
There were stars in the
ceiling
When I went to sleep.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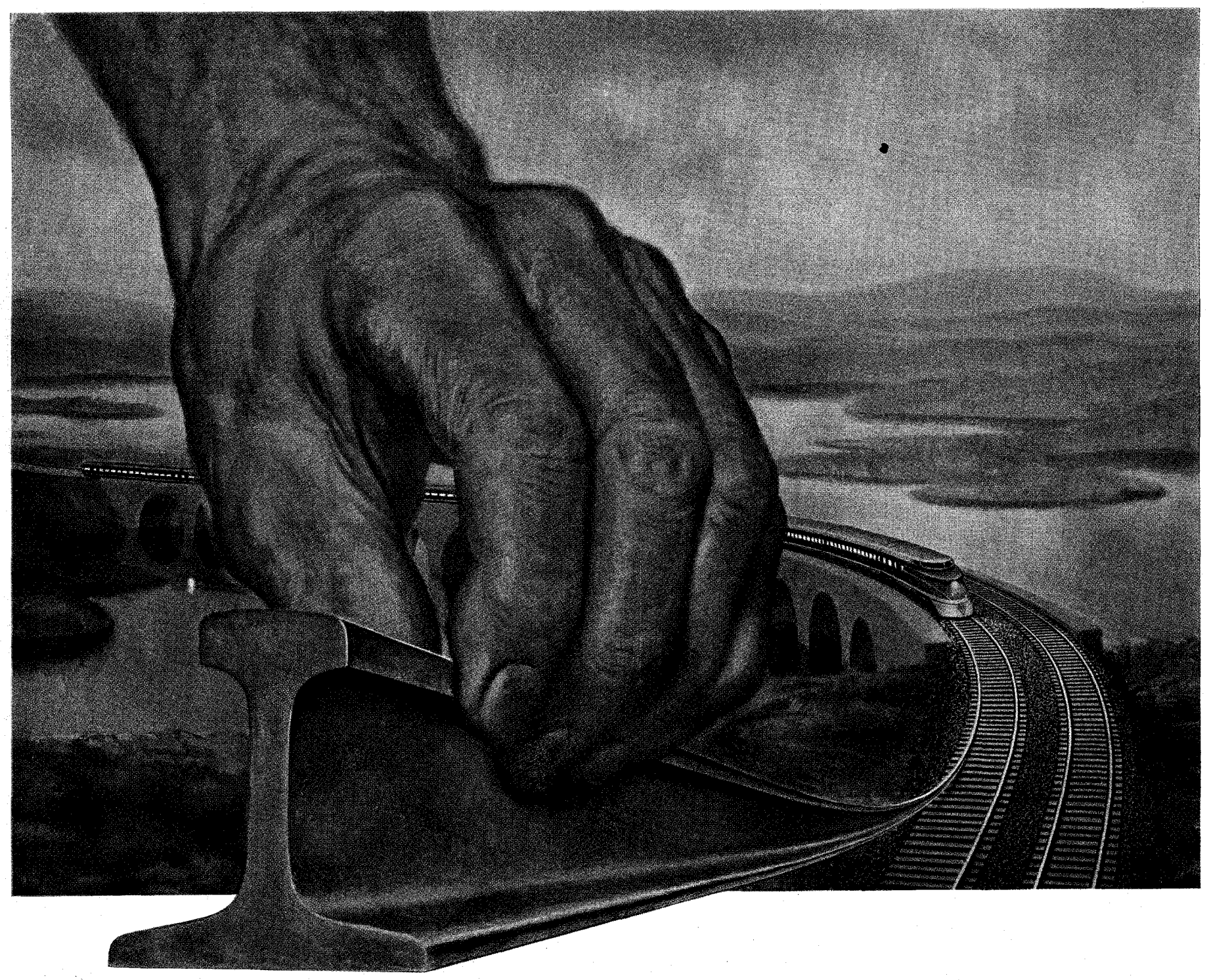

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(*Continued from Page 103*) looked back and saw the concrete bridge begin to sag. It bellied down, jerked for a moment, and then the roadbed began to break apart. The thick concrete railings crumbled. Bits of steel, concrete and tarred road disappeared into the ripping torrent, and then most of the bridge was gone.

The river was gushing across Main Street in twenty different places. Buildings were falling to pieces. A shiny new car rolled out of the auto dealer's window and landed, wheels up, in the street. As the increased torrent of water from the broken bridge leaped over the roadbed, it caught the car and sent it spinning into the chasm across the highway. Telephone poles were dropping like felled trees.

Suddenly the sergeant saw that the drugstore's door was open. He sloshed through the water and peered inside. Above the wind, rain and the sound of Main Street falling to pieces, a voice sobbed, "Up! Get up! Please!"

The sergeant pushed inside, shoved a magazine rack out of the way and crawled to the back of the store. In the dim light he saw the proprietor, his balding head cut and bleeding, clothes soaked and face twisted into an expression of frenzied effort. He was trying to lift a huge carton out of the water.

"Up!" he yelled. "Get up! Damn! Oh, damn it! Please!" The last word came as a screech.

The sergeant climbed over the counter. "Get out of here!" he shouted.

The old man didn't seem to hear him. He struggled violently and got the box part way out of the water. His frail body trembled and then the carton fell back with a wide splash. The druggist screamed in frustration and looked up wildly—as if he had seen the sergeant for the first time. The noise in the dark store was nearly deafening as glass shattered and walls came down.

"Come on, for heaven's sake!" the sergeant yelled.

"I didn't slave in this dump for thirty years to throw it all away!" the old man trembled. "I'm not going to go! You go! Not me!"

"You'll be killed if you stay!"

"There's no law says you can make a man go—not when he's slaved for thirty years!" the druggist's voice rose hysterically.

Suddenly the sergeant stooped, grabbed the old man and lifted him off his feet.

The druggist screamed and flailed his arms. His gnarled, arthritic hands beat the sergeant's face as he waded out of the store.

"Lemme go!" the old man shrieked. "You can't! Can't!" Then, suddenly, he went limp; his head fell back and his arms dropped. The sergeant pushed the fallen magazine rack aside and went out the door.

It was nearly dark. Water rushed knee-deep down Main Street, its current rising as the Crohawk and Muddy rivers formed a new confluence at the broken bridge.

The sergeant sloshed along the sidewalk and turned up the hill at the corner. A crowd of people stood on the sidewalk and street, watching the river rise.

The old man moaned. "Martha," he sobbed softly; "Martha—Donny—come back."

A trench-coated figure separated itself from the crowd and came down the sidewalk. The sergeant lowered the old man to the curb and leaned him against a telephone pole. The figure stopped. It was Meg Barber.

"Keeping busy, I see," she said coldly.

The sergeant looked up. "I came back to find you."

Her hair was plastered wet, face streaming with rain. A dim trace of the previous night's jauntiness was in her eyes. "Change your mind?"

The sergeant turned away and put his hand on the old man's forehead.

Suddenly Meg Barber knelt on the other side of the druggist. "What happened to him?" she asked, her voice softening.

"Shock, mostly."

"Sergeant ——"

He buttoned the old man's suit coat. "Yes?"

"I'm sorry. That was a foul crack, wasn't it?"

He looked at her. "I don't know. Was it?"

"I'm glad I found you," she said. "I got out in the car. It was awful down there. What about Mr. Simmons?" She looked down at the druggist.

"Can you get him someplace?"

"They're taking people in at the high school. I'll try to get some men to help. What about you? You look terrible."

They stood up. "I'm going to stay around awhile," he said. "I might be able to help with something. I'll see you at the high school later."

She looked up. "I ——" Then she stopped. "All right," she said quietly.

He walked up to the top of the hill. It was nearly dark. A police cruiser came by and stopped. The captain who had asked the sergeant to drive the preacher rolled down the window. "Better get in out of the wet, soldier."

"Thought I might help. What's going on?"

"It's the dam. They think the whole thing's going to bust. I'm headed up there now."

"Mind if I ride along?"

"Hop in," the captain said. "At least it's dry."

The cruiser's headlights picked up people carrying household possessions or children, and some that were just curious and wandering.

"It's a miserable damned thing," the captain muttered, his teeth clenched on a dead cigar. "Like they'd been atom-bombed." He swung the cruiser in to the railroad station and down onto the track bed. It jarred along toward the trestle.

The sergeant leaned back and closed his eyes. The jolting ride made every bruise ache more. He was water-soaked, sore and exhausted. It seemed days since he had been dry, and he had the feeling that he'd lived in Cooper's Falls a long time and knew the town well.

The captain took the dead cigar from his mouth and drove with one hand. "It's the flashboards on that dam," he said. "If they could drop them the water'd go up maybe two-three feet in town. If they don't the dam'll bust and the whole town goes under when the lake comes down. Mayor's up there now with the chief and a coupla engineers."

The cruiser's headlights picked up the gleam of another police car on the tracks ahead. Its spotlight was playing over the rain-swept dam and trestle. The captain stopped his car and got out. The sergeant followed him up the tracks to a little group of men who stood in the rain and darkness. One of them was elderly and wore the gold braid of a police chief. The others were civilians.

The captain touched one of them on the shoulder. The man looked around; he was young, prematurely gray and wore rimless glasses. "Hi, Eddie. How's it in town?"

"Bad. We got 'em off Main Street. Things are breakin' up. Rangely Hotel; Marty Beg's auto place; lots of stuff gone."

The young man looked back at the dam. In the darkness the police cruiser's spotlight played over the trestle, picking up the smooth sheen where tons and tons of water roared over and fell, thundering, into the chasm below.

"If that thing gives," the young man said slowly, "there won't be anything left in town at all."

"How's she look?"

One of the engineers shook his head. "Too much pressure. That lake's seven mile long, forty foot deep. She's got two, maybe three extra feet right now. Flashboards are still in place. If we could get 'em down, we'd bring down the whole level and take the pressure off the dam. But how the heck are you gonna?"

The police captain bit on his cigar. "Charlie in the works house?"

"I guess not. He would've dropped the flashboards by now."

The sergeant cleared his throat. "I climbed across that trestle this afternoon," he said. "We saw a man's body come over."

The young man in rimless glasses glanced at the sergeant. "You climbed that trestle?"

"That's right."

"I'm the mayor here, sergeant," the young man said. "Do you think that a man getting to the top of that trestle could climb down to the control house on the other side of the dam?"

The sergeant looked up into the darkness, his eyes following the spotlight's beam to the top girders. "I guess so. Why?"

"I thought I might try to go down and release the flashboards."

"Like hell you will," the police chief grunted. "I'd jug you first."

"Somebody's got to try it," the mayor said. "I figure I'm the logical one. You got anybody else in mind?"

"It's Florence Matson from next door. She's had her eye on Harold for some time."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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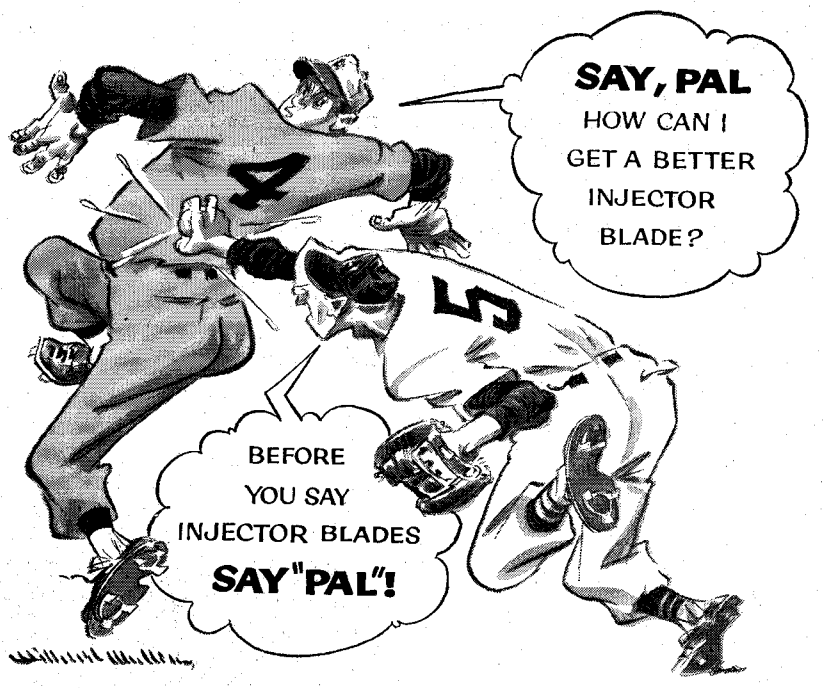

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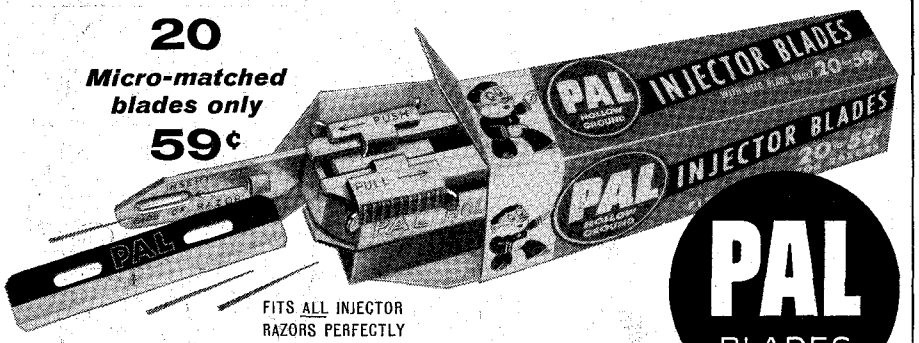

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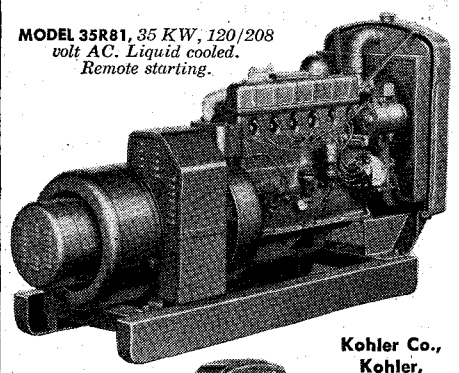

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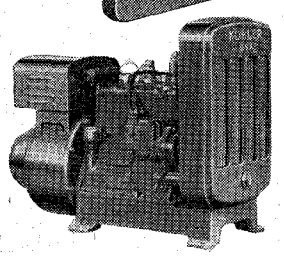

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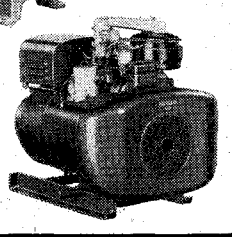

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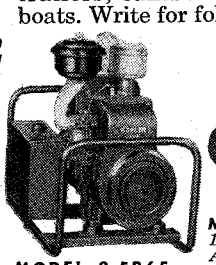

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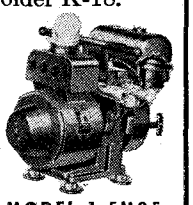

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I've already reached my verdict."

"I got my wife and kids in mind, and yours too. To hell with it."

The very sight of the trestle made the sergeant feel ill. But he was calmed by the thought of the town in peril. He had never known a town before. He had known fragments of larger places seen through the unwashed windows of foster homes. But this was something new. He looked up at the trestle looming in the darkness, wind and rain.

"How'd you know how to drop the flashboards, once you got there?" the police chief asked.

"Oh, you could work 'em all right," said the engineer. "The boards are held in place by a chain. Chain wraps around a wheel in the control house. All you gotta do is release the wheel and the flashboards drop. But hell, that trestle's likely to go any minute."

The sergeant had known this particular feeling before. He had it one foggy, gray dawn in the bottom of a landing barge off Omaha Beach. On that morning the sergeant decided that he wasn't as scared as the other waiting infantrymen. It had all come into perspective for him—the enormity of the threat to the free world, a pretty clear definition of what freedom really was. That morning he had been scared, but he knew that if he had to die, it would be for a good reason. Now, twelve years later, he had the same feeling.

He touched the mayor's arm. "Look," he said, "I'd be willing."

The men turned and stared at him, most of them scowling.

"You married, soldier?" the mayor asked.

"No."

"I don't think I've seen you around here before."

"Let's not waste time," the sergeant said. "I just release the wheel with the chains wrapped around it, right?"

One of the engineers nodded. "Then the flashboards drop."

The sergeant pulled off his shoes. He was soaked clean through to his bruised, shivering skin. He looked up at the skeleton of black, water-streaming steel that rose above the dam, then walked to the end of the track bed and touched a support. A mighty torrent of water poured across the trestle bed five feet away. The sergeant looked up again. Someone had switched on the second cruiser's spotlight. It gleamed on a maze of girders and shafts and finally dropped down to rest in the open windows of the empty control house. The sergeant glanced up at a support directly above his head. He would climb to that first, then to the top. The trestle shuddered.

The sergeant gripped his fingers around a girder and pulled his body over its width. He lay for a moment and then pulled his legs over. Next to him, a slanting steel bar went to the top of the trestle. He tested it and pulled himself to a standing position. The bar seemed firm. The sergeant began to pull himself up, hand over hand, trying not to think or look down. But as he strained, gripping one hand over the next, clinging with his legs, he was forced to look down for a moment. The girder on which he had sat was receding below him. Beneath it, a tangle of steel lay over the smooth sheen of water pouring across the tracks.

The sergeant's shoulders ached and his hands were stinging from their grip on the rough steel bar. The police spotlight was on him, traveling up slowly as he climbed.

Far below, a piece of the dam gave way with a roar. Concrete crashed into the chasm and the whole trestle shook. The sergeant stopped and clung to the bar, his heart pounding. Then he began to climb again. It was harder now, his breath was coming in groans, not gasps. He clenched his teeth and bit into his cheek. His whole body was throbbing, shoulders straining from the pull, knees and calves rubbed raw where they gripped, loosened and gripped again.

The roar of the rain, wind and flood water seemed louder. The sergeant looked up. The top girders of the trestle were only a few feet away. He dragged on his arms until he cried out. His hand unclasped from the steel bar and he reached up, feeling along the girder for a grip. In one panic-stricken moment he thought that he couldn't make it. He hung for that one awful moment, face up, rain beating upon him while the spotlight played over him. Then, with one supreme effort, he jerked himself higher, closer to the girder, and threw one arm across.

For a moment he hesitated, hanging in the wind and rain, trying to rest or even pretend he was resting. He tightened the muscles of his arm, let go of the bar and snatched at the girder with the other hand. He missed, grabbed desperately for the bar again, and then at the girder. This time his fingers caught the edge. Grunting, he worked his arm over and pulled his body up.

For a moment he lay inert on the slippery steel surface, legs dangling over the side. The spotlight glared in his eyes and he gulped air while the rain pelted his back and thighs. Then, slowly, he sat up.

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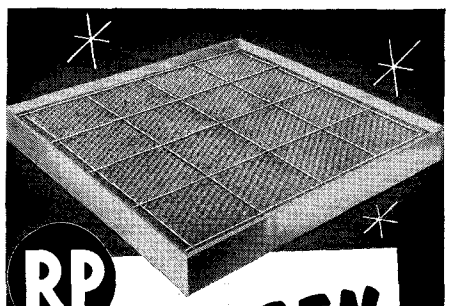

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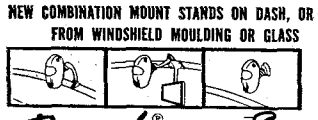

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Far below him, the river thundered across the dam and crashed into the ravine. Over the treetops he could see the town, its roof tops silhouetted against the gray-and-black-smeared night sky. A few street lamps burned in the hillside residential section.

The knot of police cars seemed directly below from that great height. The sergeant looked down a moment and then across to the control house. It was an easy walk and climb-down along the trestle. Suddenly he realized that the worst was over; he had made it.

Wearily he rose to his feet. He was no longer afraid of falling. His direction was sure. And he still knew why he had done it.

When the sergeant and the police captain got out of the cruiser the high-school building was blazing with light generated from clattering gasoline engines. Through the windows they could see people standing in the halls. Piles of household possessions were stacked on the lawn, most of them soaked to ruin by the rain.

The storm had begun to subside. The heaviest of the rain clouds had moved away and the thundering downpour was at last exhausting itself. The sergeant shivered as he walked up the high-school steps with the captain.

In the halls, people stood in a line leading to a table that was stacked high with canned goods, fruit, vegetables and cartons of milk. The sergeant and the police captain went upstairs to the gymnasium. The place was crowded with cots and chairs. Blankets were spread on the floor. Children slept on some of them; old people sat in the chairs or lay, chins propped on hands, watching the activity. Nurses with overcoats thrown over their white uniforms moved from cot to cot. National guardsmen crowded into the brightly lit room carrying stretchers or helping women and old men. Sprinkled through the drab kaleidoscope of colors and sounds, the sergeant saw, were the trim blue uniforms of WAVES. A Navy helicopter pilot stood, coffee cup in hand, talking to a man wearing a Civil Defense armband.

At the far end of the gymnasium, women in Red Cross uniforms doled out coffee and sandwiches. The current of sound was talk—babbling, whispering soft talk, the talk of the shocked and stunned, of people who are still discussing the immediate past and who have yet to come to the question "What happens to me now?"

The sergeant got a cup of coffee and found Meg Barber behind a table heaped with medical supplies. Her eyes were tired and her hair was disheveled. She had taken off her shoes.

"Be with you in half a sec," she said to the sergeant.

She turned back to a national-guard lieutenant. "Tell your men to break into the drugstores. We have to have this stuff—penicillin, mostly; aspirin and bandages too."

The lieutenant looked dubious. "I don't know ——"

"Go on," Meg said. "If anybody asks about it, tell them to see me."

A woman in a Red Cross uniform came through the crowd. "Doctor Phillips needs a bed for Mrs. Genetti—broken leg."

Meg picked up a clipboard and studied it. "Take her to two-four-six Randolph Street—the Wilsons. They have two beds left."

The Red Cross worker left. Meg smiled at the sergeant. "I seem to be in charge of something."

He smiled back. "Good."

She took the coffee container from his hand. "It's an odd kind of good feeling. I've lived here nearly all my life and never knew half of these people." She sipped the coffee. "You're quite a hero, Peter. Everybody's talking about what you did at the dam."

"Everybody's a hero tonight," he said. "Go see Mr. Simmons, will you? Nobody's paid much attention to the poor old guy."

He made his way across the room and found the druggist sitting against the wall, his head resting in his hands. The sergeant sat down beside him. "Had any coffee yet?"

The druggist looked up. His eyes were distant and his mouth set bitterly. "Why'n't you mind your own business?" he snapped. "Go on, get outta here. I don't owe you nothin'."

"I didn't say you did. How about that cup of coffee?" (*Continued on Page 109*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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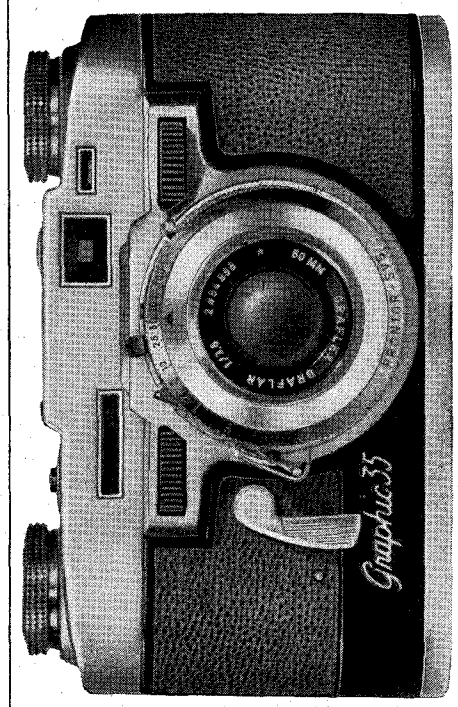

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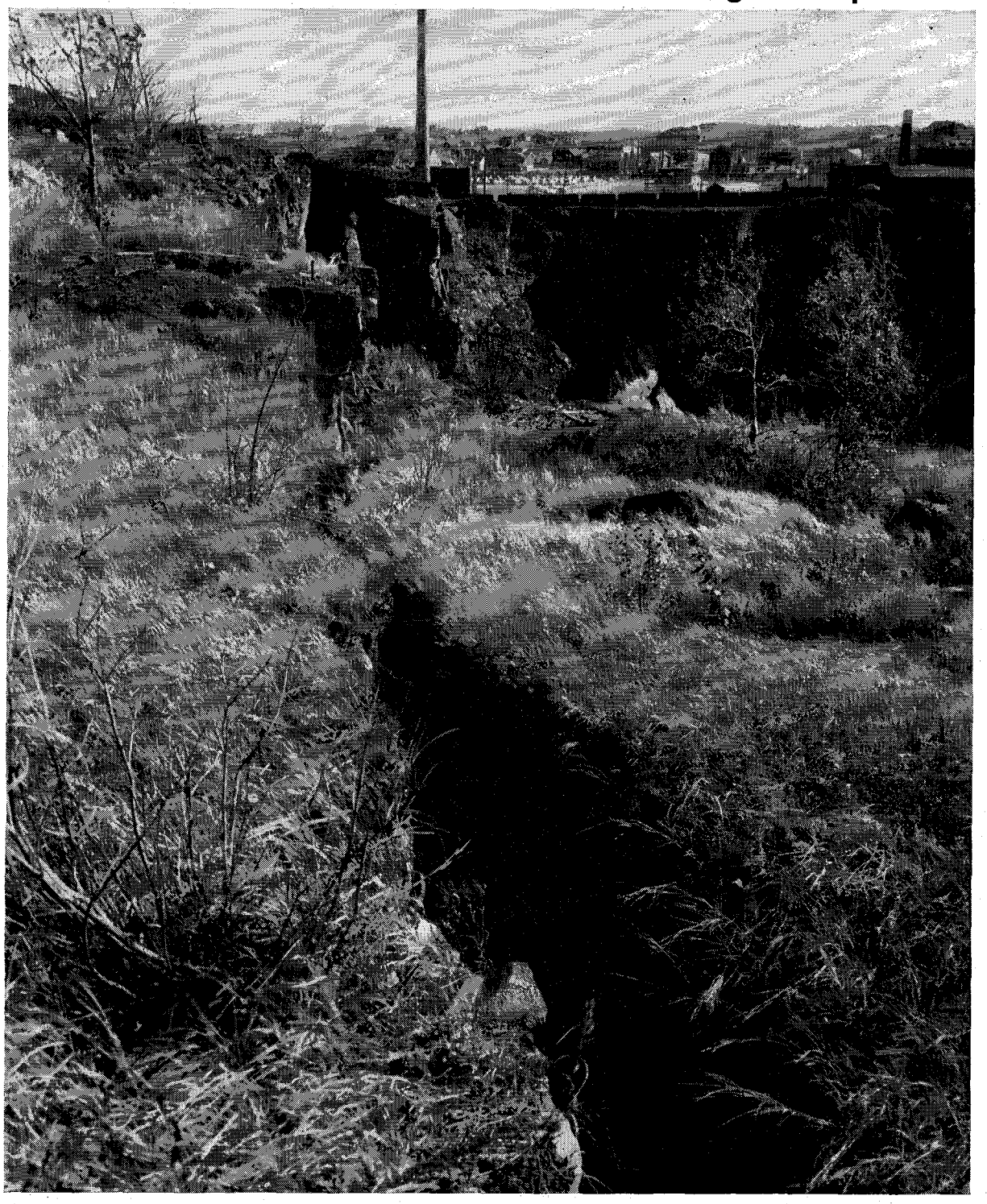
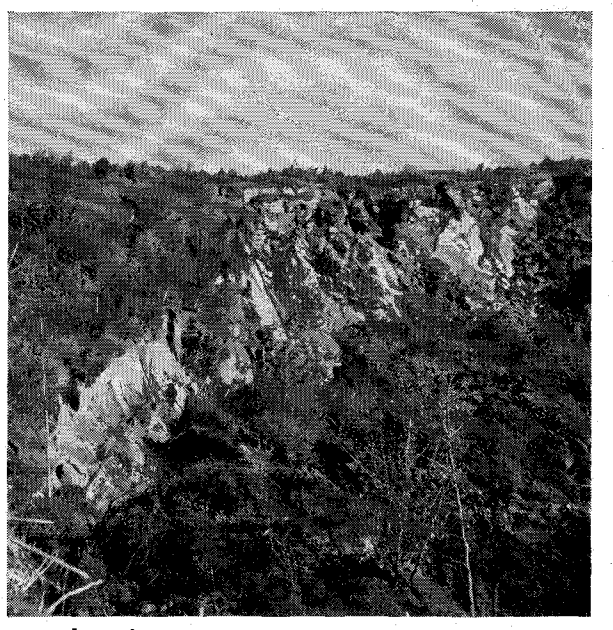
Nickel Progress Report



A crack at the earth's surface shows bulk mining is proceeding far underground.



Panel caving is one of two bulk mining methods which account for 70 per cent of the company's total Nickel output.

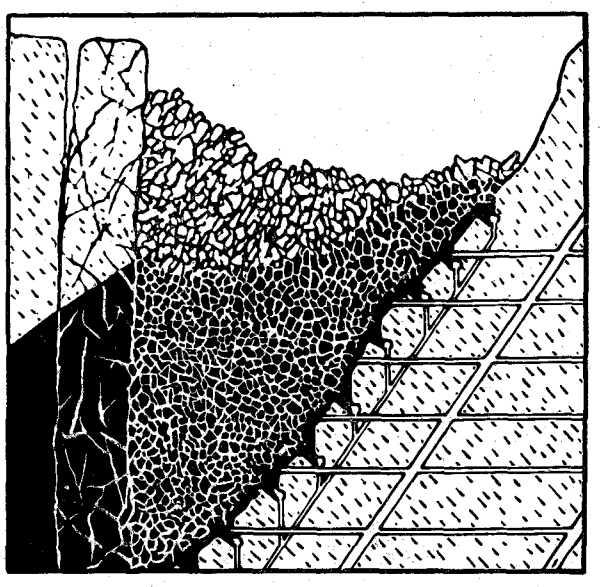


Diagram of panel caving in Creighton mine. The heavy panel of ore and rock sinks, breaking up as it moves down.

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(*Continued from Page 107*) "I don't want none."

"How do you take it? Black?"

The old man didn't answer for a moment. His eyes filmed with tears and his mouth trembled. "Cream. No sugar."

The sergeant went to the long table, got two cups of coffee and came back. The druggist wiped his sleeve across his mouth and accepted the coffee container. For a moment the two men sat in silence, drinking, watching the bustle around them.

The druggist set his coffee container down. "Nobody's got me anything for a long time," he mumbled.

The sergeant felt embarrassed. "Heard anything about the store?"

The old man shook his head. "It don't matter. All gone now."

"I don't think so. I just went down to Main Street. The water's up about six feet, but it's going down fast. The store's still there."

The old man shook his head. "Can't start all over again, y'know."

"Oh, hell," the sergeant said scornfully. "Between the two of us, we'll have it cleaned up in two days. Nothing to it."

The old man studied him with an expression half suspicious, half wanting to believe. Still looking, he raised the coffee cup to his lips and drank. He finished and was silent a moment. Then he turned back to the sergeant. "I'm sorry about what I said."

"That's all right. I knew you didn't mean it."

"I mean all—about the colored boy—and you."

The sergeant smiled. "That was a long time ago."

The druggist looked down at the floor. "It's funny the way things work out. My boy went away a long time ago."

"He didn't like it here?"

"His ma. It was a long time ago. I wasn't easy."

"We all change."

"No. It's too late."

"The hell it is," the sergeant said softly. "I've always wanted a home town, and now I've got one."

The old man nodded sadly. "I know. I wanted my own boy to grow up here, help out in the store." He was silent again for a moment, tears of exhaustion coming into his eyes. "I guess I thought too much about the store," he said, taking a deep breath. "I was older'n her. She wanted lots of things. She didn't complain, you know. But I could tell. Even if I'd 'a' wanted them, too, there wasn't the money. I thought the baby would make a difference when he come along. But it wasn't right yet."

"What happened?" the sergeant asked.

The old druggist leaned his head against the wall, his eyes on the ceiling. "After a time she went to visit her mother in Maine. She never come back. She wrote for a while, saying she'd only stay another month or so. Then her mother died and she went away. I never did find out about her or the baby."

"Well," the sergeant said, "that's all past. You'd better wrap up and sleep. We'll have our work cut out in the morning."

The druggist's eyes hardened a moment. "I didn't ask."

"I know you didn't. I did. Stop thinking about who asked who. We have to get a drugstore in shape."

The suspicious look remained. "What's in it for you?"

"How the devil do I know?" the sergeant shrugged. "I'm not going to stay in the Army forever. Maybe I'd like to get in your business."

The old man's face relaxed. "You're a nice boy," he said. "You been good to me. Maybe you won't want to, after a while."

The sergeant laughed gently. "Oh, shut up. I know what I'm doing."

The old man smiled, then leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

The sergeant went back to Meg Barber's table. He glanced at his watch. It was nearly three in the morning. A portable radio rasped out flood messages, bulletins, catches of news stories about the disaster that was already slipping into the past tense.

Meg's face was tired, but there was a freshness and calmness in it that the sergeant knew had not been there before.

The rain had softened to a slow drizzle. Out on the high-school lawn a national-guard company had set up generators and a rolling water tank. Men with rifles patrolled the quiet, hillside residential street before the school. Apparently portions of the town were again getting power, because two street lamps glimmered through the curtain of softly dripping rain.

Meg Barber and the sergeant sat down on the stone steps beneath an overhanging roof. After a moment, she said, "I feel like an awful rat about last night."

"You don't have to feel like a rat about it."

She looked out at the street. "People are always trying for something. After a while, if you don't get it, you try all sorts of crazy ways that you don't mean."

"I know. I do the same thing."

She looked up at him. "What do you try for?"

"Damned if I know. But I try in crazy ways sometimes."

She smiled. "You're a funny one. You come wandering into this town and nobody knows who you are; next night you're a hero."

"How did you hear about that railroad-trestle business?"

"Everybody's talking about it. The mayor even told a couple of reporters. You're famous, Peter."

"Great. That's all I need."

She laughed, and then her face was serious again. "Come on, tell me what you try for."

He waited until four state troopers had climbed the steps and gone inside.

"I don't think I could say it," he told her. "I never had a family. It didn't bother me much. I don't get lonely. I enjoy life; like people. I don't know what I try for."

They sat listening to the rain again, looking out into the street. Finally she took a deep breath. "Tonight changed things. They gave me a job to do and I did it. Something for other people. It made me feel useful. I guess I've never felt that way before."

"Good."

"The Civil Defense director asked me if I'd set up a clearing office tomorrow to get people housed and fed. It's a big job and it scared me, but I said I would. He told me that some of the women in town and the mayor thought I'd be the best person to handle it." She looked up at the sergeant. "I don't even know half of them, Peter, but they want me to do it—after I handled this thing tonight. It makes me feel kind of crazy and wonderful."

He smiled.

"Much better than last night would have made either of us feel if it had turned out differently."

"I know," he said gently. "Meg ——"

"Yes?"

"I don't want to talk about your husband tonight."

"Neither do I, Peter."

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

When the jurors trying Muscles McGurk disagreed, Muscles and the prosecutor agreed to accept a verdict by the majority of the jury to avoid further trials. Unluckily for Muscles, the jury stood nine to three for conviction and the judge sentenced him to five years. He thereupon appealed to a higher court.

"Muscles' constitutional right to a jury trial included the right to a unanimous verdict," his attorney argued. "The judge shouldn't have allowed him to gamble away such a sacred right."

"As a person can waive his right to jury trial altogether," the prosecutor replied, "he ought to be able to waive his right to a unanimous jury verdict."

If you were the judge, would you hold Muscles to his agreement?

• •

Muscles was released from his agreement and permitted to seek a new trial. The higher court said that while he could have waived a jury trial entirely, he could not accept a split jury verdict because the law requires that verdicts be settled "beyond a reasonable doubt" and there is still some doubt when one or more jurors disagree.

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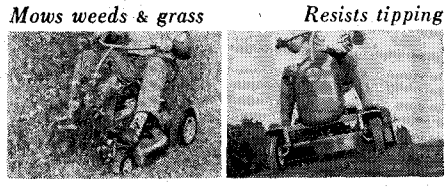

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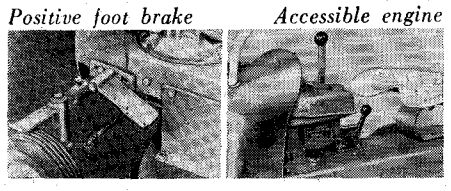

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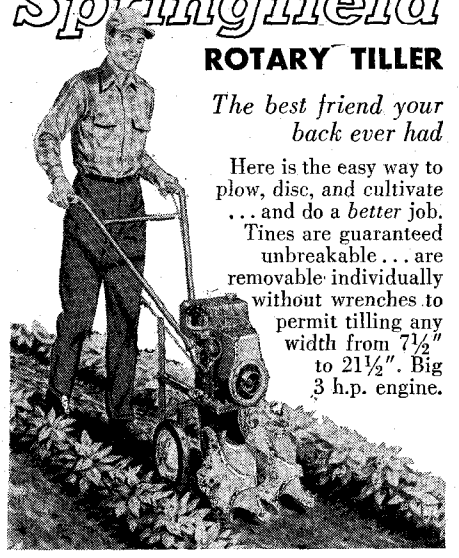

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"It's funny. I don't even want to pretend that he isn't there, but ——"

"Go on, Peter."

He couldn't say it, and she knew why. Her hand folded inside his.

The sergeant and Meg Barber sat for a long time in silence. Inside the high school the old druggist slept, the rain slowed to a soggy patter and then stopped.

People mingled, spoke, passed one another, unconscious of the bizarre and unusual around them—unconscious of the sick in their gymnasium beds, oblivious of the dead that lay in a room incongruously marked, HISTORY II. MISS BEECHER.

A gray, flinty light was spreading across the school lawn when Meg Barber awoke. For a moment she lay with her eyes open, her head resting against the sergeant's chest. Then, slowly, she pushed her hands against him and sat up. His damp raincoat fell from one of her shoulders as she looked down at him.

She pushed his shoulder. "Time to get going, sergeant."

He stretched his legs and arched his shoulders back. "Concrete isn't so hot for sleeping," he yawned.

"I've never slept better," she smiled.

The sergeant sat up and grinned at her. "Maybe we can scrounge another cup of coffee inside. How about it?"

"That would be lovely. Peter ——"

"H'm?"

She leaned forward and touched her mouth to his—the fragment of a kiss that brushed past in a second. "Thank you," she murmured.

"What for?" he asked softly.

"For whatever I was trying for. I can't explain it, but ——"

He placed his fingers over her mouth. "I know. Me too."

"Supper tonight?"

"Sure."

"And tomorrow?"

"Let's leave it where it is," he said quietly. "If we push it any further, it might break."

The sun was incongruously warm, beaming gently over the smashed remnants of downtown Cooper's Falls. Its glimmer danced back from the trickles of water that ran off Main Street into the receding rivers, gleamed in the gush of broken water mains and glinted off hanging wires.

Houses and buildings were broken in two or stared nakedly into the gutted streets. Whole sections of sidewalk were gone; the streets were filled with gaping holes. Automobiles lay buried in beds of mud and trash, and, on the edges of the subdued rivers, rescue crews picked at the refuse, unearthing stiffened, dirty human bodies that seemed no more than a portion of the over-all shambles.

It was almost as if Cooper's Falls had been bombed and then occupied. Up on the hill, helicopters landed and took off from the high-school football field. Army trucks rumbled through the streets and the subdued khaki of GI uniforms was everywhere. National guardsmen patrolled, carbines slung over their shoulders. State troopers in pale blue uniforms directed traffic and gently urged the crowds of curious away.

The people who walked through the shambles seemed numb. Men moved slowly, stepped carefully over the debris, peering up at ravaged buildings. Their faces were blank, almost contemplative, as if, in a quiet, reasonable way, they had detached themselves from what they saw. Yet what they saw was their own, and it was chaos. A few women shook their heads in disbelief, and wandered away.

The sergeant and Mr. Simmons appeared on Main Street at about ten in the morning. They picked their way through the rubble to the drugstore.

"That door's the first thing to fix," the sergeant said. "We'll have looters tonight."

He climbed through the door and straightened up. The druggist came in after him, his old frame lost in the folds of the sergeant's raincoat.

The magazine rack was lying on its face on the wet floor. Matted gobs of soggy magazines and newspapers were plastered against the counters, on the floor, even up on some of the shelves. A line of brown filth on the walls showed how far the water had risen. The place smelled wet and musty.

A national guardsman came through the door. "You men belong here?"

The druggist took a deep breath. "I own it," he said, "what's left of it." He produced his wallet and showed his cards.

The guardsman compared them with the pharmacist's license on the wall and nodded. "Just checking. There were looters last night."

"Already?" the sergeant asked. "Doesn't look like they got much here."

"There was a man in here this morning early," the guardsman said, slinging his rifle over his shoulder. "A colored man."

Mr. Simmons reddened. "I might'a known!" he said angrily. "One of 'em smashed the place last week, and now they ——"

His voice broke off abruptly. Someone had appeared from the back room of the store. He was tall and carried a rifle. He came around the prescription counter and the morning sunlight dropped across his face. It was the preacher.

"I came over the bridge to see that things were all right," he said quietly. He looked at Mr. Simmons. "They didn't get anything here."

The druggist nodded. "That," he said slowly, "was good of you. I'm—sorry."

"I figured I owed you something," the preacher went on steadily. "First, because of what happened. Then—last night—I went to the high school, and saw you and the sergeant together. Didn't know you were folks."

The sergeant smiled. "We're both grateful, preacher. Thank you."

"It looks bad," the big Negro said, "this store does, but it isn't so bad. Mostly broken glass. Little things."

"What about your people?" the sergeant asked.

"God watched over us," the preacher said quietly. "On this side of the river, His will was different. Some of my people will be back with lumber and tools, Mr. Simmons. We'd like to help."

The druggist nodded. He moved across the store and picked up a box. As the sergeant and the preacher watched, the old man poked among the wreckage of the candy shelves. His arthritic fingers picked out chocolate bars, rolls of hard candy, lollipops and chewing gum. He dropped the candy into the box and brought it back to the preacher.

"Here," he muttered, pushing the box into the Negro's arms, "for the children."

The preacher took the box and shoved it beneath his arm. "Thank you," he said. For a moment his eyes caught the druggist's look. The two men studied each other. A faint smile touched the old man's mouth.

"Tell those boys to get over here with that lumber and we'll be much obliged," he said brusquely.

For the rest of the morning the sergeant and Mr. Simmons cleaned out the store. They threw the door open and pulled the boards from the front windows to let in sunshine and air. A city official came by and warned against drinking water from faucets. Power-company men came to inspect boxes and circuits. At eleven o'clock three Negroes arrived, carrying boards, a hammer, a bag of nails and a saw.

Shortly after noon a horn honked in the street and the sergeant went outside. Meg Barber stood beside her station wagon across the dangling fragment of the bridge. She smiled, waved and held up a basket. The sergeant looked back into the store.

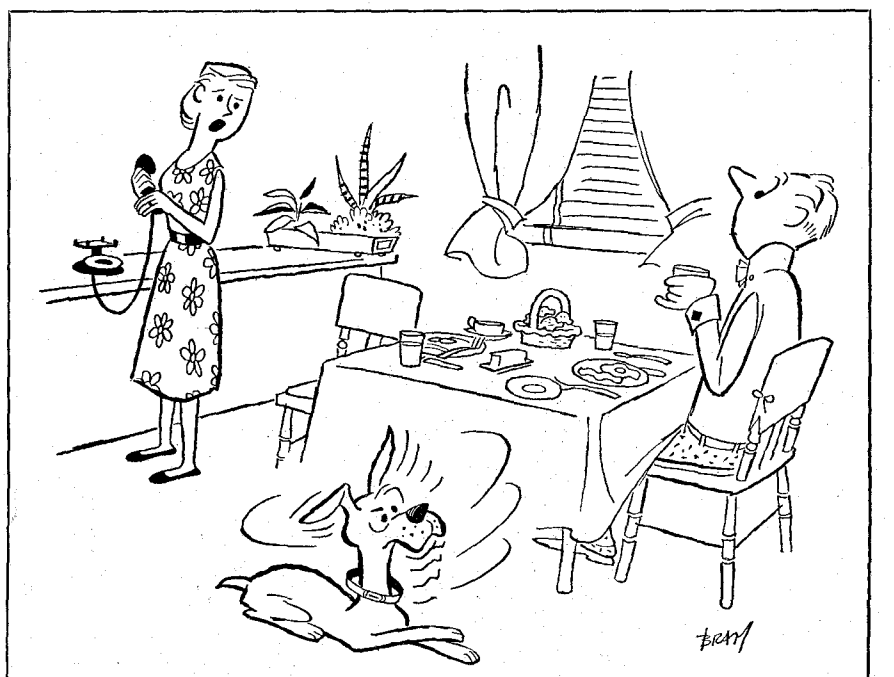
"I think we've got some lunch," he said; "be right back."

"All right," the old man answered. "And drop over to that hardware store again. Ask Charlie if he has any glass."

"O.K., but don't worry about glass right now."

The tall young man in a T shirt and stained, wrinkled GI trousers walked across the sidewalk and stepped up onto the heaved pavement of the bridge. A state trooper turned to look, shielding his eyes against the sun. A telephone man on a pole glanced down.

The sergeant jumped lightly over a pile of broken concrete. At that moment a helicopter passed overhead, dropping low for a landing on the football field, six hundred yards away. Its roar filled the air, suddenly (*Continued on Page 112*)



"The Parkers want to know if we will keep their c-a-t while they're on vacation."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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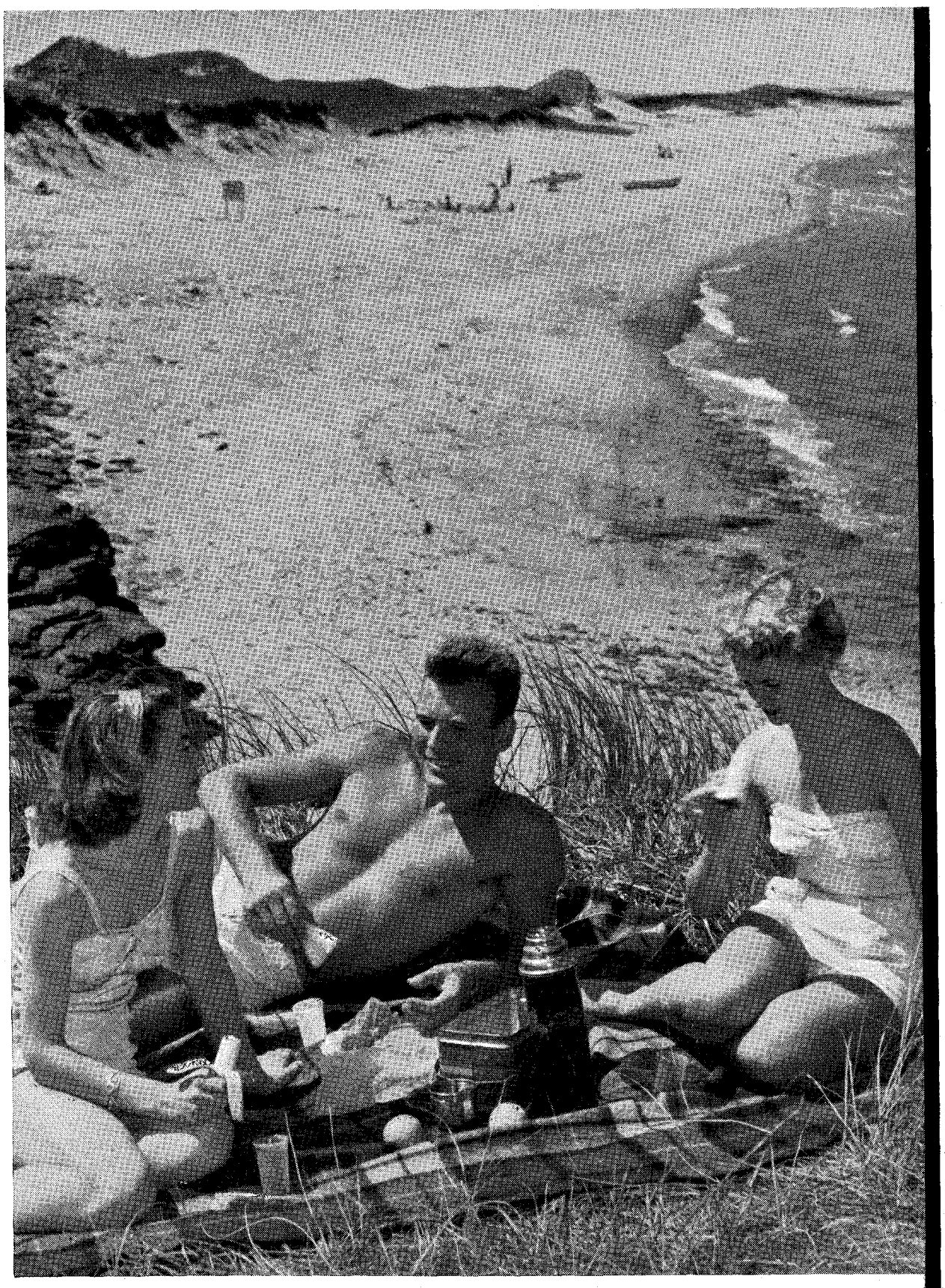

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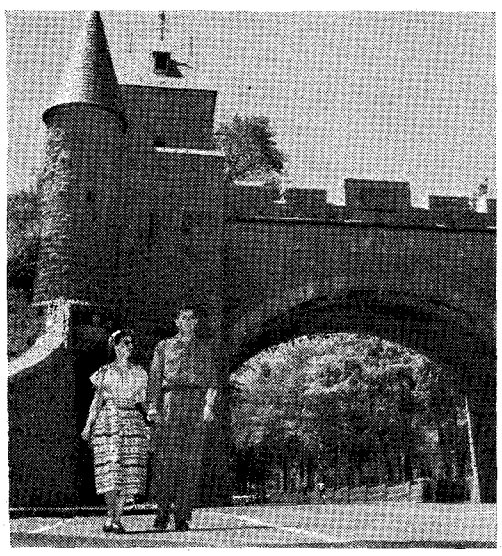

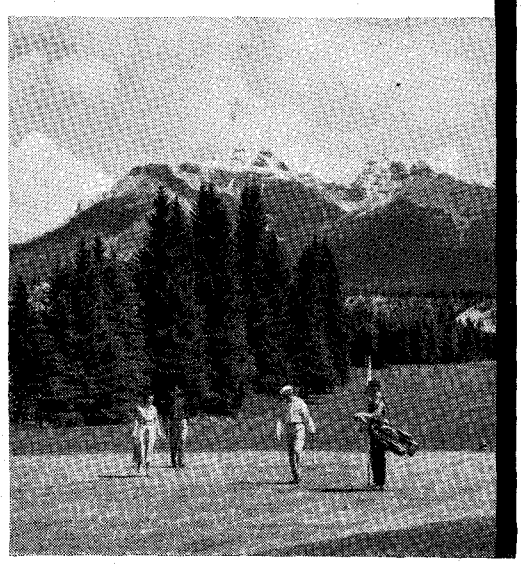

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(*Continued from Page 110*) enveloping everything below it in a deafening, clattering veil of sound.

The noise drowned out the warning shout of the telephone man, the shrill curse of the trooper and Meg Barber's sudden scream. He never saw the fallen power line.

After it was all over, none of them was really sure of who he was. They knew his name—Peter Molloy; his identity—sergeant, United States Army. But they couldn't quite comprehend the thing that he had left behind him. All of the people whose lives he had touched were aware of their own changes and renewal. But together they were unable to define him because the sergeant had been something different to each of them.

And suddenly Cooper's Falls, as an entity and a whole, seemed to know all about Sgt. Peter Molloy, U.S.A. The story of his climb over the railroad trestle was told, retold, magnified and distorted into harmless grandeur because he had saved what little of the town there was to save and because he was dead. The mayor and the police chief, who had known him, personally, for less than two hours, expressed their official shock and their grief at his passing. And, curiously enough, they meant it.

It was discovered that Sergeant Molloy had no family or even next of kin known to Army authorities. It was a simple matter to arrange for his burial in the town which he had known for so short a time, yet for which he had expressed a fondness. And, to Cooper's Falls, Sergeant Molloy had come to mean a great deal.

Only one church was left standing intact—the African Baptist church high on the bluffs overlooking Shacktown. The Reverend Wilson Davis, whom the sergeant had known only as "preacher," conducted the service. The mayor was there; so was the police chief, the captain who had driven the sergeant in his cruiser, and another officer who had chased him off a bridge the day of the flood. A handful of colored women got together a uniform, and a major of the Army Corps of Engineers advised them on proper insignia and decorations determined from the papers sent by Washington.

In the back of the church, Meg Barber sat beside Henry Simmons, the druggist. Mrs. Barber's husband had come back from New York after hearing of the flood. He was tremendously occupied with directing the crews that cleared rubble out of his basement. John Barber thought that his wife's work in the city hall was a nice thing, but he vaguely resented that she was spending eighteen hours a day there and that the Barber telephone rang half the night with calls from people who had to speak to his wife—people John Barber didn't even know. It did not occur to him that Meg had become suddenly important and was mysteriously calmer and contented. For her part, Meg Barber didn't tell her husband where she was going the afternoon of the funeral—or why. It just seemed to her that the explanation would involve too many words which would probably be agreed to, but not understood.

There were several hymns, sung slowly and self-consciously, mostly by the Reverend Mr. Davis and the elderly women in the congregation. Then there was a short procession up the winding dirt road, through a grove of sickly trees to the graveyard. Beside the freshly dug pit, the final prayer:

". . . For Thy lesson, Lord, we are humbly grateful and ask that, in Thy wisdom, Thou wilt accept this, our poor brother, who knew no home in our world, but who is now Thine in eternal life."

The old druggist began to sob. Meg Barber's arm circled his shoulders and stayed there until the grave was covered and the sweet, soft Negro voices began to sing again.

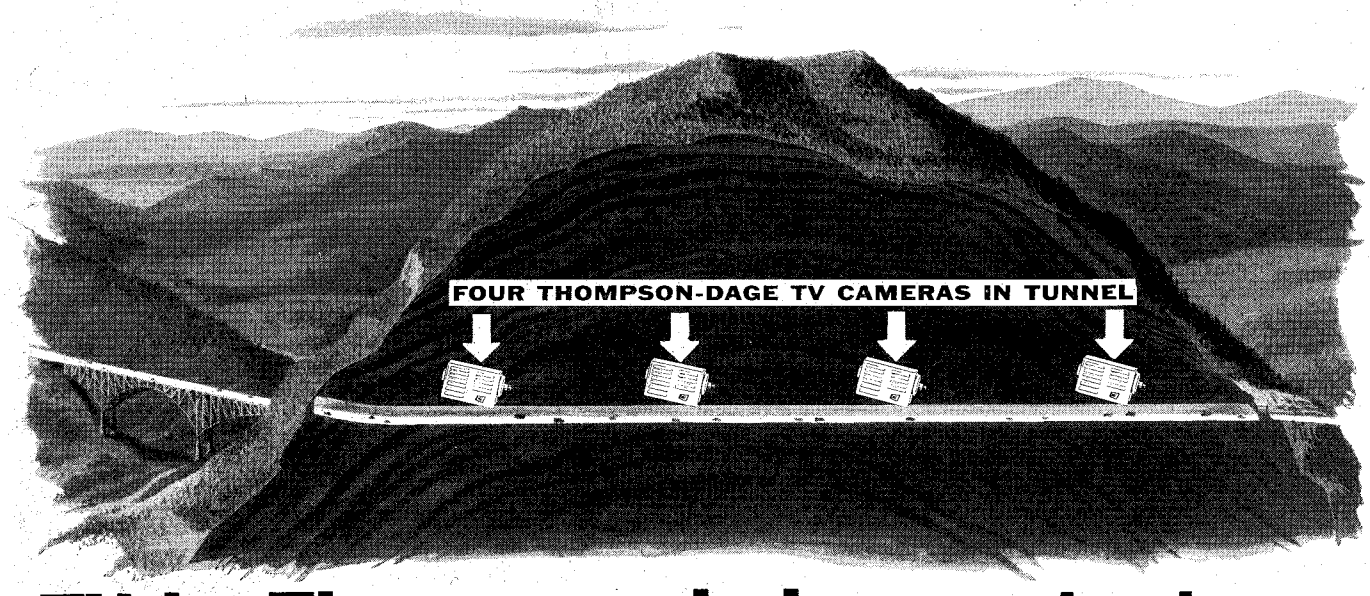
And then she was alone. She stood on the bluff and looked down at the town below.

It was all there; broken, rearranged, perhaps in many more pieces than Meg Barber had ever known it. But her hatred for it was gone, and suddenly she felt compassion, regret, and the sense that she would belong to it, be a part of it, from now on. It was as if for the first time she had discovered the core of the place she'd always lived in. She found it in the gratitude of the seemingly endless line of people who came to her for help. Their gratitude was real, and it warmed something in Meg Barber that she never knew existed. There was still so much to do, and daily the number of people that came to her grew.

And she, in turn, would always belong to the man who would be with Cooper's Falls for an eternity on his hill, beneath the wet spring earth, winter's crust and the sunlit bloom of summer.

She started slowly down the hill, hands shoved deep into her raincoat pockets. Below her the singing had faded into the twilight and dark matting of trees that would soon be obscured by the oncoming night.

None of them was really sure of who he was at all. But to each of the three he would forever remain real and whole. The brother, the son, the lover they called sergeant. THE END



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West Virginia troopers watch entire tunnel without leaving office

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Four Dage cameras are suspended at intervals above the tunnel roadway. One covers the entire half-mile length—the others are focused for close-ups. The pictures "overlap" so that motorists are always seen by at least two cameras. State troopers, in an office at the tunnel entrance, watch tunnel traffic on four Dage receiving sets and can control traffic flow to meet any emergency.

This added safety feature in the West Virginia turnpike tunnel is but one more example of the growing use of Thompson-made Dage closed-circuit TV. It is proving itself invaluable in industry and banking, the armed forces, hospitals and schools.

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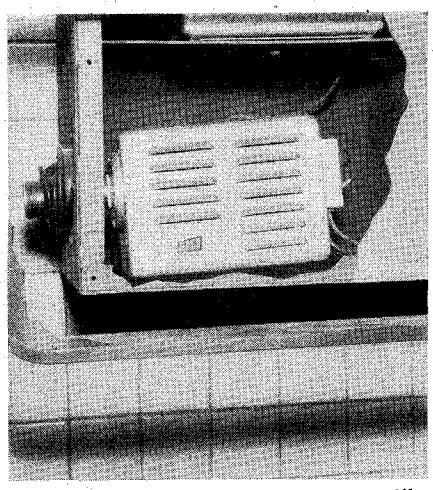
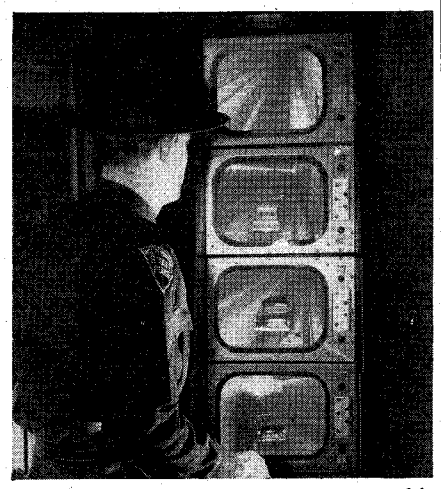


Four Dage Closed-Circuit TV Cameras like this one are mounted at spaced intervals on the ceiling of the Turnpike tunnel. Each feeds signals to its own Dage receiving set in the control room at one end of the tunnel.



State Police Keep a Constant Eye on this group of Dage receiving screens in the special control room. Every car and truck in the tunnel is "on TV" from the time it enters until it leaves the other end.

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Planted Evidence (Continued from Page 36)

him; Nellie took a job and they rented a small place in John's neighborhood. Hearing about the law student near them, Martha had looked him up and practically adopted the young couple. Todd was full of talk and enthusiasm; Nellie more reserved. Since going home to set up in practice, Todd had written often, always ending, "P.S.: When are you coming to see us?"

In the past year, life had been busy for the Blakes. Last fall Todd was elected county district attorney; more recently, chairman of the committee for the town's centennial celebration next November. Then Todd had phoned more news: "Twins, John. Boys. Now will you come?" "Sure. This summer." Yes, it would be fun to see them again.

Ten minutes later, they rang the bell of a shaded frame house. A plump woman ushered them in, chatting rather nervously, "I'm Todd's mother. Won't you make yourselves at home till they get back? They're both so sorry, but, you see, they had to go to the courthouse——" Suddenly she faltered.

John asked, "Is anything wrong?"

"Well, they wanted to tell you themselves —— Oh, I'm too upset to pretend. It's Todd. They're trying to disbar him!" Both Doowinkles staring, she rushed on with pent-up worry, "There's a hearing in Judge Ewing's chambers at noon. Now I've told you. And got all emotional, just as they were afraid I would!"

John said, "I'm glad you didn't keep it back. We'll go right to the courthouse."

Hurrying there, Martha flashed, "Nobody can tell me Todd did anything crooked!"

Inside the building, they asked their way to Judge Ewing's chambers. Todd and Nellie were in the anteroom, their faces showing their strain. Todd saw them and jumped up.

John said, "Can you use a lawyer?"

"John! Martha! But you weren't supposed to ——" He drew a deep breath. "I accept. The truth is, I'm stumped."

As he outlined the case in a rapid undertone, a group walked in led by a white-haired woman, thin and small-featured. Two men followed her. They all took chairs.

Todd concluded, "And that's it in a nutshell. . . . Oh, that's the Miss Ashton I spoke of. The man with the paunch is Harley Stroob, her lawyer. The other one's her cousin." He muttered, "Here's the judge."

Judge Ewing said, "Just the parties and witnesses, please."

There was a procession into the judge's chamber. The stage set itself: the jurist, competent-looking and very solemn, heading his long table; near him a chair for witnesses. John felt completely strange, nor did the enigma of the case help. That a charge had been trumped up in order to disbar Todd, he fully believed. But for this attack on him, abetted by the town's leading personage, there seemed not a shadow of motive.

Judge Ewing announced, "This is a petition and rule on Todd Blake to strike his name from the roll of attorneys in this county. The testimony will be presented by Harley Stroob, acting as a friend of the court." His glance questioned John.

"I appear for Mr. Blake, your honor." He gave his name to the stenographer. "I am new to the case and request a continuance ——"

"There will be no delaying tactics. . . . Proceed, Mr. Stroob."

The portly lawyer had been measuring John across the table. "I call Carl Rikerly."

The trim man who took the oath was in his forties; alert eyes, neat mustache. He gave his occupation: manager in charge of finances of the Ashtona Company.

"Owned by your cousin, Isabel Ashton?"

"That's right."

Stroob motioned toward Todd. "The other night, after a call from Todd Blake, you went to his home. Knowing his outspoken manner, I suppose he came right to the point?"

"He did. He moaned about his job. He said, 'I'll be blunt with you, Carl. This district-attorney title is an honor, and so on, but there are no pickings in this town.' Then he said he was going after a state senatorship this fall."

"Where he'd have more pickings. . . . I beg pardon, Mr.—ah—Doowinkle?"

John said, "May we have questions without side commentary?"

"I stand admonished. . . . Continue. How did you fit into his plans?"

"I was to line up Miss Ashton for him—with her prestige he felt he was in. She was also to back him with money—five thousand for a start. He said, 'I don't know her well enough to tackle her, but you're family.' Then he said, 'Tell her I can save the Ashtona Company plenty in the state capitol. A tax rebate, a wink by a state building inspector—all cash in the bank."

"Was that all he said?"

"It was not. He said he'd hate to get sore at Miss Ashton or use his present office to (*Continued on Page 115*)

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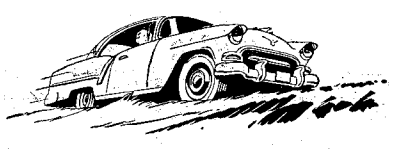

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(*Continued from Page 113*) harass her company, but either she was his friend or she wasn't. He made his threat very plain." Rikerly gestured. "I could hardly hide my disgust. However, I felt it was for Miss Ashton to handle him. The next day, I reported the matter to her."

Stroob snapped. "Cross-examine."

John said, "Since as yet their motive is obscure, we are badly hampered. . . . The fact is, you invited yourself to Mr. Blake's home? And he made no such overture to you?" An ear out for a slip, he led the witness back over his testimony. John paused and said, "You seem letter perfect. Because you rehearsed your story?"

Rikerly declared, "Because it's true."

Who, John pressed, decided Todd had to be disbarred? Was he dangerous to anyone as district attorney? Or was it a personal grudge? Who planned the conspiracy?

"Nobody planned anything. He brought it on himself."

John whispered to Todd and faced Rikerly again. "You are not a native of this town? . . . You seem to hesitate. Are you touchy about your background?"

"Certainly not." He was a native of Dunston, he said, in the west of the state, and by vocation an accountant. "Nine years ago Miss Ashton offered me a place with her company, and I've lived here since. Satisfied?"

"It may help. That's all, Mr. Rikerly." John added, "For the present."

Stroob turned with a deferent air. "Miss Isabel Ashton, please."

She came forward, then took the oath in a low tone. She was seventy. Todd had said of her: "A kind of town matriarch. We all respect her." Dressed in gray, she seemed a bit severe; her dark eyes rather tired. She wore a hearing aid in her left ear.

"When Carl Rikerly reported Blake's demand, what did you do?"

She testified to the judge, "Carl believed this young man needed a strong talking to and I agreed. I told Carl to have him in my house that night." They decided to consult her lawyer, who thought he should hear how Todd responded. "He said he'd listen in out of sight, so Mr. Blake would speak unreservedly."

They waited for Todd in her drawing room. When the bell rang, Rikerly answered it and Stroob stepped into the small library adjoining, with the door partly open. "Then Mr. Blake came in." She viewed Todd. "I upbraided him for using his position for his own selfish greed. I said to him, "'You are a shameless young man.'"

Stroob said, "And his reply?"

"He said, 'You're a fussy old fool, and I'll fix you and your company.'" Then, she related, her cousin shouted at Todd that he couldn't threaten her that way, and Stroob stormed in and joined him. "They ordered Mr. Blake out of the house."

Stroob said, "Your honor can appreciate our anger with him. . . . And then?"

"Mr. Blake shouted, very well, he'd get out, and left." She spoke evenly, "I am old, and maybe I'm fussy. But I saw he was unrepentant and without principles and the town had to be protected from him. I asked Mr. Stroob to see to it."

The lawyer turned, "Your witness."

John regarded her a moment. "Are you quite sure Todd used such language to you?"

She said, "You can be frank with me. If you think I'm lying, say so."

"Let us avoid the term. Actually, didn't Todd say there was some mistake? Perhaps you did not hear him correctly?"

"Why not? Lately I've used a hearing aid, but with it I hear as well as you do."

Plied by John, she, too, repeated her testimony. Then she said, "And to save you the trouble, I didn't rehearse my story, or think Mr. Blake was a danger to me, or bear a grudge against him. I'd met him before and he seemed nice—I was wrong."

"Miss Ashton, I ask you to realize the effect on Todd's future ——"

She broke in with a quiet movement, "Do you think I enjoy this? I'm sorry for him and his family. But he has no place in a profession where he has to be trusted."

"That's all, Miss Ashton." John watched her a moment. He called, "Todd Blake."

Todd strode to the witness chair. His voice grim, he plunged into his defense.

Spring Freeze

By JANE MERCHANT

Through the clear, balmy,
blossom-scented air
The broadcast warning
comes to us: "Hard cold
Is on the way. Go gather in,
with care,
Whatever you would keep
of pink and gold.
All that is blooming now
will die tonight.
Nothing can stop this
onward-coming freeze
From killing with its swift,
invisible blight
All hope of fruit on peach
and apple trees."
Mutely we gather jonquils,
violets,
Japonica, forsythia, one
spray
Of apple blossoms, thinking
of the debts
We counted on the apple
crop to pay.
We gather what we can of
spring to keep,
And, being farmer folk, we
do not weep.

"I didn't ask Carl Rikerly to my home; it was his idea. To discuss the centennial, he said. As your honor knows, I'm chairman of the committee and he's on it. And that's all we did talk about. The next day he phoned that Miss Ashton wanted to hear my plans, and would I see her that night at eight. I said I would."

When he got there, it was like facing a tribunal. "There was Miss Ashton, very stern. Rikerly said, 'Stand there, Blake,' and stationed me a little distance in front of her. Then Miss Ashton laced into me. I started to say there was some mistake, when Rikerly barked at me and Mr. Stroob rushed in with his part in the act." Todd exploded. "It all sounded crazy then, but now I call it a frame-up!"

"Did you address Miss Ashton contemptuously or threaten her?"

"Never!" His voice steadied. "Your honor knows me and must believe me. As firmly as I can say it, I'm innocent!"

Stroob rose. "Wriggle as he may, he's guilty of an attempt to extort, and I move the rule to disbar be made absolute."

"Your honor"—John stood also—"we plead that decision be reserved to let us probe into the case. . . ."

Judge Ewing carefully heard him through. "You suggest a veiled plot. No one can convince me Miss Ashton would be a party to it. Delay is pointless and your request is denied." His hard glance rested on Todd. "It appears I did not know you at all. Some wicked seed has corrupted you, and you must now be severed from the profession you have dishonored." He closed the hearing. "Rule absolute."

Todd rose heavily; with John, he walked out to the anteroom. Nellie Blake saw Todd's face and rushed to his side.

John whispered to Martha, "Miss Ashton's testimony did it. But ——" He watched Isabel Ashton and her party walk past them. "Martha, you go ahead with Todd and Nellie. I'll see you all later." He added grimly, "Maybe we can start Todd on the road back."

"Todd, it may be Miss Ashton wasn't lying deliberately." The others in the Blake living room staring at him, John went on, "Rikerly's word alone wasn't enough to disbar you here, but hers would clinch it. So Rikerly paints you to her as a knavish officeholder, and she sends for you and berates you." John paused. "You protest your astonishment. True, she wore her hearing aid. But did she hear you?"

Todd was slow to reply. "You think her hearing aid was jammed?"

"Well, it could be why Stroob maneuvered himself into the next room. And look how the scene ended. They both create a turmoil, with Stroob rushing in, and get you out. It's all planned to confuse an unsuspecting old woman. After you're gone, they dwell on what you supposedly said, and she believes she heard it herself."

"That's it! It has to be!" Excited now, Todd jumped up. "John, you've no idea how glad I am she wasn't in on it. Let me tell you about this fine woman." He ran on in his admiration for her, "She's the only descendant of Jacob Ashton, who built the first house here a century ago. After quarreling with a brother in another town, the story goes. He was a skilled cabinetmaker and the Ashtona Company began with his workshop. But she made it prosper. She looks prim, but she's an artist; her designs for the pieces the company puts out are little masterpieces. Buyers fight for them."

Martha said, "She never married?"

"Not because she wasn't courted, they say. Incidentally, she's retiring next year and giving the company to the town. To the chagrin of cousin Rikerly, I imagine."

"About Rikerly," John said. "He seemed wary about himself. By any chance, did you plan anything that might turn up a criminal record? As chairman of the centennial, say?"

Todd was thoughtful. "Why, yes. A historical booklet on the Ashton family—actually, Nellie promised to get it up—and he was opposed—because of family modesty, he said. Of course, I'll be kicked off the committee now, which must have been his object." Todd gestured. "I can see his wanting to hide a shady past. And why he'd be afraid to give us a doctored history of himself—it might backfire on him. But couldn't he stop me without having me disbarred?"

Nellie Blake said, "Maybe he's hiding a shady present, too, and didn't dare risk your finding it out. So you had to be kicked out as district attorney too."

John nodded. "And disbarment was the short cut. Not forgetting Stroob teamed up with him. It all suggests they're in some swindle together. The question is against whom?"

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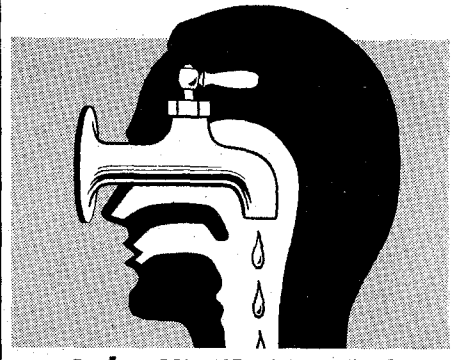

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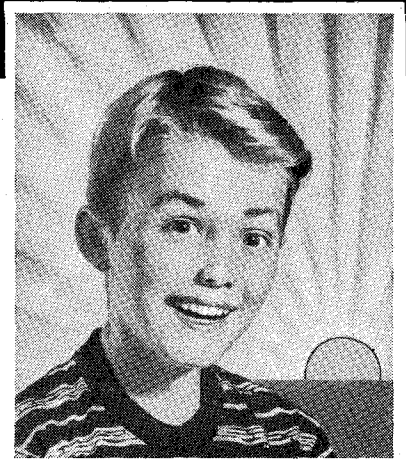

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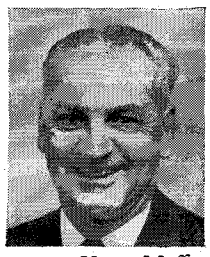

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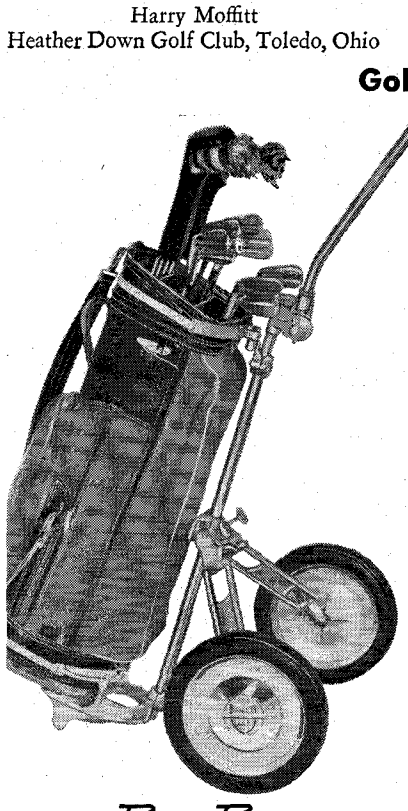

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Todd growled, "Who else but the Ashtona Company? One handles the cash, the other's the lawyer. Stroob's a lofty talker and I suppose he's impressed Miss Ashton; she's a bit on the impractical side. But the town has his number—dollar-hungry. Getting back to Rikerly. I'm betting he does have a record somewhere. If we had his fingerprints ——" He looked at John. "Say, where did you disappear after the hearing? To get his prints, maybe?"

John grinned. "I caught up with him and asked to speak to him. Then I removed the pen from his pocket and walked off. I could feel him goggling after me."

"I wish I'd seen that!" Todd boomed a laugh and optimism lightened the room.

Late that day, after a quick plane flight to Washington, John waited eagerly in the FBI. Their report was a blow. "We developed an excellent print from the pen, from its position made by the user. However, it is not in our criminal files."

In the morning, pacing his porch, Todd said, "A record would have helped, all right. But anyway, you gave me something on the hearing aid. I phoned an electronics man and there is a way to jam it from the next room. He was hurrying to an out-of-town meeting and I'm to see him as soon as he's back." Todd stood. "John, we've burdened you enough with our problems ——"

"Is this an eviction?" John said. "Sorry, Martha and I like it here."

"Determined, eh?" Todd grinned his thanks. "The news is that the judge appointed Stroob acting D.A. And the centennial committee met; I'm out and Rikerly's chairman. So, they're both sitting pretty. Remember I said Miss Ashton's giving her company to the town next year? John, I'm positive those two are looting it meanwhile. The problem is: How?"

"Let's drop in on Rikerly," John said. "He might just tell us."

They walked to Todd's car and he drove to the Ashtona Company parking lot. He grunted, "Looks like our pair are confabulating together. That's Stroob's car."

Inside, he said to the girl, "Don't announce us," and led the way to Rikerly's office. He pushed open the door. Stroob and Rikerly were side by side at the desk, the fleshy lawyer making an entry in a loose-leaf notebook. Both jumped. Stroob, with a quick motion, shut the notebook and scooped it into a drawer. He sprang up.

"Behold two conspiratorial faces," Todd said. "As our current district attorney, Mr. Stroob, why aren't you at the courthouse? Or is the harvest here better?"

The lawyer spluttered to John, "State your business!"

John said, "You're a witness that I'm returning Mr. Rikerly's pen." He paused. "Todd and I have a theory that you two are stripping the Ashtona Company——"

"Insult and slander! Good day!"

"Perhaps we came in a lucky moment. Careless of you, letting us glimpse the printing on that notebook cover. Would you show us the contents? Or discuss how hearing aids can be affected? That last seemed a direct hit. . . . Yes, good day."

Outside, Todd said, "Maybe they did tell us. That was a minute book he was fixing up. And not of a garden club either. I wonder if they hatched any sub-rosa corporations lately. We don't have to wonder; we can search the records in the state capitol. I'll call Nellie and we're on our way." Wryly, he said, "You can't complain of not getting around on your vacation!"

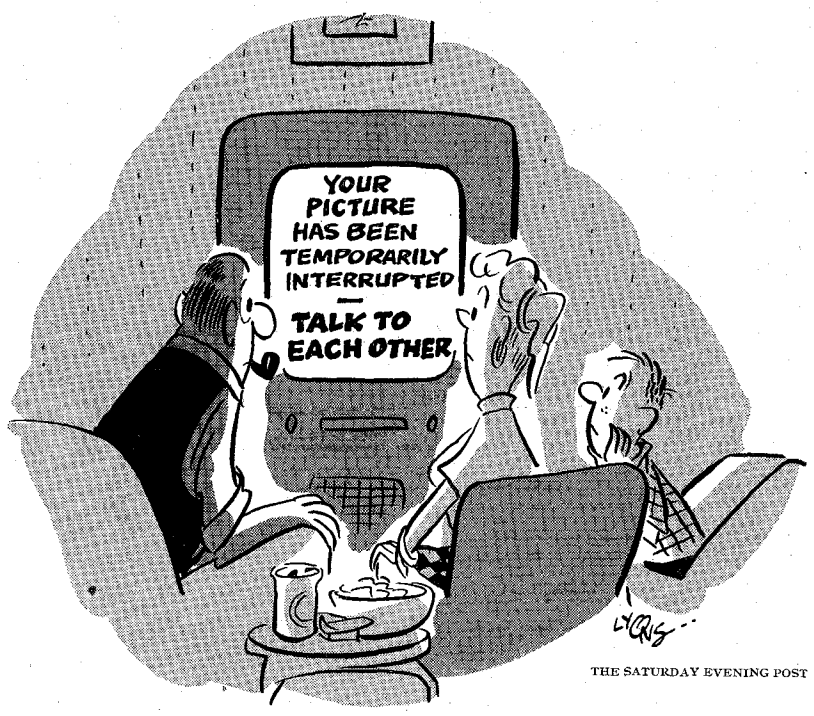
Nellie Blake put down the phone and returned to the living room, which she'd been tidying up with Martha. "That was Todd. They're busy on a lead and won't be back today." She pressed her eyes. "Martha, I've a feeling I could help, but I can't think how." She seemed limp, shaken by the failure in Washington.

"Let's sit down, Nellie," Martha said gently. Frowning, she went on, "I've been thinking about that Rikerly snake. He must still have something disgraceful in his past, to be so nervous over it. Todd said you were going to get up the booklet on the Ashton family. How did you plan to get your material on Rikerly? By asking him for it?"

Nellie shook her head. "He practically refused to co-operate. He's from Dunston, and I thought I'd write the county clerk for some details about him and his family tree. But now ——" Her voice trailed.

"Nellie!" Martha said. "Now's when you should really dig into his past. But I wouldn't write. I'd go. As John likes to say, time is of the essence."

Spirit came back to Nellie. "Of course!" She jumped up and threw her arms around Martha. "Do you know what you did? Woke (*Continued on Page 118*)



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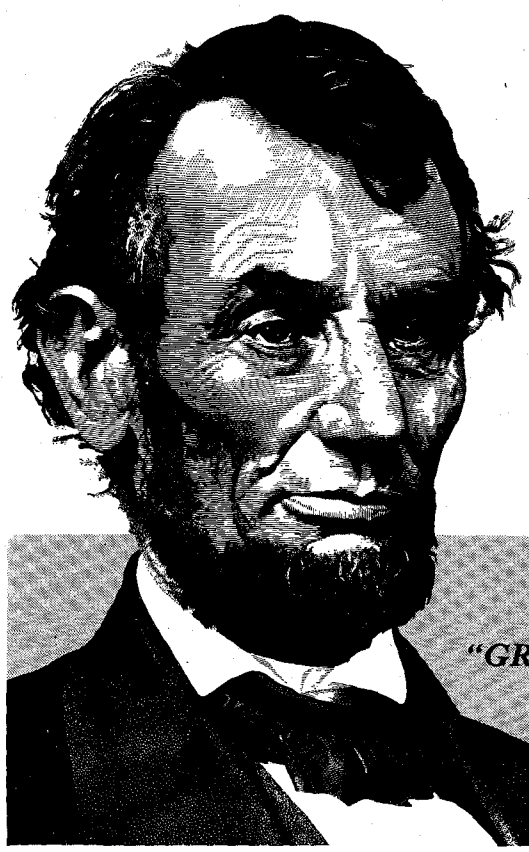

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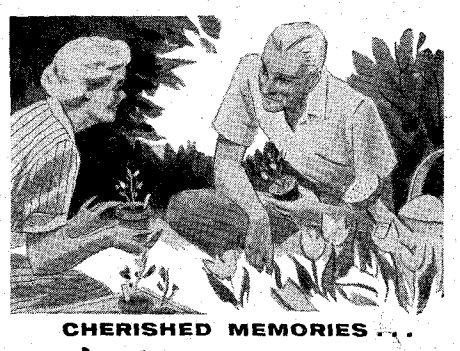

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(*Continued from Page 116*) me out of a trance. I'll ask Todd's mother to come over, and see about trains. You'll go with me, won't you?"

"Well!" Martha said. "Did you have any idea of stopping me?"

"At the earnest plea of counsel for Todd Blake, charging trickery of a vital witness, I have granted a new, and public hearing in this case." Judge Ewing frowned down across the bench, as if dubious about his consent. "Counsel may proceed."

Half the town seemed in court, many now with a doubt about the case. Eyes went to Todd Blake and his spectacled city friend. Rising, John looked toward the scowling men at the next table; then at the woman beside them. "I call Isabel Ashton."

Somewhat frigidly, she walked to the stand. She was sworn.

"Miss Ashton, we apologize for assuming you had conspired against Todd Blake. I find I must ask you these questions. You are the granddaughter of Jacob Ashton ——"

As Stroob objected, Isabel herself stopped him, "It's not that personal."

"And Jacob had a younger sister, Ruth. One hundred years ago, Ruth Ashton journeyed to what is now Dunston, in order to marry one David Rikerly?"

The white-haired witness said, surprised, "How did you learn that?"

"Nellie Blake did some research. Will you relate Ruth's story as you know it?"

"Well, it's mostly family legend. Ruth and David were childhood playmates, and then his folks moved away, and when he grew up he wrote to her." Isabel smiled her pleasure at the romance. "Ruth's parents had died and she was living with her oldest brother. He was against her leaving to marry David, but Jacob sided with her and helped her to go to him. The brothers quarreled bitterly, and parted."

She added, "That's all I ever knew, but nine years ago I learned from Carl Rikerly, Ruth's great-grandson, that her life had been happy."

John said, "And you took Mr. Rikerly into the Ashtona Company?"

"Not just because we were kin. I had my lawyer pass on him. I want you to know I trust Mr. Stroob. And Mr. Rikerly too."

"To the extent, may I ask, of giving them a large voice in your business?"

"Lately, yes. At my age, you have to let go the reins a little."

"In recent months have these men persuaded you to expand the company?"

Again she halted Stroob. "I've no secrets about the company. Next year it will go to the town. In May we had a serious talk. They said we mustn't stagnate, that modern furniture was big today, and to hand over a thriving business, we should get into the field. I thought it over and told them to go ahead." Spectators buzzed; this was news.

"Let us come to this case, and the evening you, with these men, waited for Todd Blake in your home. I judge you prepared a plan?"

They did, she said. When the bell rang, Rikerly would answer it and Stroob would go to the library adjoining. The lawyer advised her, "Only swift and stern censure will impress the scamp. I urge that as soon as he comes in, rebuke him."

"And you did, and Todd began a reply; whereupon Rikerly, joined by Mr. Stroob, shouted Todd down and goaded him out of the house. And then?"

She described the subsequent scene. Stroob exclaimed to her, "Imagine the scoundrel saying that to you! 'You're a fussy old fool, and I'll fix you and your company.' Think of it!" Rikerly chorused the lawyer. Both men were wrathful.

"Miss Ashton." John stood. "The truth is, Todd voiced his amazement ——"

Stroob was up. "He voiced an insulting threat! That's why we stopped him."

"Very gallant." Did Stroob, John resumed, bring along any sort of carrying case that evening? She recalled that he came with a suitcase, saying he had to make an overnight trip and would leave from there. He deposited it in the library.

John remarked, "Safer than trying to smuggle it in. . . . Your honor, we believe this lady's hearing aid was affected by an electronic device called an oscillator with a built-in transducer or speaker, transported by Mr. Stroob to the library. It works on house current and can temporarily jam a hearing aid by subjecting it to a sound frequency just above the audible range. The instant Todd began to speak, Mr. Stroob tuned it in; all Miss Ashton heard was a garble. When Rikerly broke in on Todd, that was Mr. Stroob's cue to turn it off and rush back into the room. The noisy aftermath we know."

Stroob pantomimed his scorn. "Oscillators! Balderdash!"

"Miss Ashton, try to remember. In the ensuing clamor, did you not forget the garble you really heard, and accept a ready-made version of what Todd said?"

She spoke slowly, glancing at Todd. "I won't say it's impossible. I'm not as alert as I once was. May I think it over?"

"Indeed you may. I will recall you." John watched her walk down, past both tables, to a front row. He wheeled. "Take the stand, Mr. Rikerly."

John began, "Before airing your background, let us throw light on a company Mr. Stroob and you formed in May, called S & R, Incorporated. . . . An objection, Mr. Stroob?"

"I will not stand for his innuendoes on this! We admit such a corporation and its object, to acquire designs and patents for steel, chrome and other modern furniture, to be turned over to the Ashtona Company."

John said, "At a huge profit?"

"At cost! The aim is to save the Ashtona Company from being gouged, as it might be by dealing direct. Unfortunately, this publicity won't help!"

John faced Rikerly. "Have any deals been made for such designs or patents? . . . Our purpose, your honor, is to develop the motive for disbarring Todd Blake ——"

"Objected to! Confidential and immaterial!"

"I will so rule." Judge Ewing said to John. "I will not permit you to rummage into an undertaking, legal on its face, on the mere conjecture of fraud. Sustained."

John returned to the witness. Rikerly, on guard, fingered his neat mustache.

"Let us sketch your history as gleaned in your native town, Dunston. After working here and there, you became a traveling auditor for Western Oil. Early in '46, they fired you and were about to prosecute you for shaking down service-station owners, but you pleaded that you had a new job, and they let you off. Correct?"

Rikerly gave a long shrug. "That shakedown yarn. Pure bosh."

"I'll vouch for that," Stroob put in. "I checked on him."

John said, "And endorsed him for his new job with the Ashtona Company. Perhaps with collaboration for profit in mind?"

"Nonsensical and not worth a reply!"

"Mr. Rikerly, how did you beguile Miss Ashton into placing you in her company?"

Rikerly snapped, "I resent your tone. I used to travel here, and hearing Miss Ashton's name rang a bell, because a Ruth Ashton from this vicinity was my ancestress. She married David Rikerly. So I paid a call on Miss Ashton, and sure enough, we were distant cousins. She kindly offered me a position—there's your answer."

"I suggest another answer. You were jobless and in trouble. Ruth Ashton's story had come down in your family and you guessed she was related to Isabel Ashton. And you thought, 'Maybe she never heard the full story. Maybe I can set myself up here.' So, in a mean fraud on a woman who had romanticized Ruth's memory, you faked a happy ending for her." John shot at him, "And palmed yourself off as Miss Ashton's cousin?"

A whisper swept the court. The witness, defiant, darted a look at the still woman on the front row. "I am her cousin!"

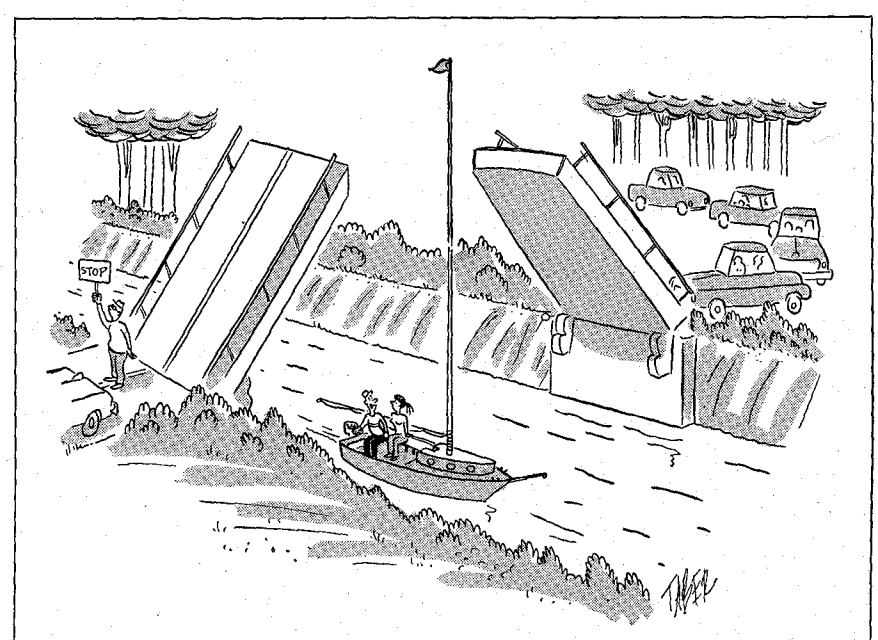
John turned. "Mr. Burton Syms, please." A slender man advanced from the audience.

"This gentleman is head of the western chapter of the State Historical Society. He may be sworn at the bar of the court." John waited. "Several days ago, Mrs. Todd Blake and a friend came to see you? On what business?"

Stroob leaped up, objecting.

Judge Ewing observed, "I can see where it may be highly material. Overruled."

Syms testified, "The ladies were interested in Carl Rikerly's lineage, and if any of his forebears had wed an Ashton. County records began too late and the clerk sent the ladies to me. I was able to tell them (*Continued on Page 121*)



"It makes me feel so important."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Can you name the homelands of these people?

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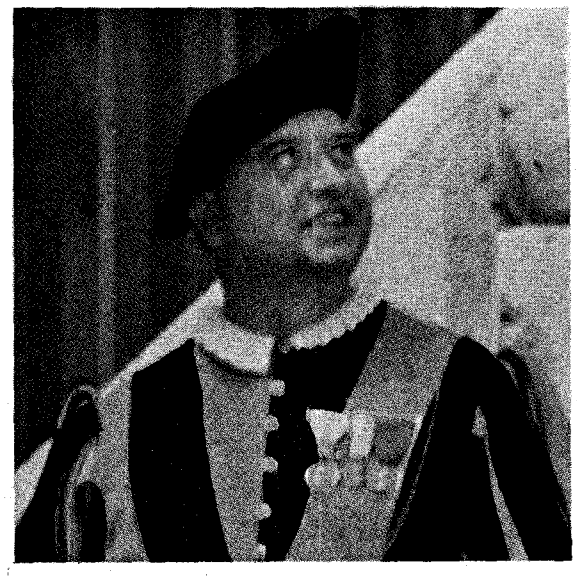
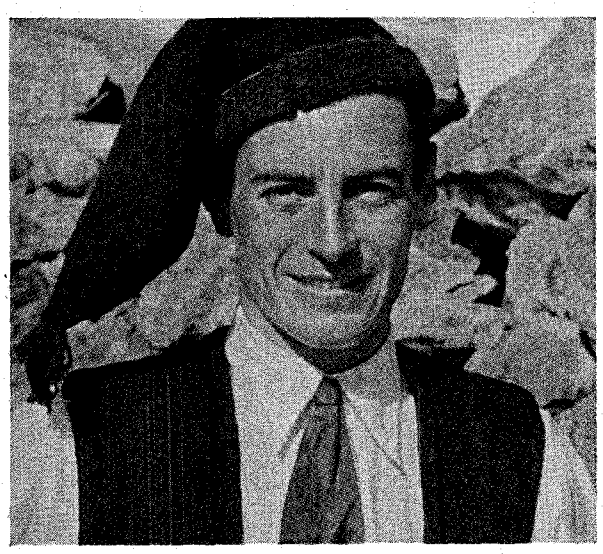
1. He represents an ancient and honorable tradition in the service of a ruling family. You will meet him in:
☐ England ☐ Holland ☐ Monaco

2. Her blonde beauty is typical of a fresh and sparkling land. It's:
☐ Ireland ☒ Sweden ☐ Greece

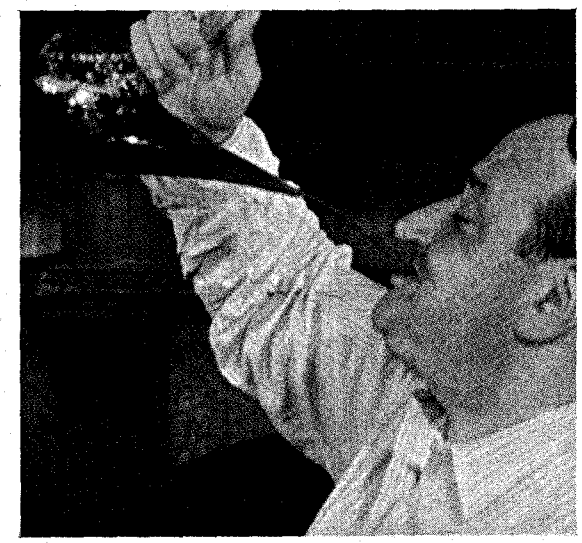


3. He's a professional soldier but he serves a country other than his own, in:
☐ Belgium ☐ Portugal ☐ Italy

4. She models gowns. Most women will know that she's a native of:
☐ Italy ☐ France ☐ Spain



5. He makes his living as a fisherman and often sails the Atlantic. He's from:
☐ Germany ☒ Portugal ☐ Ireland



6. He drinks his wine from a *porrón* which is a custom in:
☐ Italy ☐ Austria ☒ Spain

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(*Continued from Page 118*) that, although a Rikerly once planned to marry Ruth Ashton, fate intervened. We know that from an old letter addressed to David Rikerly on November tenth, 1855, donated to us with his other papers by his executor." Carefully, he took a grayish paper from his brief case. "I will read it to you."

As he began, a full century seemed to roll back.

Dear Mr. Rikerly: With deep sorrow, I learn of the death of my dear sister Ruth by a fall from a runaway carriage after reaching her destination. I thank you for the details of her burial. That she passed on so young, on the eve of her marriage to you, fills me with grief, and I can only reflect, she is with God.

I close, respectfully,

JACOB ASHTON.

Isabel Ashton came forward. "May I see that?" She murmured. "I wonder why Jacob kept her death a secret. He must have been tormented because he helped her go. He couldn't bear to speak of it." Her eyes welling, she walked back to her place.

"Mr. Syms, look at Carl Rikerly. Do you remember him?"

"Distinctly. He appeared in my office in the spring of 1946. Evidently he knew we had this letter, because he asked to study it. Later, he furtively began to walk out with it." He cut in on Rikerly's denial, "You tried to pilfer this letter, sir!"

What makes learning to park a car so difficult is that there's seldom any place to practice. ANTHONY J. PETTITO

John said, "We all see why. . . . Thank you, Mr. Syms. . . . Well, Cousin Carl?"

Rikerly twisted. "It—ah—seems David married someone else. And I thought it was Ruth." He sent a flowery smile to Miss Ashton. "I didn't mean to fool you. It was all a mistake."

She sat frozenly.

John said, "The witness is excused." He turned toward the dais.

"We can now comprehend this case. Rikerly, with an assist from Mr. Stroob, was ensconced in the Ashtona Company, I will guess dipping into the till and sharing with his partner. They also, we can be sure, counted on this 'cousin' falling heir to the company, making a real melon to cut up. Then a blow fell; Miss Ashton planned to give her business to the town. Together, they schemed to get theirs first."

"Utterly false, your honor!"

"Let him finish, Mr. Stroob."

"Then came more grief. Todd Blake was about to turn up not only Rikerly's shoddy past but his deception of Miss Ashton; that would finish him here. They had to eliminate Todd in any case; their swindle, for all its legal air, smelled underneath, and here was a prosecutor they couldn't control. But now they had to act fast; time was of the essence."

"Very glib!" Stroob said. "This stranger comes here and sees all, knows all! But the charge against Todd Blake still stands. And will continue to stand!"

John wheeled. "I recall Isabel Ashton."

Her return to the stand was slow. The silence spun out. Surely she would absolve Todd now? Watching her lowered eyes, John's confidence fell.

"Miss Ashton, I will ask you again. Did you actually hear Todd threaten you?"

She looked up. Her face clouded, she said, "It seems to me he did."

"Seems? You are not sure?"

"Well—I'm sorry." She gave a regretful sigh. "That's how I remember it."

Spectators echoed her sigh. The witness still frowned, as if, John thought, somehow dissatisfied with her recollection. Baffled, John walked to his table and bent toward Todd Blake. "Does it seem to you that something is bothering her?"

"Yes." He whispered, "I've been thinking, John. She must have a visual memory of the scene, too, submerged, but still there. Also, Stroob shut off the oscillator before busting into the room. By then Rikerly was yelling at me, but part of what I said must have got to her; my voice carries." Todd's tone was tense. "Think that's it?"

John nodded slowly. "You question her, Todd. I want you to clinch the case."

Todd Blake rose. He faced the witness. The court watched, waiting.

"Miss Ashton, this is how I stood before you that night. And you looked at me, as you do now, and accused me of a shameless abuse of my office."

Her full gaze was on him. "Yes. I did."

Gesturing, Todd quoted his reply to her. "'I don't understand, Miss Ashton. If Carl Rikerly says that, he's not telling the truth. The whole thing's fantastic.'"

"Pay no attention to him!" Stroob's shout was desperate.

Her eyes on Todd lighted up. "Fantastic. It comes back to me now. You —— Yes, you said that just as Mr. Stroob came in. And you spread your hands the way you did now, with the same shocked expression." She stopped, appalled. "Why, you must have been saying you were innocent!"

"I object! This lady has been confused!"

She quivered with anger. "This lady sees the truth now."

Judge Ewing's glance on Stroob was ice. "We all do. For your gross conspiracy against a brother lawyer, you, and Carl Rikerly with you, are held for the grand jury; I will set bail later. The order to disbar Todd Blake is vacated forthwith, with the court's apology." He paused, businesslike now. "Todd, if those two are robbing the Ashtona Company, there's work to be done. Will you and Miss Ashton see me in chambers?"

"And," Todd said later in his living room, "soon Rikerly came in, under custody, anxious to bleat for mercy. Miss Ashton gave him exactly one look—contempt. He confessed he'd been padding payrolls and splitting with Stroob, but now they went at it full tilt. So far, they've drained off thirty thousand dollars for patents costing them a fraction of that; their goal was two hundred thousand."

John asked, "Did Stroob know all along about Rikerly's hoax on Miss Ashton?"

"Yes, he suspected it and made him admit it. Also, they used an oscillator, all right; Stroob arranged for it." Todd had been striding about the room. He stopped. "What are you smiling at, Martha?"

"At you. You're the old full-of-pepper Todd."

"Am I? I tell you, the *status quo ante* feels great. John, Martha, how can I thank you? You broke up all your plans for me."

John grinned. "We district attorneys have to stick together."

The doorbell sounded. Nellie Blake went out and returned with a thin, white-haired woman. Isabel Ashton stood almost shyly. She said to Todd, "I came to ask your forgiveness. . . . And yours, Nellie."

Both Blakes spoke together. "But you don't have to." Then Nellie said, "It's a beautiful day, and we're all going to have tea on the lawn. Won't you stay?"

Isabel smiled. "I'd love to have tea with you, Nellie. Very much." THE END

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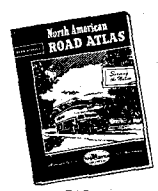

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Sun Moves a Gallon of Oil from Texas to Ohio by Pipeline for Less Than One Penny

By CHARLES SLATER

Regardless of surface traffic, or the weather, a vast network of underground pipelines is busy moving crude oil and finished products dependably and economically 24 hours a day, every day. Here's the story of Sun Oil's use of pipelines to bring America greater value from oil.

ON OCTOBER 10, 1865, a 6-inch cast iron pipe successfully carried oil from the fields in western Pennsylvania to Titusville, 6 miles away. It was a small beginning for the age of the oil pipeline. Today, one company alone—Sun Oil—owns or partly owns over 4,678 miles of pipeline to help supply America's petroleum needs.

Three Feet Below the Weather

Early in the industry's development, it became apparent that pipeline transportation could have no equal in dependability and economy. The hurricanes, floods, and frozen waterways that disrupt surface transportation have no effect three feet below the ground. And, unlike barges, trucks, or railroad cars, the pipeline never has to make a return trip empty. These are reasons why Sun Oil, always striving for ways to increase operating efficiency and value for the consumer, was among the first to make good use of pipelines to move its oil.

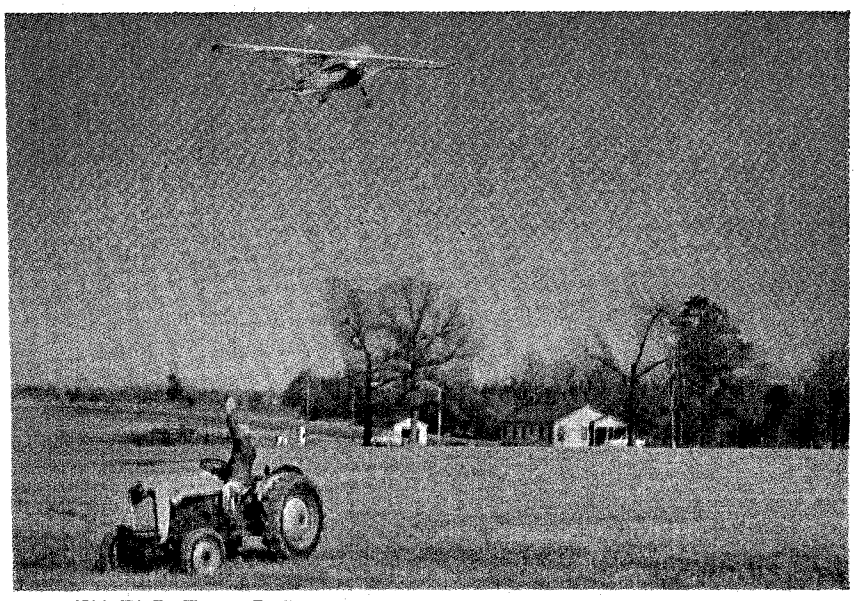
The building of a pipeline, an enormous construction job, calls for tough men and huge machinery. The only certain thing about the route is that nature has put innumerable obstacles in the way of it. Underground pipelines scale mountains, drop beneath rivers, snake under highways, railroads, and farmlands in paths that seem to have challenged purposely the extremes of geography.

Land Returned to Original Condition

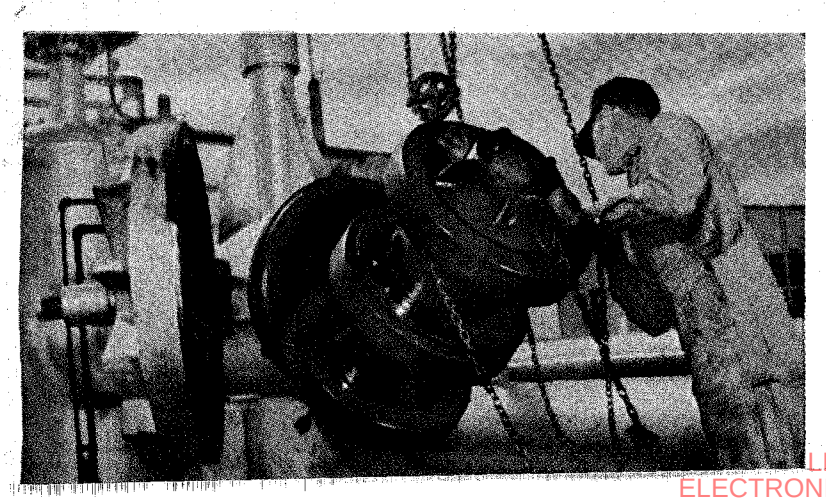
The construction of a pipeline is not completed until the land under which it passes has been returned to its original condition (or better) by the pipeline operators. Crops grow high and cattle fat on the right-of-way, where the pipeline lies three feet below. The pumping stations with their micro-wave communication towers are usually about 100 miles apart, depending on the terrain. Pipelines today pump other things beside crude oil. Sun was a pioneer in transportation of gasoline by pipeline, and moves many other finished products to the marketplace via this dependable, low-cost method. Among these are butane, propane, kerosene, heating oil, and diesel oil, often transported, one right after the other, without a pause.

Forward-Looking Organization

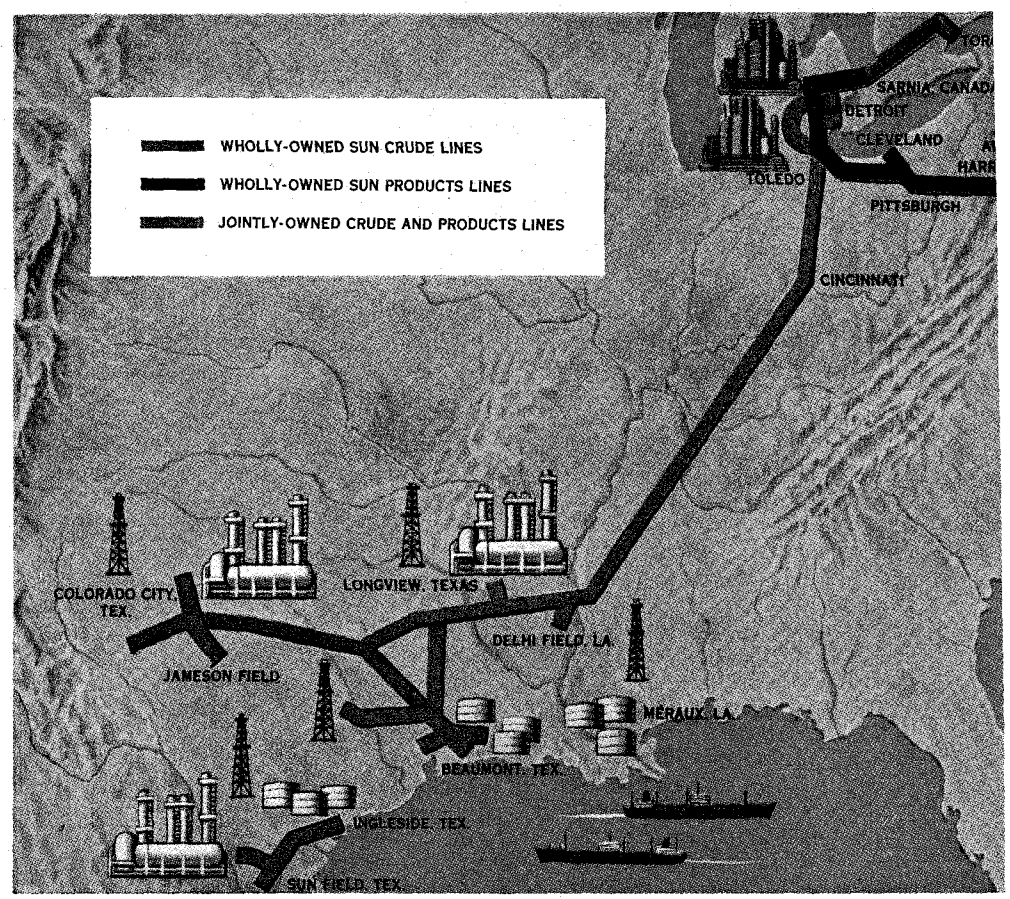
Through the years, Sun Oil has made ever greater use of pipelines to reduce the costs of moving crude oil and oil products, and to insure uninterrupted supply. This is another example of the way this forward-looking organization holds fast to the simple formula initiated by its founder many years ago: "The way to be successful in America is to give the people better quality and value." Sun Oil Co., Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania. Sun Oil Company Limited, Toronto, Ontario.



PIPELINE WALKERS TAKE WINGS. Sun's air patrol regularly inspects pipeline route and surrounding area. Farmlands are returned to their original condition after pipelines are laid.



"PIG" IN A PIPE. A scraper, called a "pig", is inserted into pipe and travels between stations, usually 100 miles, to give pipelines a periodic cleaning.



PIPELINE NETWORK. Blue lines represent pipelines wholly owned by Sun Oil Company. Red lines represent pipelines used jointly by Sun Oil and other companies. Sun Oil pioneered in moving gasoline by pipeline.

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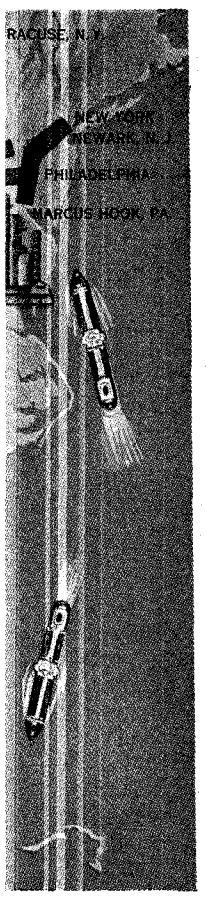
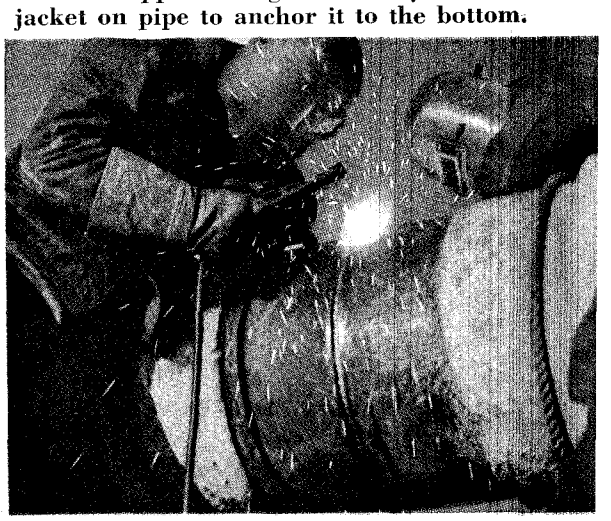
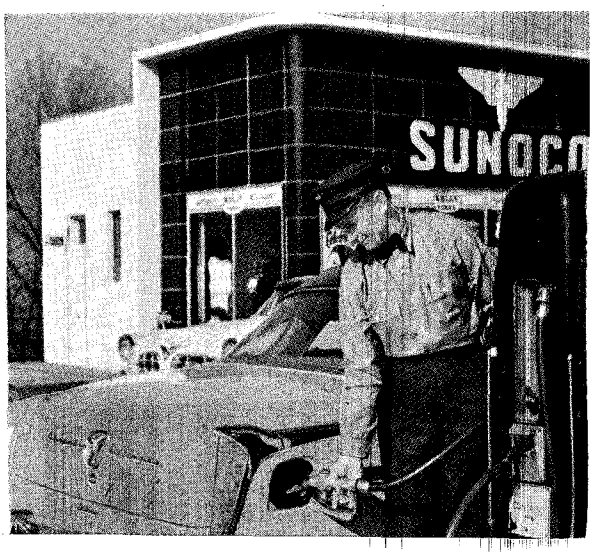
LATEST LINK IN SUN'S PIPELINE SYSTEM GOES UNDERGROUND. Crew is positioning 26-in. diameter crude line for weld. This jointly-owned pipeline is one of the country's largest. Capable of moving 380,000 barrels a day, it reduces cost of transporting West Texas crude oil to refineries.



CROSSING OLE MISS! This jointly-owned pipeline was laid under the Mississippi using special marine equipment seen assembled in this picture. Three lines were laid at this point to insure uninterrupted flow of oil, should one wash away.

WELDING RIVER PIPE. Welders join pipe for Mississippi crossing. Note heavy concrete jacket on pipe to anchor it to the bottom.





INDEPENDENT BUSINESSMEN—approximately 8,000 of them—operate Sunoco service stations. On the average they pump twice as much gasoline as their competition.

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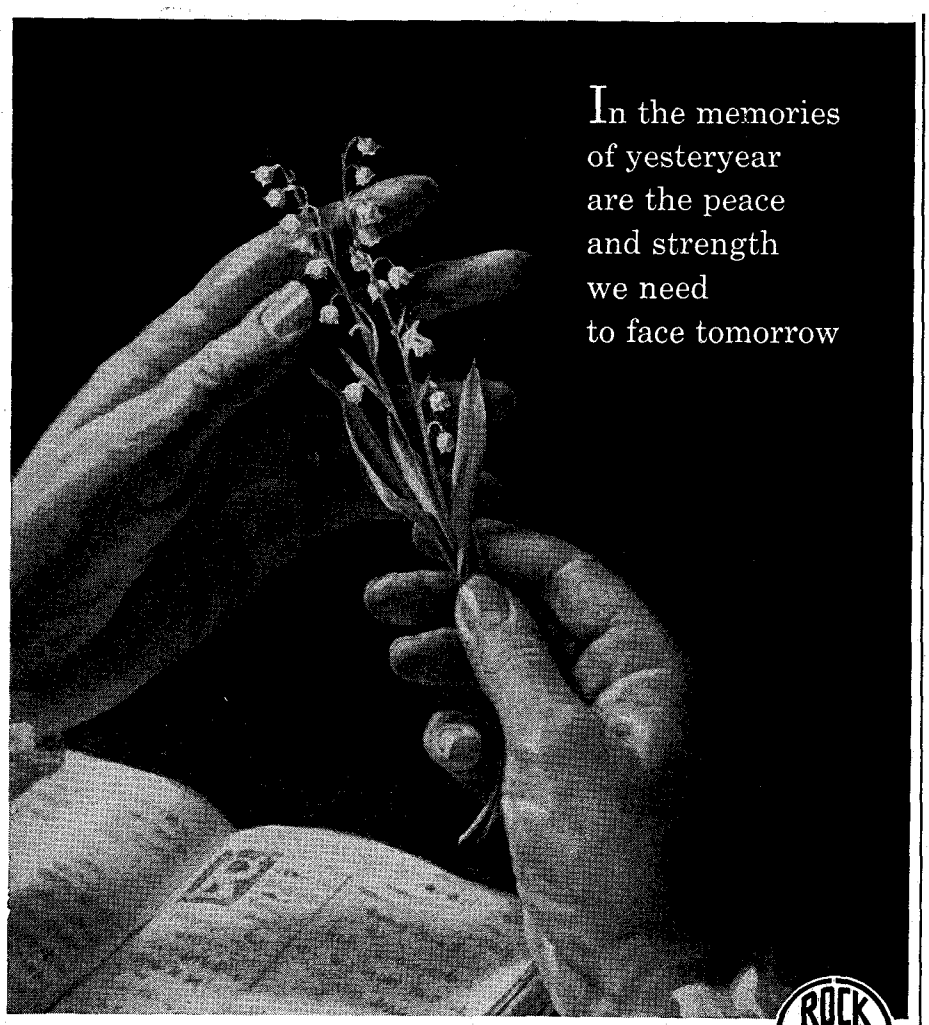

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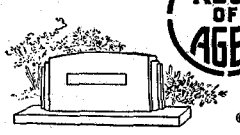

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The Henpecked Mr. Mills

(Continued from Page 43)

boy; no glamour. He's just good, and that's not enough."

"You're certain it was old Mills who threw the wrench into the works?" Dugald asked, his craggy Scots face flushing darkly.

"Had it straight from Miss Borden, the president's secretary," Broughton replied, and winced as his shin caught the impact of Davis' shoe. "Why? Anything wrong?" His shin took another and harder blow.

"No," Dugald said abruptly, pushing his chair back from the table. "Excuse me, please, gentlemen. I want to think this matter over in my mind."

"What's gnawing him?" Broughton wanted to know as he watched MacLeod's retreating figure. "He looks thoroughly miffed."

"For Pete's sake, Broughton, can you blame him?" Davis inquired sharply. "After all, his daughter's engaged to the boy. My wife tells me they'd made big plans for settling down, once Tom got the museum job safely in his pocket."

"I give you," said Manchester, of Physics, raising his water glass, "Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Mills, lock, stock and barrel. And you can have them."

Now this was not being entirely fair. Unless you are a resident of Exmouth, chances are that you will not have heard of Wellington T. Mills. But who has not heard of the Exmouth-Reliable Thresher? Or the Exmouth-Reliable Hay Baler? Who is not aware that "In Farm Machinery, Exmouth Means Extra Quality"? In the world of farm-machinery manufacture, the name of Wellington T. Mills is one to conjure with—a name to summon awe and even terror. And in the world of Wellington T. Mills, the name of his wife, Henrietta, had much the same effect. Yet it cannot be denied that they had done much for Exmouth College. Until the Bellini Affair, as it came to be known, they had done it in a pretty high-handed fashion.

It would not be tampering with the truth to note that Mrs. Henrietta Mills bore a disturbing resemblance to a battle cruiser of the Jutland era. She did not walk, she proceeded; and there was about her an ominous air of latent wrath and power. Her influence was everywhere felt, from the selection of draperies for the lobby of the Hotel Wellington Mills (Exmouth's Newest and Finest. Every Room With Television), to the innermost circles of The Daughters of Valley Forge, of which splendid organization she was National Grand Officer of the Day.

This was the female who had thrown the comfortable, rambling old house on North Adams Street into the grimmest gloom, as Dugald discovered when he stalked into the front hall and tossed his elderly tweed cap at the deer's-foot rack at the foot of the stairs.

"Is that you, pops?" Miss Angela MacLeod called from the rear of the house. "Because if it is, come out to the kitchen and join us for a cup of hemlock."

In the vast, old-fashioned kitchen Professor MacLeod found his daughter and young Tom Bellini, whose lean, dark face was taut with anger.

"You've heard the glad tidings?" Tom asked, managing a wry grin.

"This," Dugald announced firmly, "is no time for coffee. The occasion calls for the ancestral beverage. . . . Angela, fetch the Scotch, and then we can discuss the situation and figure out what's to be done."

"All I know," Tom was saying, some fifteen minutes and one highball later, "is that Wellington T. suddenly got up in the middle of the board-of-regents meeting and proposed the name of some character called Fortescue—he's supposed to be a big wheel from Harvard; studied at the Sorbonne and all that."

"Harvard, eh?" Dugald mused, turning his glass in his hand. He had gone to Yale and held certain fixed views. "Harvard, indeed. I've heard the place mentioned."

His daughter's green eyes simmered dangerously, and she tossed her auburn locks in a manner indicative of anger. "It's Henrietta Mills, of course," she declared. "There must be some way of getting around that old battle-ax."

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," Dugald muttered, pouring himself another highball. In his mind's ear came faintly the ancient noise of bagpipes blaring and wheezing MacLeods Over the Border, and his long jaw hardened in resolve. "You know, I think I'll go have a chat with Henrietta."

"Pops!" Angela's voice was terrified. "You wouldn't dare!"

"Oh, wouldn't I?" And now in his mind's ear Dugald heard the pipes launch into the harsh, wild notes of Bloody Flows the Tweed.

"She could make an awful lot of trouble, sir," Tom said soberly. "Don't risk it; not for me, please. You can't fight city hall, professor."

"Nevertheless, I don't like what's going on," Dugald declared grimly, "and darned if they're going to get away with it."

Thus had another MacLeod spoken at Culloden, and another before him at the bloody field of Killiecrankie. The results of their remarks, while not always effective, were invariably awesome to behold.

Dugald decided to walk. The brisk, autumnal air would assist him in composing his thoughts for the interview which lay ahead. Mrs. Henrietta Mills, he reflected as he strode fiercely down North Adams Street, would probably be having tea just about now. She made a great point of having tea in the afternoons. He passed two of his students and saw neither of them.

"Yipes," said one of them solemnly. "MacLeod's on the warpath. Heaven help whoever he's mad at."

"Whomever, Bertram, if you please, and I wish you would not conclude your sentences with prepositions," admonished the second.

Not even the severe low-pressure system generated by the icily correct butler at the Mills immense Victorian mansion on West Exmouth Avenue could diminish Dugald's determination. Nor did the elegantly framed coats of arms on the walls of the high-ceilinged reception hall.

"I'm afraid we've never met, Professor—ah—MacLeod, is it?" Mrs. Henrietta Mills said distantly when he had been shown into the drawing room. "I gather you have something of urgency to discuss with me. Please have a chair."

"I have a question," Dugald said bluntly, ignoring the invitation to be seated. His gray eyes were steely with anger. "I want to know just what it is that you don't like about young Thomas Bellini."

Henrietta Mills no longer looked like a battle cruiser of the Jutland era. Now she looked like the flagship of the Atlantic Fleet, *circa* 1955, as her eyes, like range finders, peered calmly, composedly, terrifyingly at her visitor. If she had suddenly belched flame, smoke and shell, Dugald would not have been surprised; indeed, he would have preferred such an explosion to the dead silence which followed his query.

But when she spoke, her voice was cool, even tolerant. "I will overlook the

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fact, Professor MacLeod, that you have quite overstepped the bounds of discretion in coming to discuss with me an affair that is properly my husband's. You are obviously overwrought. Nevertheless, I will give you an answer as blunt as your question."

Dugald remained standing silently, his jaw set stubbornly.

"It is simply this," she went on: "Neither my husband nor I care to see the museum on which we have lavished our time, our affections and our money—although that's the least of our concerns, let me assure you—in the hands of a second-generation Italian boy whose father barely speaks English—I believe the father keeps a fruit stand. We feel that the college and the museum deserve better. Do I make myself clear, professor?"

Beneath his thatch of iron-gray hair Dugald flushed as he fought for self-control to keep his voice steady. "I believe," he managed to rasp, "that your maiden name was Gessinger?"

"I'm afraid I can't see what possible bearing that might have on our little chat, Professor MacLeod, and I'm certain that this interview has already ——"

"Has it ever occurred to you," he broke in brutally, "that by your way of thinking you're nothing more than a fifth- or sixth-generation Bavarian, Mrs. Mills? Or would the name by any chance be Prussian?"

And that, he thought as he marched out of the drawing room, *is what is known as burning your bridges behind you.* He heard an imperious cry behind him. "Professor MacLeod, how dare ——"

"You'd better go pour cold water on her," Dugald snapped at the butler, who came hurrying into the entrance hall. "She may explode any minute now."

In the library of the old house on North Adams Street that evening, Dugald hauled out his antique portable typewriter and began drafting what he hoped would be a dignified letter of resignation from the faculty of Exmouth College. Angela and Tom, looking like two forlorn orphans, had driven off to Harrisburg to see a play, and he was alone in the old house, in the room where he'd got the message from the hospital that his wife, Helen, had given her life to produce another, Angela's. All that was long past and best not remembered.

At today's prices, Dugald reflected, the old place should fetch a tidy sum; enough to start Angela's marriage with a small bank account, and for him to buy a much smaller place wherever he could find a job. Some little New England college.

The last person he expected to see when he responded to the insistent ringing of the front doorbell was Wellington T. Mills, whose round, ruddy face wore an inscrutable smile.

"May I come in, doc? I want to talk to you."

"Come in, by all means, sir, but I'm afraid that if you're looking for an apology for what I told your wife this afternoon, I'm not your man."

"Apology!" Mills looked genuinely astonished. "Apology, my foot, doc. I heard all about your little set-to when I got home from the office, and I wanted to get over here as fast as I could to stop you from doing anything foolish. Like resigning, for instance. You and I have things to talk over, doc, so ask me in and pour me a highball. It's brisk out here."

It was a much-enlightened Dugald MacLeod who sat across the old white kitchen table from Wellington T. Mills a half hour later, peering sympathetically at the farm-machinery prince through clouds of blue pipe smoke.

"So you see," Mills murmured, swishing his ice cubes around in his glass meditatively, "Henrietta absolutely refused to put up her share of the cash for a new field house—my wife has money of her own, you see, MacLeod—unless I agreed to hire this pip-squeak she found at a cocktail party up in New York a couple of months back. It was young Tom Bellini or the field house. I felt like an All-American, revolving prismatic heel, doc. Still do, for that matter."

"Another short one?" Dugald asked, motioning toward his guest's empty glass.

"If there was only some way of making that wife of mine back down, just once," Wellington T. Mills murmured, extending his glass absent-mindedly. "Just once, that's all I ask."

Then, unexpectedly, he began to chuckle in a (*Continued on Page 128*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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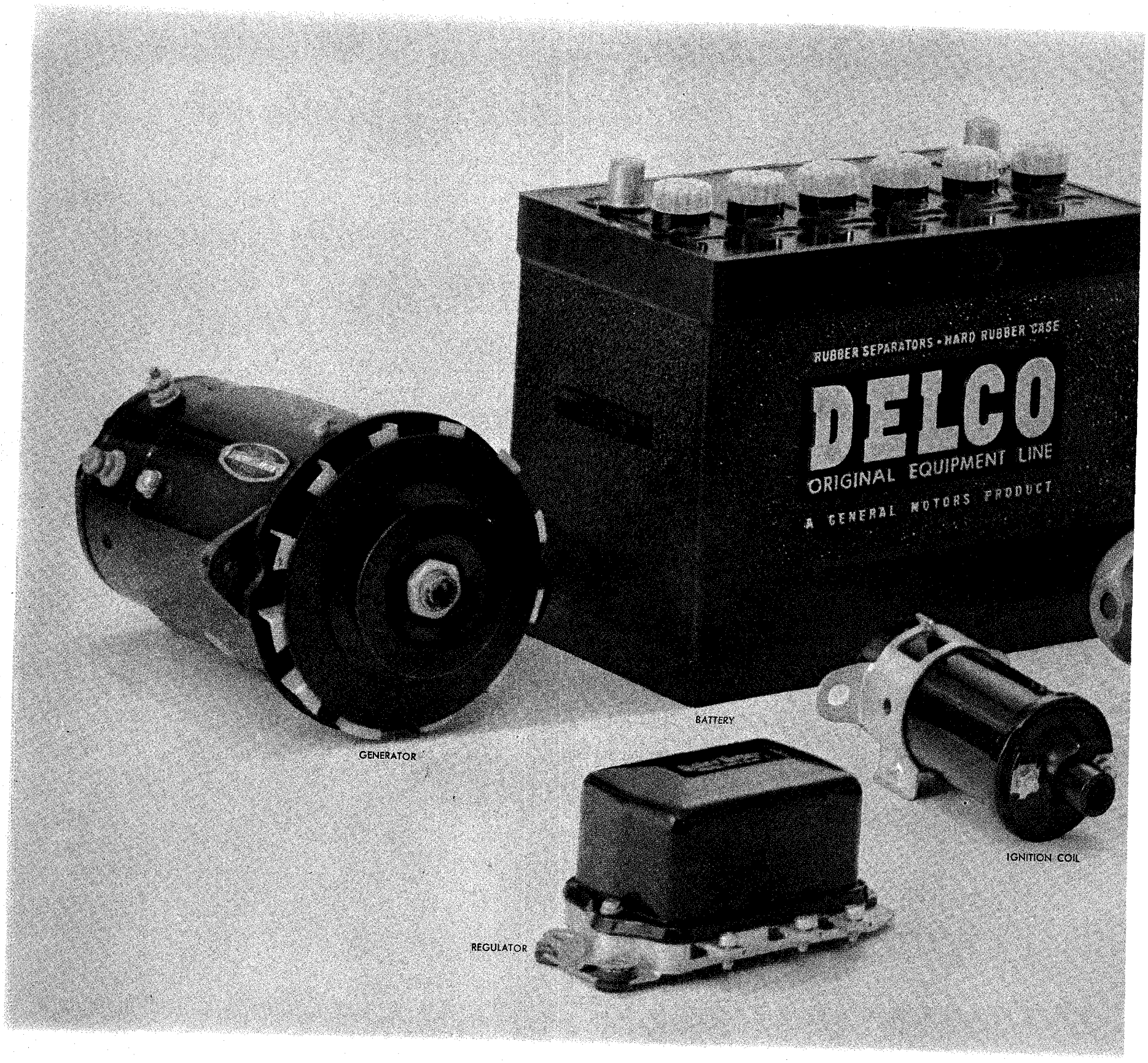

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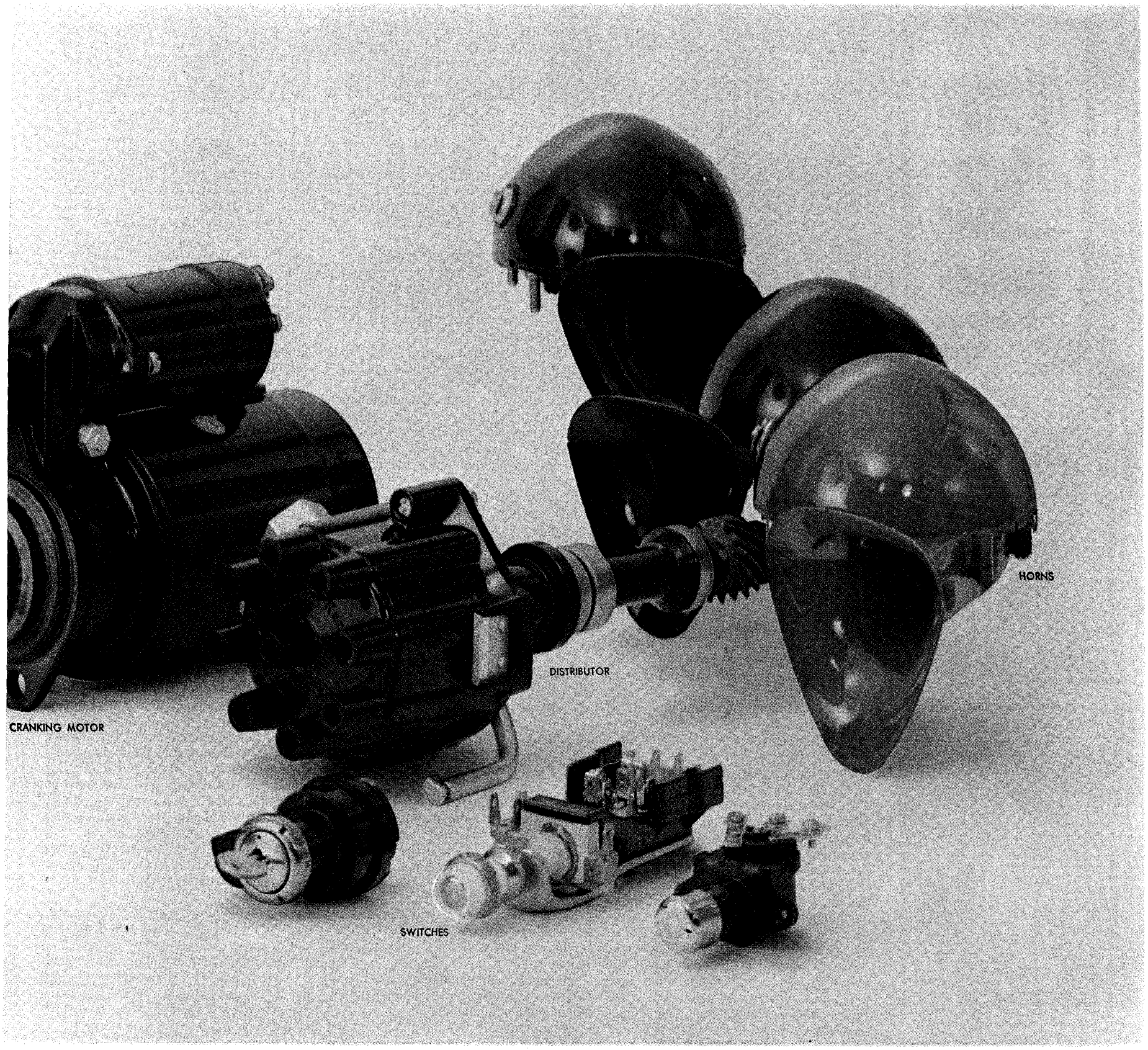

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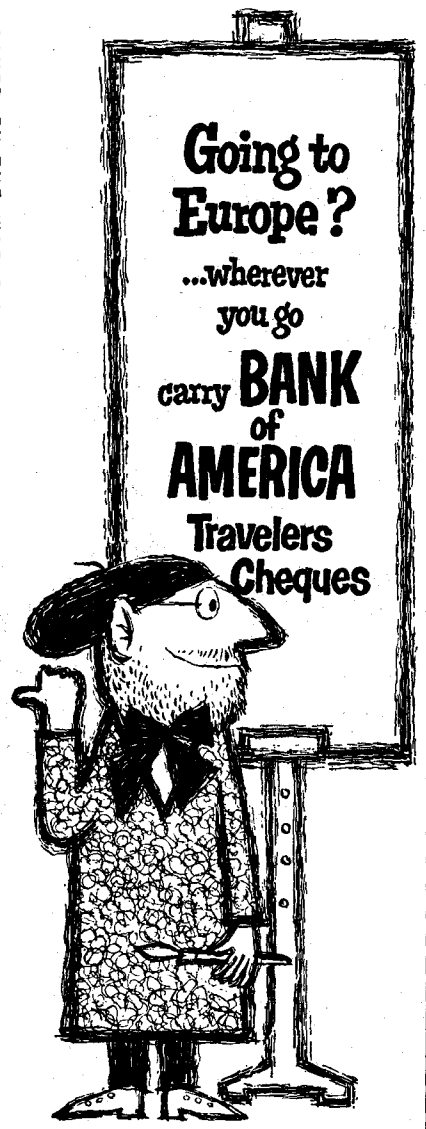

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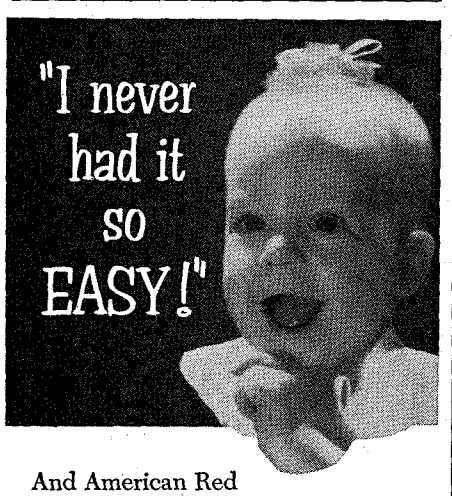

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(*Continued from Page 125*) most sinister fashion. "Tell you something funny, doc. I've got an ace in the hole; found it accidentally a few years ago, when there was some trouble about an old will in Henrietta's family. Maybe this is what I've been saving it for." His voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper, "It stacks up something like this."

"Holy smoke," Dugald breathed at the conclusion of Mills' narrative. "And you figure it would work?"

"Doc, I know my wife, and I know her friends. That blasted hen club of hers is having a convention in town next month. Meanwhile, I'll get you the membership lists, and the rest will be up to you. If there are any field trips necessary, I'll foot the bills. So what do you say?"

"You're on, sir." Two strong men shook hands.

"Call me Thad, doc. That's my middle name, but Henrietta thinks Wellington sounds more dignified."

In this wise, Professor Dugald MacLeod embarked upon his brief but glorious career of blackmail.

During the next two weeks it was observed that Professor MacLeod was spending much of his time between lectures and seminars in the Owens Library, nationally famed for its superb collection of Americana, including a huge and largely uncatalogued treasure of Revolutionary War documents. He made, too, several hasty trips out of town, and was seen no more at lunch in the Faculty Club or at the evening sessions of the Liberal Arts Bowling League.

"He's burning with a hard, gemlike flame," Manchester, of Physics, declared over a Friday fillet of haddock in the Faculty Club.

"He's writing a historical novel," said Davis, of English Lit., who had written several himself. "I recognize the signs and portents: 'Her bosom heaved as Sir Roderick drew his claymore.' That sort of thing. They all do, sooner or later."

In the meantime, two events had taken place. Tom Bellini had taken a wretched farewell of Miss Angela MacLeod and journeyed to New York, where an advertising agency had offered him a post in its art department. And there had arrived on the campus of Exmouth College the exquisite personage of Ashley Fortescue, Mrs. Henrietta Mills' chosen successor to the directorship of the Mills Memorial Museum. Within a matter of hours the Faculty Club had discovered that there was nothing wrong with Ashley Fortescue which could not easily have been remedied by a couple of hours' immersion in a vat of boiling pitch. Other Harvard men on the Exmouth faculty came to blench when his name was mentioned, and to murmur excuses.

"How deliciously vulgar," Fortescue had remarked of the President Grant architecture of Founders Hall.

"No form, no focus," he had declared of the Mills Museum.

It would not, perhaps, have been so bad if Fortescue, a tall and languid young man, had not affected a beard.

There came at length the dismal evening when Dugald, returning from his researches at the library, found Angela weeping bitterly on the ancient leather sofa in the library, a telegram clutched in her hand.

"It's Tom," she wailed. "He's decided to take that job in New York, and now we'll have to go live in the city and be away from all our friends." She subsided again into muffled sobs.

"There, there," Dugald comforted inadequately. "We'll see."

He patted his daughter's softly glowing hair. Someone would rue this night, he thought somberly. And by someone, he meant Mrs. Henrietta Mills.

Late that night—much, much later—he finished typing the notes he had made during his long hours in the stacks of the Owens Library, in the bowels of the National Archives in Washington and in nearly a dozen musty reading rooms belonging to as many county historical societies. The notes filled two plump loose-leaf notebooks.

The following morning he put through a guarded telephone call to the office of the president of the Exmouth-Reliable Farm Machinery Manufacturing Corporation.

"The Ten-Mile House?" a crisp, efficient feminine voice repeated in his ear. "Thank you, Mr. Murchison, I'll tell Mr. Mills. At six o'clock this evening? . . . Yes, sir, I'll be sure to tell him. The Ten-Mile House at six."

Waiting for Wellington T. Mills that evening in the dimly lighted, pseudo-Colonial bar of The Ten-Mile House, out on the Lancaster Pike, Dugald felt uneasily like a character caught up in an inferior suspense novel. But Mills had insisted on this rendezvous, just as he had insisted on the alias. "Murchison," forsooth!

"I want this thing to come as a bolt from the blue," Mills had explained.

• •

Beware—
Friendly Dog

By Richard F. Armknecht

Better the growl, the bright
fangs baring,
Than muddy paws on
what I'm wearing.

• •

"Top Secret, as the Army inspectors used to say when we were turning out mess kits."

Dugald was about to order his second bottle of ale when a hand was laid softly on his shoulder and a heavy stage whisper came in his ear, "Have you got the stuff with you?" He leaped convulsively as Wellington T. Mills heaved his not inconsiderable bulk onto the adjacent bar stool.

"Right here," MacLeod replied, patting the brief case on the bar beside his place. "The whole works."

"Good man. I was beginning to get edgy about getting those papers back in Henrietta's desk before she missed them. If she ever suspected ——" And Mills stopped, appalled at the mere idea of the consequences. "Better let me have them right now."

Dugald opened his brief case and extracted from it a large sheaf of papers which the farm-machinery magnate stuffed into his coat pocket without so much as a glance.

"And now," Dugald said, a look of quiet, scholarly pride lighting his long, bony face, "I think we're all set."

"This is a great and noble thing you've done, doc." The voice of Wellington Mills was suddenly thick with emotion. "If you knew what I've gone through all these years ——"

"We all have our burdens." MacLeod's tone was soothing.

"Let's have one for the road," said the president of the Exmouth-Reliable Farm Machinery Manufacturing Corporation, brightening at the thought. "Here's to next Saturday morning."

"Hell and confusion," Dugald responded, raising his glass gravely.

The delegates to the twenty-third annual national convention of The National Order of Daughters of Valley Forge began arriving in Exmouth the following Friday afternoon, just after Mayor McCardell's Highway Department crews had finished draping bunting from all the principal public buildings.

Exmouth is not a sufficiently large city to entertain major convention groups, but the membership of the entire national organization of The Daughters of Valley Forge was so exclusive, and therefore so small, that the accommodations of delegates to its annual assemblies was a minor problem. For here was a society which looked down its collective nose and through its collective lorgnette at all other patriotic societies, seeing in them upstart associations composed of entirely too many persons. To be eligible for membership in the DVF, as the organization's charter was quick to point out, an applicant must provide proof that an ancestor had served in the Continental Army during all or any part of the encampment on the heights above the Schuylkill.

Mere service in the war of the American Revolution was not enough for the DVF. Suffering, too, was required.

It was widely held in DVF circles that by securing the national convention for the Exmouth Chapter, Mrs. Henrietta Mills had firmly established her election to the office of National Grand Commander in Chief, and in her mind's eye, Henrietta Mills could already see the broad, red-white-and-blue sash of rank draped diagonally across her ample bosom. The voting would be little more than a polite formality following a meeting of the National Grand General Staff in the ballroom of the Hotel Wellington Mills, after breakfast Saturday morning.

That same Friday evening Tom Bellini returned to Exmouth to pack his possessions preparatory to the move to New York. He was moody and depressed at dinner that evening with Angela—herself no beam of sunlight—and Dugald in the old house on North Adams Street.

As for Dugald, he sat bleakly at the head of the table, his face set in grave lines as he carved the roast in thick, careless slices.

"You look a bit disturbed this evening, sir," Tom said over coffee. "Not feeling out of sorts, I hope."

"Who, me? Not a bit of it," Dugald answered quickly. With the battle so nearly joined, he was beginning to appreciate how Napoleon must have felt before, say, Austerlitz. Or Waterloo.

He tried to change the conversation. "When does the new job actually get under way, Tom? And will you be painting pretty girls or pink babies munching Crackly-Wacklies?"

"Pretty girls, I hope," the younger man replied, managing a smile across the table at Angela. "Babies later, perhaps, when we can provide our own model. No fees."

And Angela abruptly arose and left the table, but not quite soon enough to prevent their seeing the quick tears in her eyes.

"Gosh," Tom said softly. "This is tougher on Angie than on either of us."

That same Friday evening marked the return of Professor MacLeod to the History Department Bowling Team, and if it was noted that he played his usual steady game, it was not remarked that as he sent each big black ball hurtling down the polished alley, he muttered to himself, "And that's another one for you, High Private Gessinger."

It is hardly likely that any of the fifty Daughters of Valley Forge present at the meeting of the National Grand General Staff that (*Continued on Page 132*)

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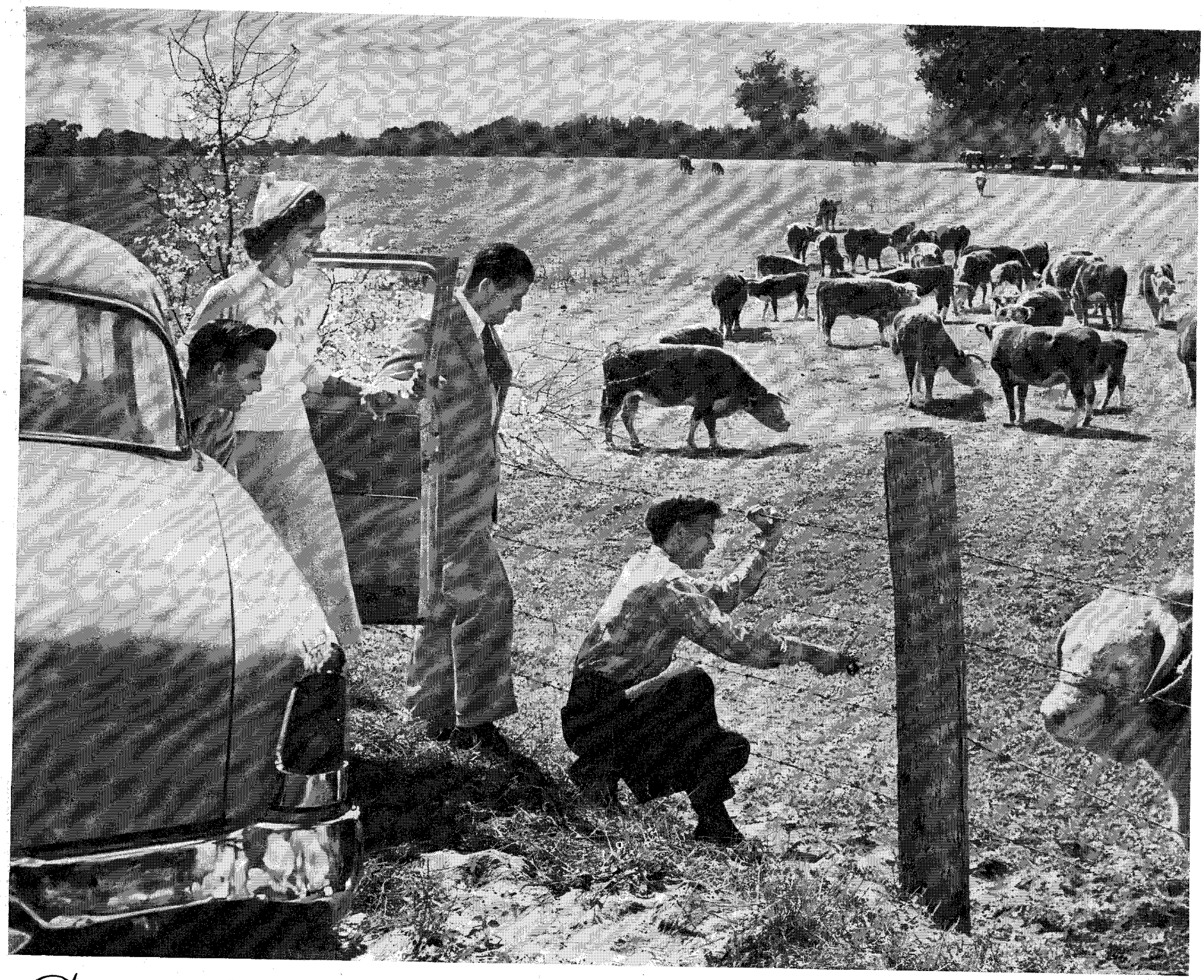

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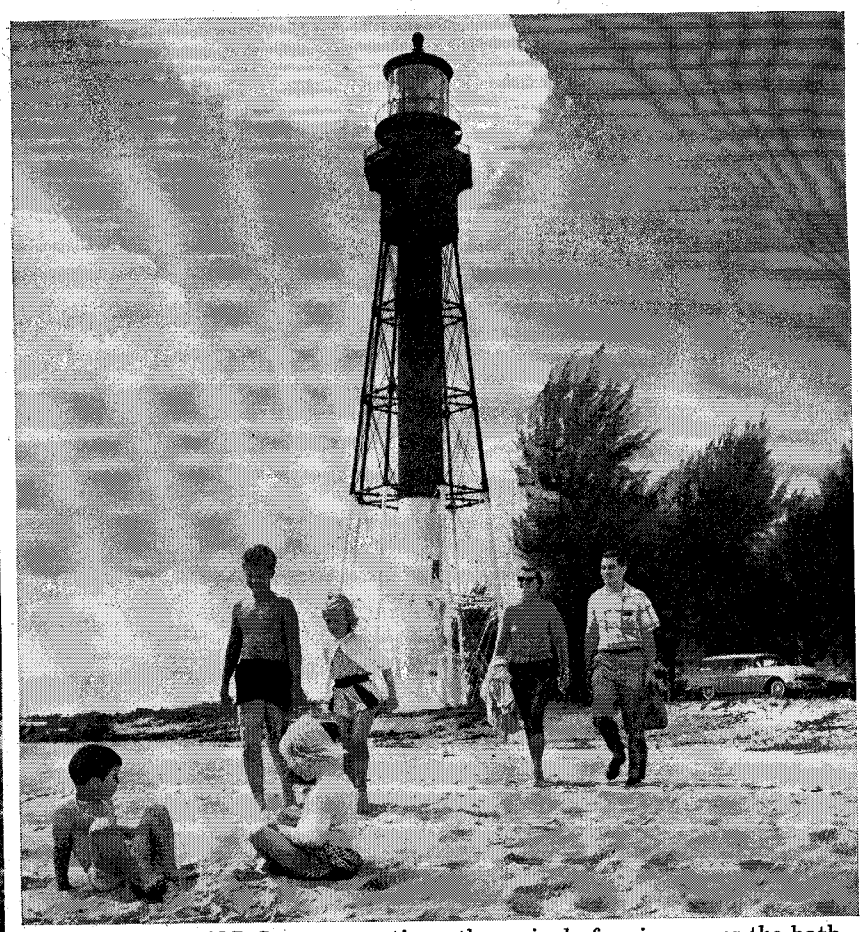

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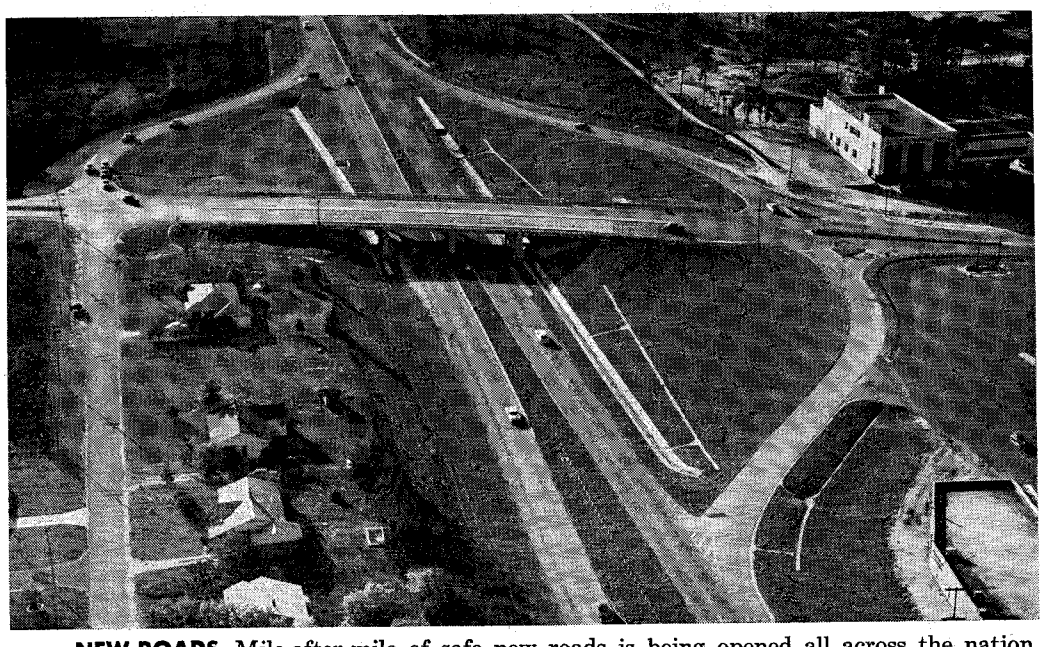

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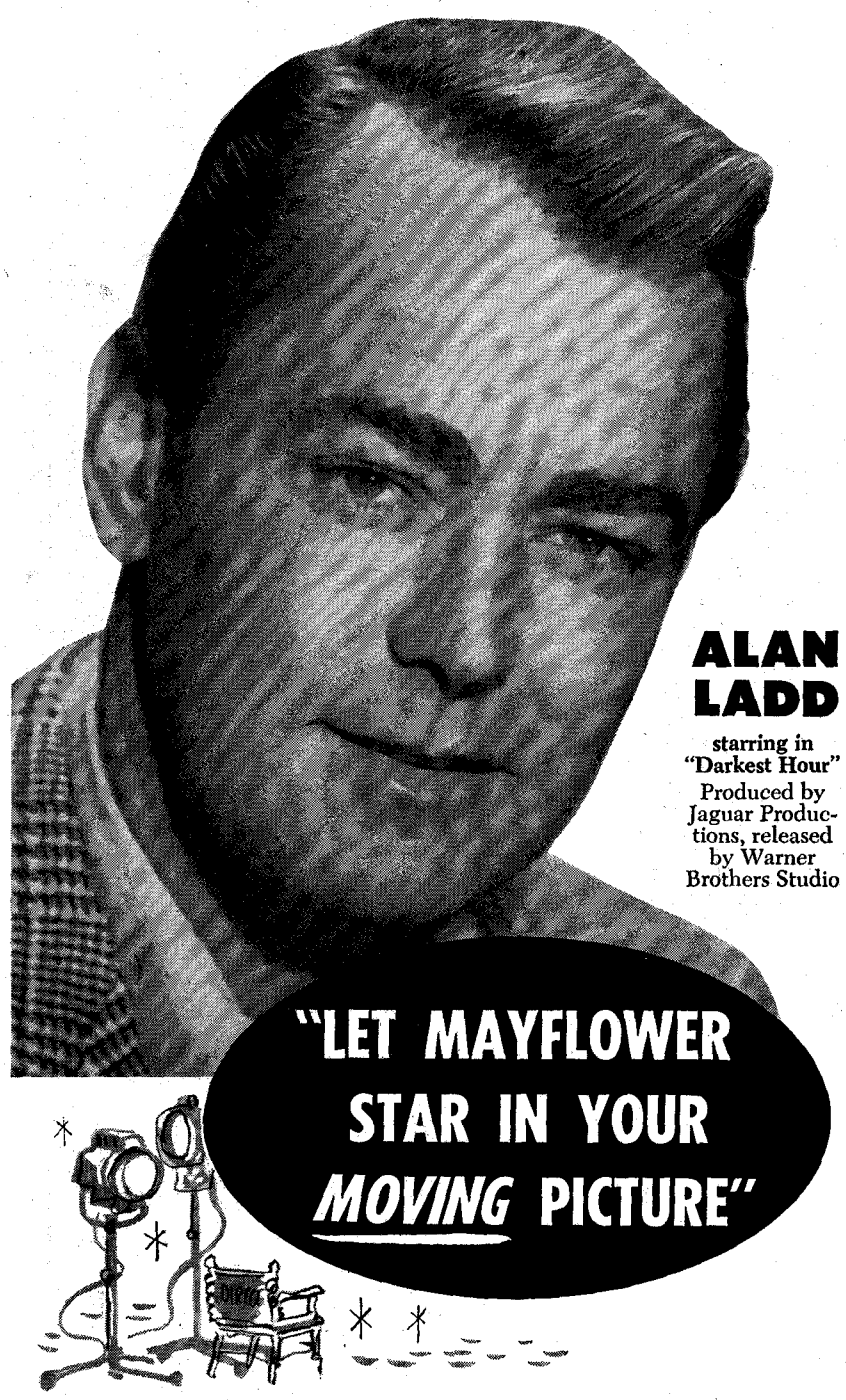
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(*Continued from Page 128*) Saturday morning in the ballroom of the Hotel Wellington Mills will ever forget the occasion.

Mrs. Lucille Fensenheimer Walters, the retiring National Grand Commander in Chief, had just finished complimenting the outgoing National Grand Adjutant General, Miss Alice Steptoe, on the completeness of her annual report, when the two great doors at the far end of the ballroom suddenly swung wide to admit a short, portly figure and a tall, lean one, both male.

"See here ——" Mrs. Walters began in her best command voice, only to be interrupted by a sound somewhere between a gasp and a shriek.

"Wellington!" cried Mrs. Henrietta Mills. "What on earth are you doing here? And with that—that ——" Words failed her.

The two men marched briskly down the long, gleaming expanse of floor. They marched in step, as if to the beat of distant drums and high, mad pipes. Their faces were calm and firm.

"Wellington!" Mrs. Mills cried again, half rising from her fragile gilt chair.

But this was not the W. T. Mills she thought she knew so well; this was Mills, the Farm Machinery mogul, the man who had forced Higgins Harvesters, Ltd., to the wall; the man who had revolutionized the potato planter. And beside him stood Dugald MacLeod, whose forebears had stood so at Glenshiel and Sauchieburn.

"Be still, all of you!" this strange, new Wellington Mills thundered, and the rapidly rising murmur of fifty outraged Daughters subsided with a moan. Poor Henrietta Mills' husband was drunk! But no ——

"My good friend, Professor MacLeod," Mills went on, his tone iron-hard, "has something he wants to say. I advise you to listen carefully."

Dugald looked out over the fifty flushed faces as he drew the two fat notebooks from the pockets of his old tweed jacket. Then he smiled a twisted smile and began quietly to speak.

"I have here," he said, "some notes for a rather extensive work which I, for one, feel has been too long unaccomplished; a compilation which should prove of great value to future historians. I have chosen to call it Certain Aspects of the Disciplinary Problems of the Continental Army.

"But," he continued, "since my findings may affect some of you ladies, both Mr. Mills, who encouraged me in my endeavors, and I feel that you should know something of the nature and content of the work I have projected. And now, if I may solicit your undivided attention ——" He began to read in a loud, clear voice from the first of the notebooks.

The effect was rather more than he had dared anticipate. From time to time, little screams or long, shuddering sighs arose from the assembled delegates, but mostly there was a silence as deep as the tomb's as Dugald read steadily on, implacably on:

"The ringleaders of this abortive mutiny were shortly brought to trial. They included Corporal Peter Fensenheimer, of the Seventeenth Pennsylvania Fencibles, whose sentence of five years at hard labor was considered ——"

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Lucille Fensenheimer Walters breathed, her face pasty. "No, no, no!"

"—— lenient," Dugald plowed ahead blandly. "Convicted with him was Sergeant Horatio Benbow ——"

"Stop, I pray you, sir!" wailed Mrs. Agatha Benbow Wortley, who was considered by all who knew her as future Commander in Chief material. "Had enough?" grated the voice of Mills, the hay-baler magnate, around the cigar he had ruthlessly set alight. "Or shall we go on?" His smile was terrible to behold. "Doc MacLeod here has probably learned more about the Continental Army's goldbricks and guardhouse lawyers than any man now alive in the Western Hemisphere. Eastern, too, maybe."

But Mrs. Henrietta Mills was of sterner stuff than her sisters; not for her defeat without at least a rear-guard action.

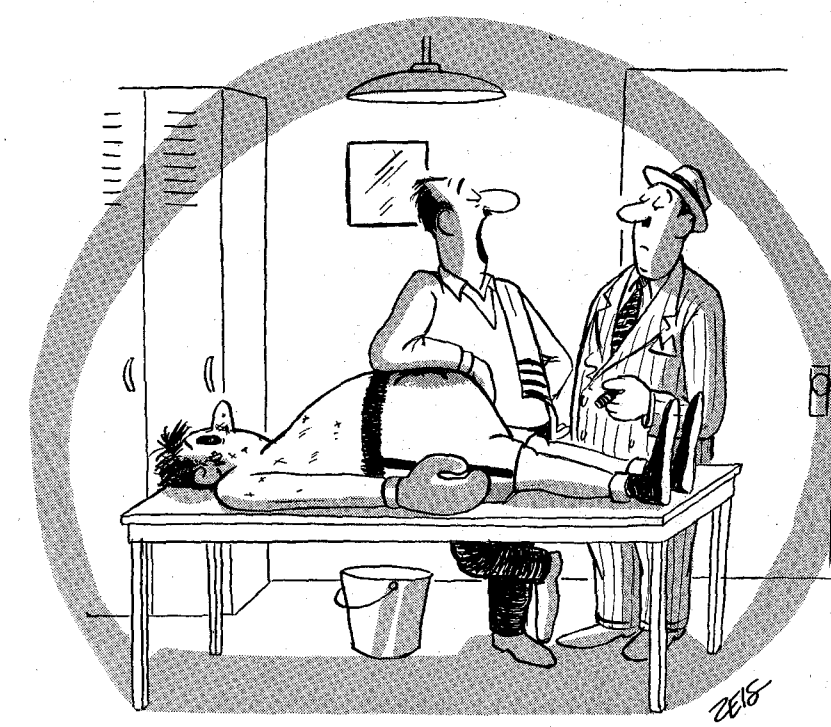
"We'll sue for slander!" she said, although her voice was a trifle unsteady. "We'll sue for libel; for defamation of character! For treason!"

"Didn't you find something interesting in connection with a certain Private Amos Gessinger, doc?" her husband asked, elaborately casual behind his screen of cigar smoke.

"I was coming to that," Dugald said. "Nothing much, really, unless you share General Wayne's belief that insubordination ——"

"All right," said Henrietta Mills, her voice hollow. "You win, but ——"

"You understand," Dugald said, not unkindly, to (*Continued on Page 137*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Frankly, I don't think he trains hard enough."

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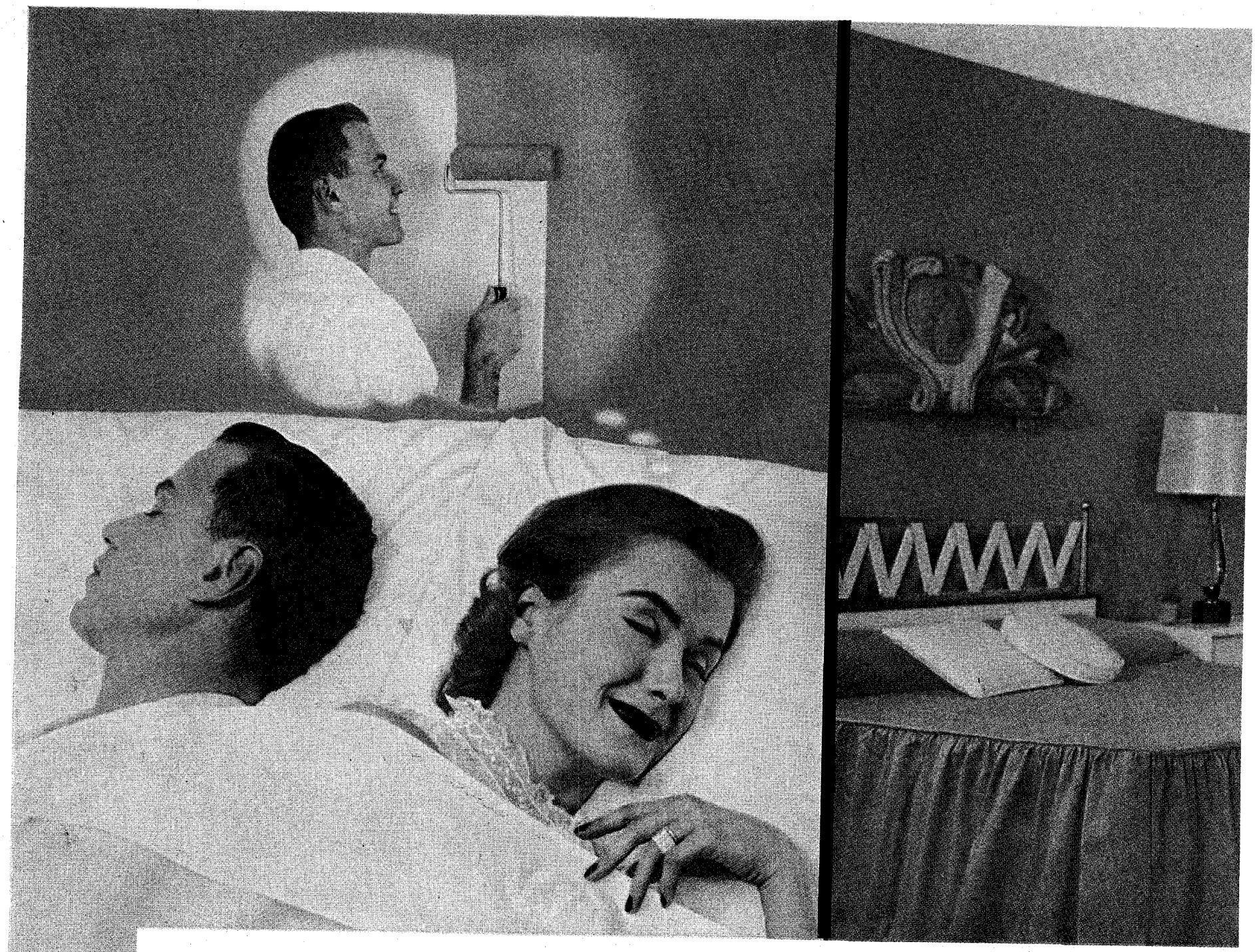

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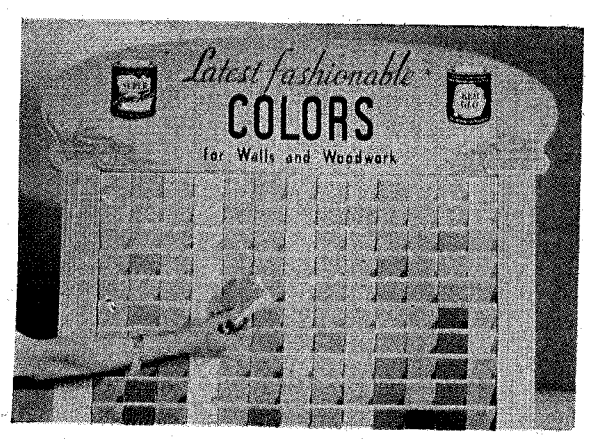

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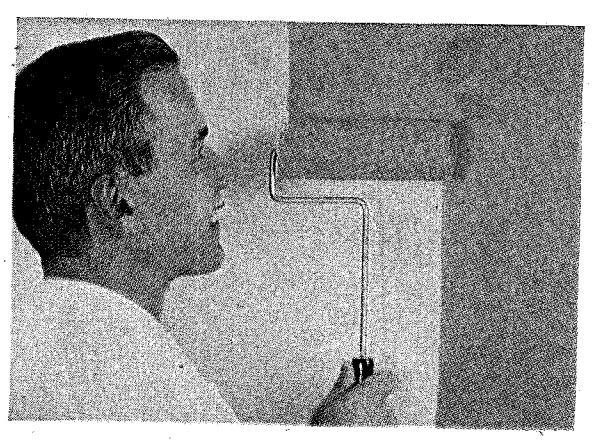

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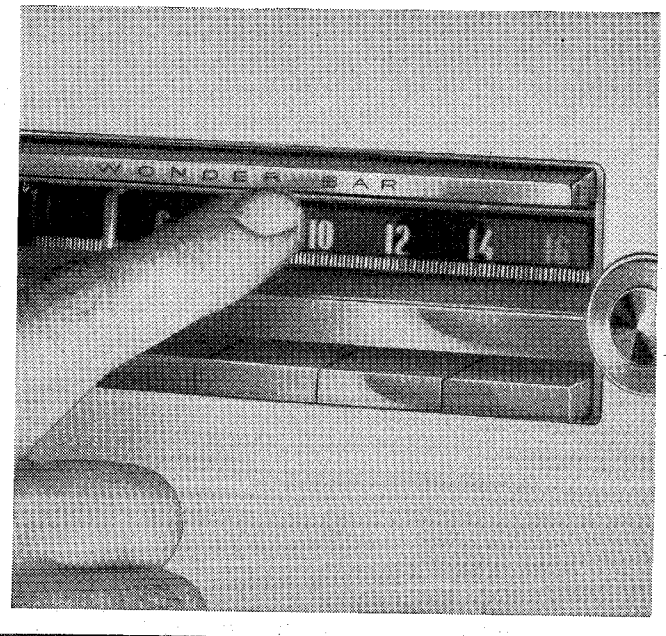

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(*Continued from Page 132*) the group, "that I am ethically bound to make my researches available to other qualified historians. On the other hand, they need never come into too general a circulation if"—he paused and his gray eyes sought out those of Mrs. Mills—"one of your members will adopt a more promising attitude concerning a question which need not otherwise trouble you."

Forty-nine pairs of eyes turned and stared at Henrietta Mills; some clear and untroubled, others misty and deeply anxious. And once more in that proud woman's mind glistened and sparkled the broad silken sash which distinguished the National Grand Commander in Chief. She stared at her husband and at Dugald MacLeod, and they flinched not, neither did they squirm. Then, with a dignity which would have become Cornwallis at Yorktown, she bowed to overwhelming force and surrendered.

"Very well," she said firmly. "Whatever you propose, Professor MacLeod."

... ...

Feminine Privilege

By Loyd Rosenfield

Please render your
Decision, tot:
Do you desire
Ice cream or not?
You answer yes,
You get a cone;
You hand it back
For cause unknown;
I take a lick,
Tears start to flow;
I hand it back
And you say no;
The cone's a wreck
And I'm the same—
You're only two,
But you're a dame.

... ...

And a mighty sigh of relief floated toward the ceiling from her associates.

"Thank you," Dugald said. A quiet glow of triumph filled his being, and with victory came magnanimity for the vanquished. Wellington T. Mills had mentioned his wife's aspirations to high office. "I hope," he went on, addressing himself now to the other members of the National Grand General Staff, "that you all realize fully the great generosity shown by your National Grand Officer of the Day, in this somewhat delicate matter. I assume, of course, that she speaks for your entire organization." He paused to let the significance of his remarks become plain, and there was the faintest, most diplomatic note of menace in his voice when he resumed speaking. "Naturally, you will wish to demonstrate your appreciation for her selfless action, and naturally, too, you will want to make her position as spokesman for your entire organization official. Otherwise ——" His voice trailed off. "I trust," he concluded softly, "that I make my meaning quite clear." His smile was sweet. "Ladies."

"There's just one other piece of unfinished business," Wellington T. Mills growled as he and Dugald contemplated their success over their empty cups in the hotel's coffee shop. "I refer to that bearded pip-squeak, What's-'is-name. I understand he's been making quite a nuisance of himself around the campus."

"I wouldn't put it precisely like that," Dugald murmured tolerantly. "His ideas are, perhaps, a little cosmopolitan for a college of Exmouth's size, but ——"

"But nothing, doc. He's as much as said Exmouth's not good enough for him. I think I'll go ahead and confirm his worst opinions with a good swift kick, right in the seat of ——"

"I shall watch your progress with interest," said Professor MacLeod gravely, "and even enthusiasm."

Alas, this satisfaction was to be denied Wellington Mills. At his office later that morning he was informed of Mr. Ashley Fortescue's crisp note declining the appointment as director of the Mills Memorial Museum. It was not a very tactfully worded note, and mentioned in passing that Exmouth College hardly offered a man of culture and achievement the broad scope so necessary in such circumstances. Besides which, the note went on to say, the museum itself was hopelessly beyond help, really quite hopelessly. Needless to say, Mr. Fortescue expected that he would be reimbursed for the expenses incurred during his stay at the college, and he was sincerely, and so on.

"Best five hundred bucks I ever blew," Wellington Mills muttered as he scribbled his personal check, payable to A. Fortescue, and jammed it into an envelope.

"All that work for nothing," Dugald sighed mournfully when Mills telephoned him that afternoon to inform him of Fortescue's departure for more civilized climes.

"Nothing my eye, doc," replied the farm-machinery prince with spirit. "For one thing, you put Henrietta in her place. For another, I think you've made her see that there are a lot more important things than whether a man's father happened to come from Italy or Poland or Mesopotamia a few years back."

"Well ——" Dugald started to say.

"Don't interrupt me, doc. What I want to know is when this young Tom Bellini can go to work at the museum. And what's all this I hear about him and your daughter, man?"

You will by now have heard of the fine work being done at the Mills Memorial Museum of Exmouth College, under the inspired direction of Thomas Bellini, whose paintings have already been acquired by several of the country's leading galleries. There is even talk of the addition of a new Henrietta Gessinger Mills Wing to the present museum structure.

The plump notebooks, together with the nearly complete file of court-martial records of the Continental Army, so painstakingly compiled by Prof. Dugald MacLeod, are kept under lock and key in the basement vault of the Owens Library on the Exmouth campus. They are, of course, available to properly qualified scholars, provided such scholars obtain the written consent of Professor MacLeod and the National Grand Commander in Chief of the Daughters of Valley Forge, Mrs. Wellington T. Mills, recently elected to her second term of office.

The new field house should be opened next year in time for the Exmouth-Gettysburg Alumni Day game.

The society editor of the Exmouth Times-News noted that at the simple wedding of Miss Angela MacLeod to Mr. Thomas Jefferson Bellini, the matron of honor, Mrs. Henrietta Mills, had never looked more charming. What the society editor did not observe, however, was the broad wink which Wellington T. Mills threw at the father of the bride. And that was strange, because it was a very broad wink.

THE END

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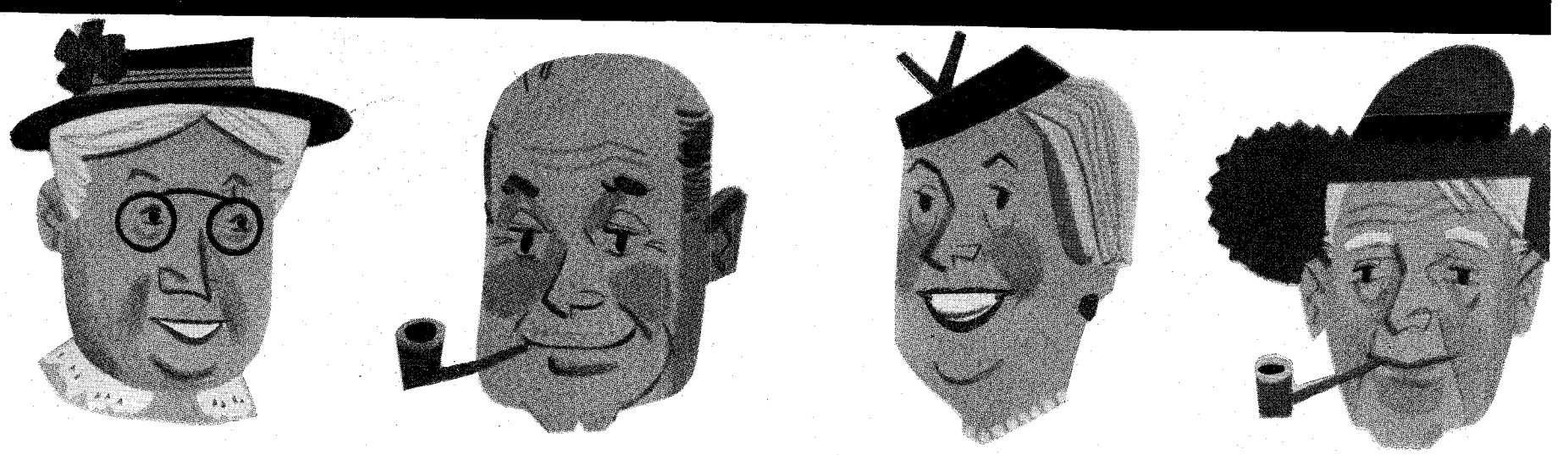

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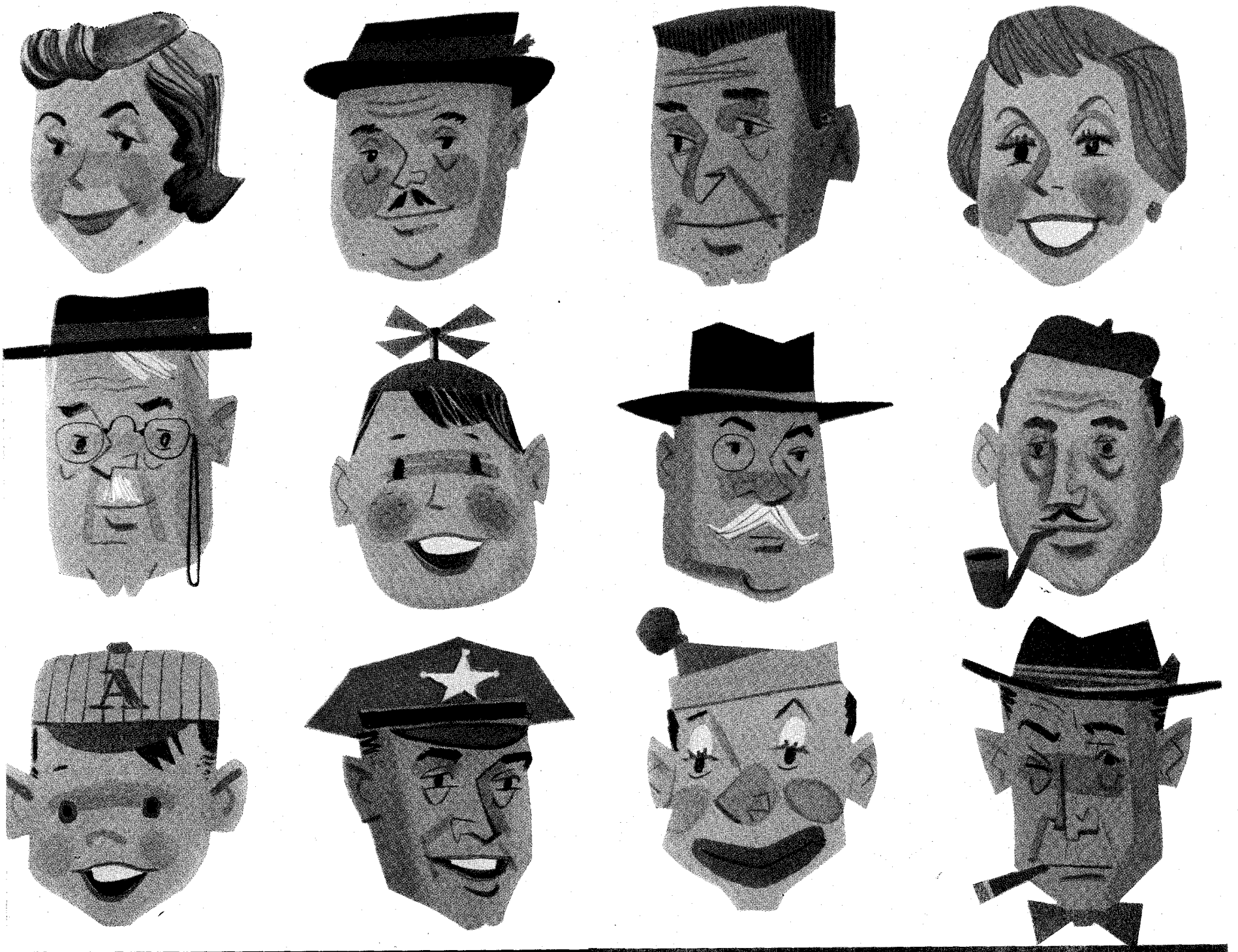

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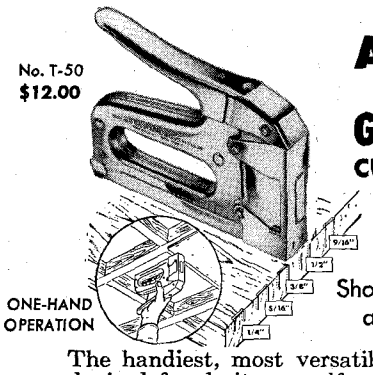

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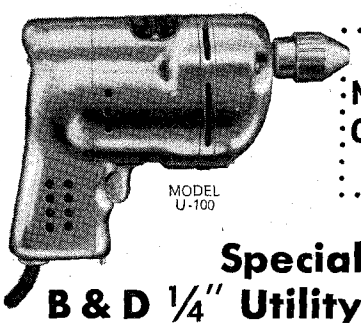

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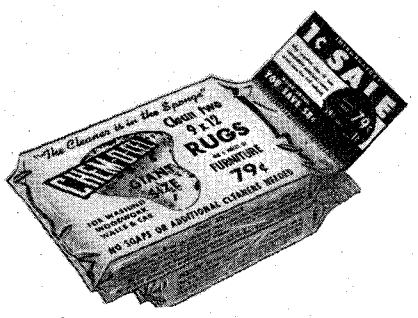

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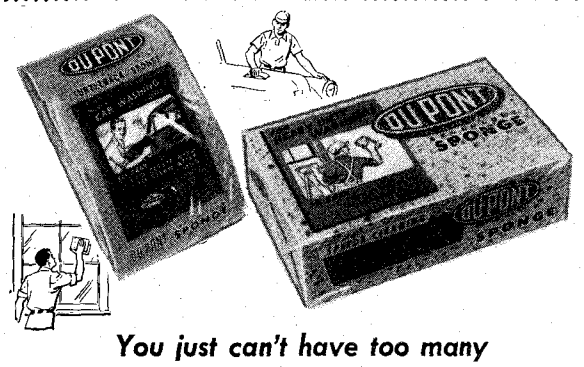

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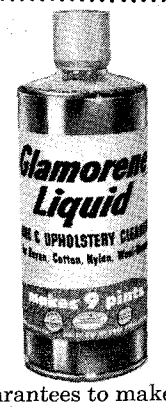

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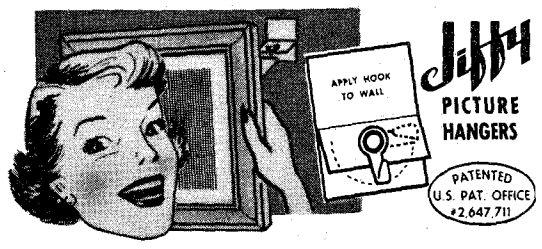

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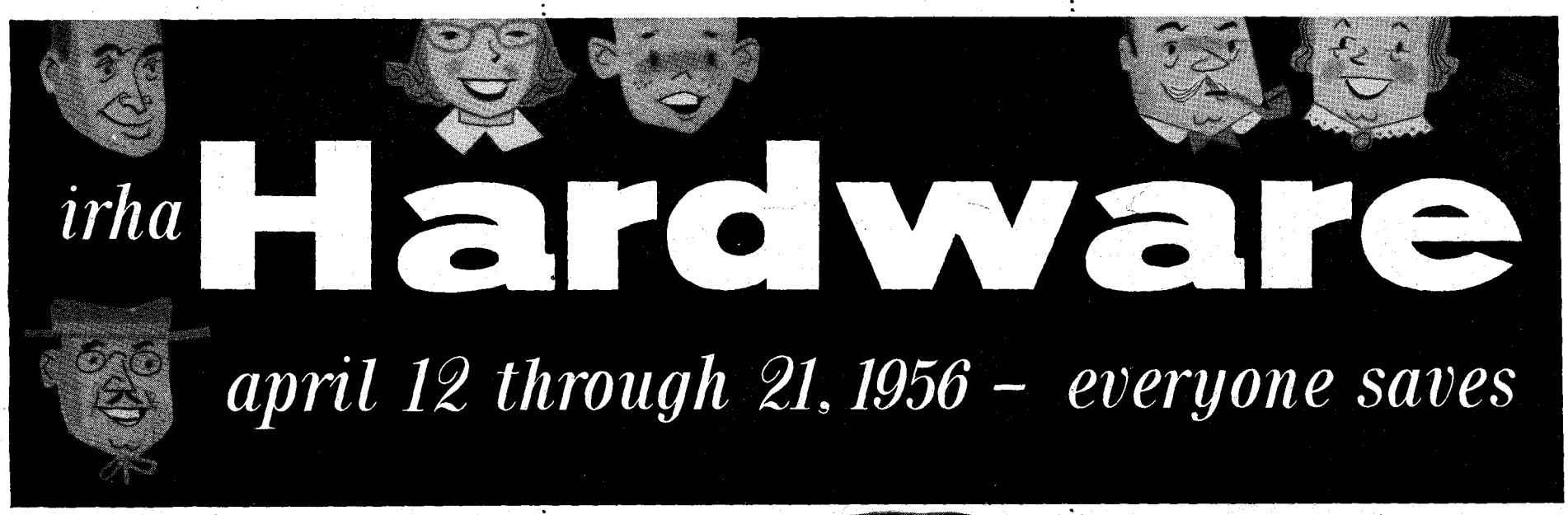

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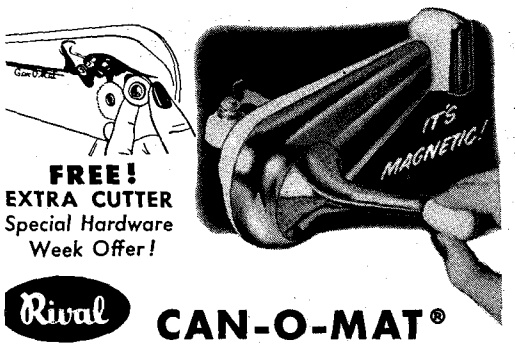

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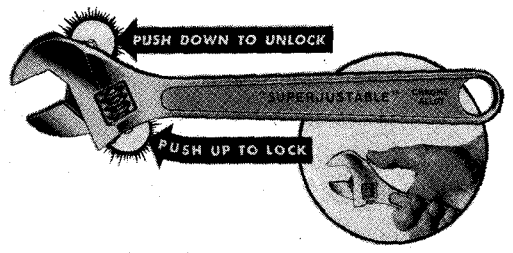

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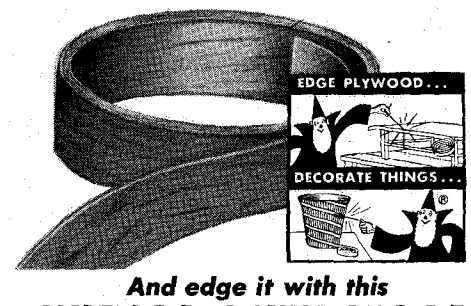

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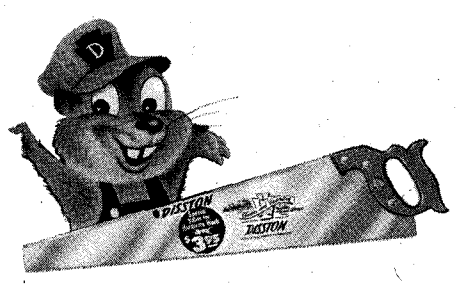

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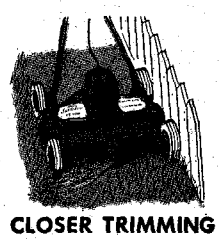

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With FREE WHEELING Simply lower handle to drive mower. Raise the handle for easy mowing around trees, shrubs, flower beds.

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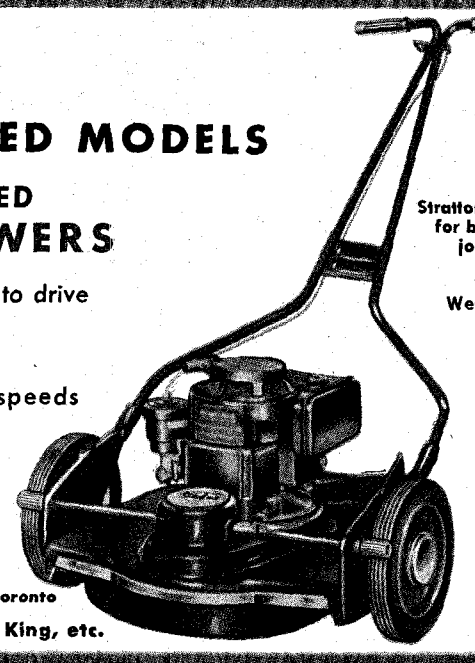

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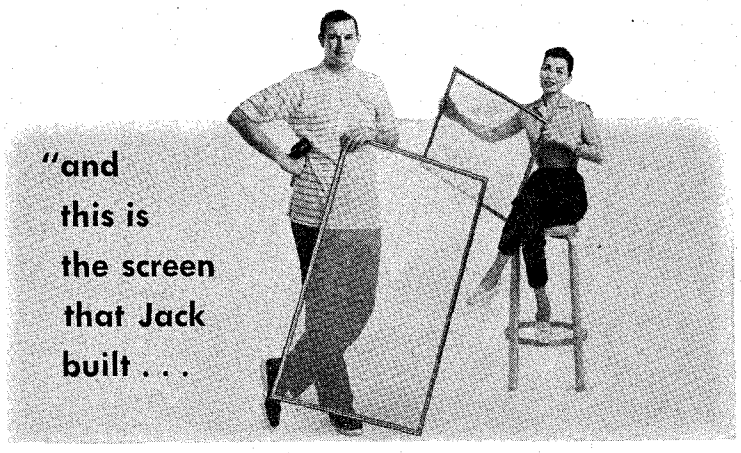
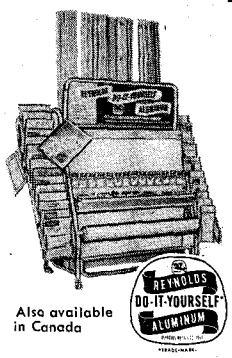


. . . it won't rust, rot or warp—ever. It's REYNOLDS *Do-It-Yourself* ALUMINUM"



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Smart fellow, Jack. He couldn't have picked an easier way to please the lady—*aluminum* screens of Reynolds *Do-It-Yourself* Aluminum. It's mighty quick work—you cut screen sections to the right lengths, simply snap the frames together, put in screen cloth and your screens are done. Aluminum's light weight pays off when you put them up. Never need painting. Interchangeable with storm sash, too.

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You'll cut curves, circles and intricate shapes—plus routine straight cuts—in wood up to 1" thick, composition board, do-it-yourself aluminum, etc. with this new Weller Sabre Saw. It makes inside cuts without drilling holes and never needs lubrication. Reciprocal action gives fast, steady cutting with no "jumping." Exclusive strain-relief design eliminates blade breakage. Polished aluminum housing. 3 special blades and wrench included.

Companion tool to Power Sanders and Soldering Guns by

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FOR THE MAN WHO LIKES TO HAVE HIS LAWN ADMIRED, HERE'S PROOF THAT THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANYTHING LIKE NEW GOLDEN VIGORO COMPLETE LAWN FOOD!

Last year, more than 2¾ billion sq. feet of lawns were fed Golden Vigoro. It's been proved in actual use as well as in repeated tests on all types of lawn grasses that Golden Vigoro won't burn a blade of grass when used in recommended amounts. This amazing new lawn food is safe to use on new grass, wet grass, grass that's green and growing, even in mid-summer!

And it lasts far longer! Golden Vigoro supplies steady, continuous nourishment *months* after it's applied. It's made by patented* new Swift processes so that it yields its nutrients at a steady controlled rate . . . thus helping your lawn to hold its deep, green beauty *all* season. Golden Vigoro feeds much longer than other lawn foods, which give grass a quick burst of growth, then lose their nourishing effects.

Complete: Golden Vigoro contains all the nutrients needed from soil to develop the finest deep rooted grass. It goes to work immediately. Clean and odorless! Apply 1 to 3 lbs. per 100 sq. ft. No raking or watering-in required: *Note:* To maintain peak growth *extra* long, you can give your lawn a supplemental feeding of Golden Vigoro in mid-summer.

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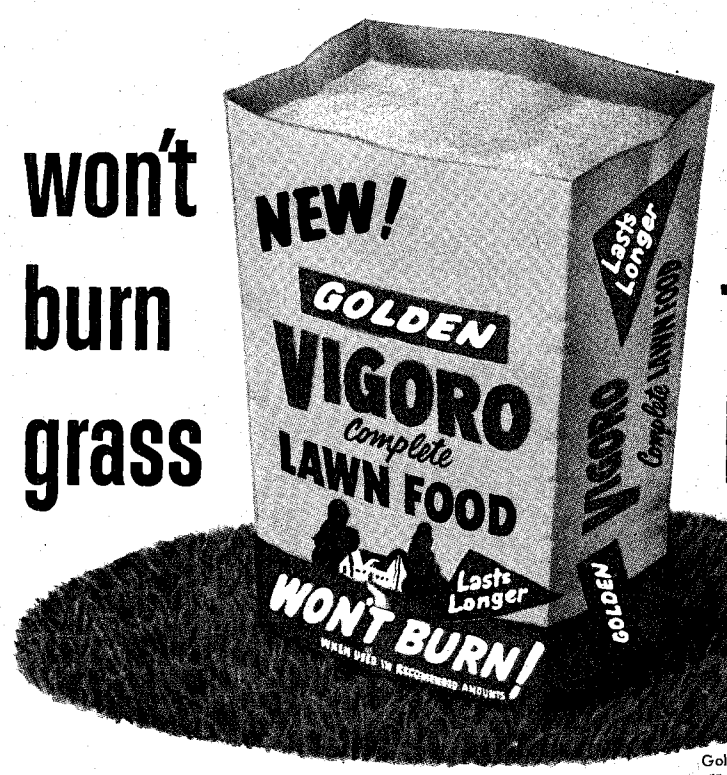

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Regular, all-purpose Vigoro—complete, balanced plant food. Provides all the nutrients that flowers, trees, shrubs and vegetables need from soils to develop best.

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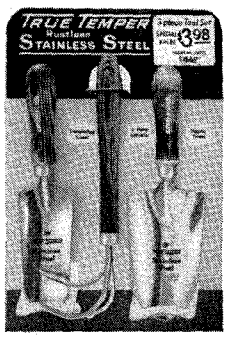

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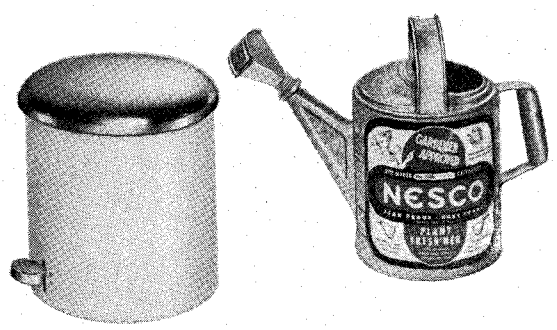
TRUE TEMPER CORPORATION, Cleveland 15, Ohio



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Lift-out inset pail is rust-resistant, has molded rubber collar. Three smart colors: white, yellow or red. Three sizes: 20-qt., 16-qt. and 12-qt.

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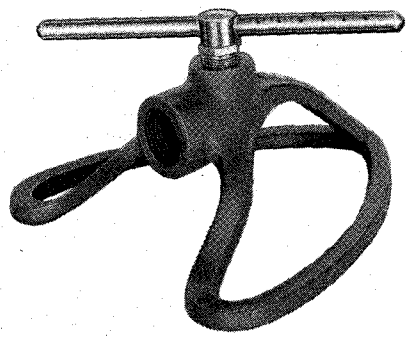

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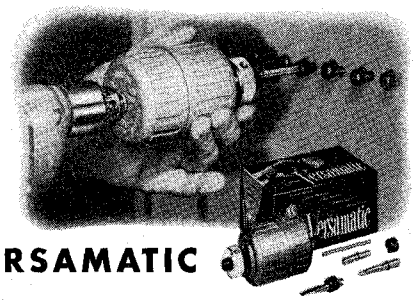

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Fits any power drill . . . reduces speed, increases power 7 to 1. Reverses with one twist. Drives and *removes* any size screws. Extra power enables light tools to do heavy-duty drilling, tapping, nut-running. $14.95. Only attachment of its kind. Literature on request.

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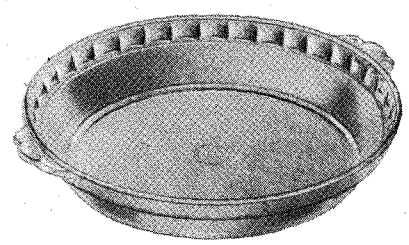
Makers of Supreme Brand Chucks



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PYREX Flavor-Saver Pie Plates!

Regular 59¢ value—only 44¢

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A Product of CORNING GLASS WORKS, Corning, New York

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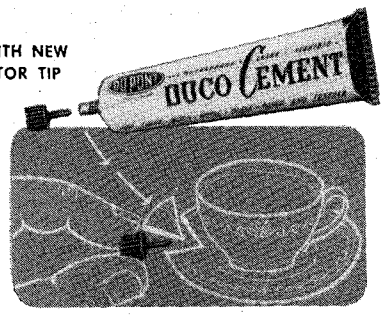

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only $49.95

A genuine 4¼" SKIL Saw plus ¼" SKIL Drill with 13 valuable accessories in one handy kit.

Sensational new

SKIL Jack-of-All Kits

Here are *two full-powered* SKIL tools that cost little more than a drill with saw attachment! A saw when you need it . . . a drill when you need it! No clamping devices . . . nothing to put together or take apart.

Each SKIL tool is designed with the *right* speed and power for its job of sawing, drilling, sanding, buffing or polishing.

Tool Bargain of the Year! **$58.85 Value now only $49.95**

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See your Handy, Helpful Hardware Man

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Hollywood's Plane Crasher

(Continued from Page 51)

contributed by a comparative unknown, Paul Mantz. Mr. Mantz should consider himself practically a star."

Fortunately, Mantz was not the victim of any illusions of stardom, for in the more than fifty pictures in which Paul appeared as a fly-in for some supposedly airborne actor during the several decades preceding World War II, he never received a single line of film credit.

"There were four of us who took on a good part of that flying," relates Mantz. "There was Frank Clark, Leo Nomes and Roy Wilson and myself. I'm the only one who survived. Sometimes we competed for jobs and at others we all flew together in a picture. We were all good friends and probably a little crazy. For that matter, it was a crazy business. The screen writers, who generally didn't know anything about flying, would think up all this stuff for us to do. After that the directors would add their licks. Anything to give the customer a thrill."

On one occasion, for a number called Air Hostess, Mantz was given the job of bouncing his plane off the corrugated top of a flat hangar roof.

"Unfortunately, because the field was on a grade, the hangar roof had three levels, each one lower than the other. And I had to bounce off the lowest level. Well, I made three or four passes at that piece of roof without getting in low enough to hit it. Finally I got disgusted and thought, *The heck with it.* I went over once again and shoved the stick ahead and pulled it back quickly and hit too hard. I broke through the corrugated roof, hit a steel girder and knocked half the landing gear off, but managed to keep airborne. Soon as I got straightened out, I went in low over the cameras, cut my engine and yelled to them to get the fire extinguishers ready—that I was going to land in front of the cameras on one wheel, so they might as well catch the action."

Mantz landed without injury to himself, though the plane ground-looped and had to be rebuilt—at the expense of the movie company. Through the accident, Mantz learned enough about one-wheel landings to suggest the trick for another picture; the second time he accomplished the feat without any real damage. The hangar-roof-bumping sequence was finally filmed by moving the camera so that the peak of the roof cut the picture between the landing gear of the plane and the camera—Paul then managed a near miss and the sound-effects man did the rest.

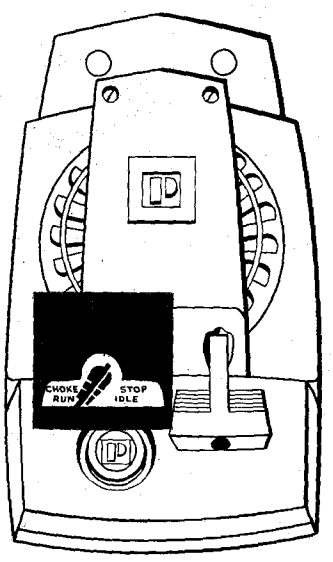
"We were learning by that time that a little cheating often gave us a better effect on the screen. For instance, we used to try for close misses on trees, flying so close that we'd clip off some of the leaves. It looked like a terrific shot on location, but on the screen you could always see some light between the plane and the tree. We finally found it was better to fly low on the far side of the tree; on the screen it looked as though you were right in the branches."

Mantz's experiences with Hollywood's "powder men" have left him with a deep suspicion of that particular breed of movie technician. The powder man simulates explosions for the camera—and often there's not much simulation. To get the effect, a charge of powder, charcoal dust, hunks of cork and fuller's earth is exploded with a squib or dynamite cap. On one occasion during his early career as a movie flier Mantz had to work a sequence of a World War I air thriller in which his plane, on the ground, was supposedly bombed by another plane attacking the airfield.

"There were to be two charges—one off the right wing tip and the other directly under where I sat in the plane. After they set off the charge opposite the wing, I was to count a slow ten and give my plane the gun and take off. As I rolled out of the picture they were to set off the second charge—making it look as though the second bomb had hit me. Well, I made them sample-test those shots and everything worked fine. So then they replanted the charges and I got into the plane, with the engine running.

"That first charge, ten feet from the wing tip, nearly blew the airplane off the ground. I knew there was another one directly under me, so, instead of counting ten, I gave the plane full throttle and started to move in a hurry. The powder man, he was afraid he'd miss the shot, so he set the second blast off too early. It blew the tail clean off the airplane. Of course, he'd lied to me about how much powder he had in that charge. That was when I began to think that powder men were pretty carefree guys."

Mantz's misgivings concerning film explosions were confirmed several years ago when he was working on a picture called Flying Leathernecks. Flying his twin-engined B-25 (a type of aircraft which is still an operational bomber), Paul was to fly low over what was supposedly a Jap position, following a group of marine fighters who had dropped napalm bombs on the stronghold. The resultant explosion, filmed from Paul's plane as he



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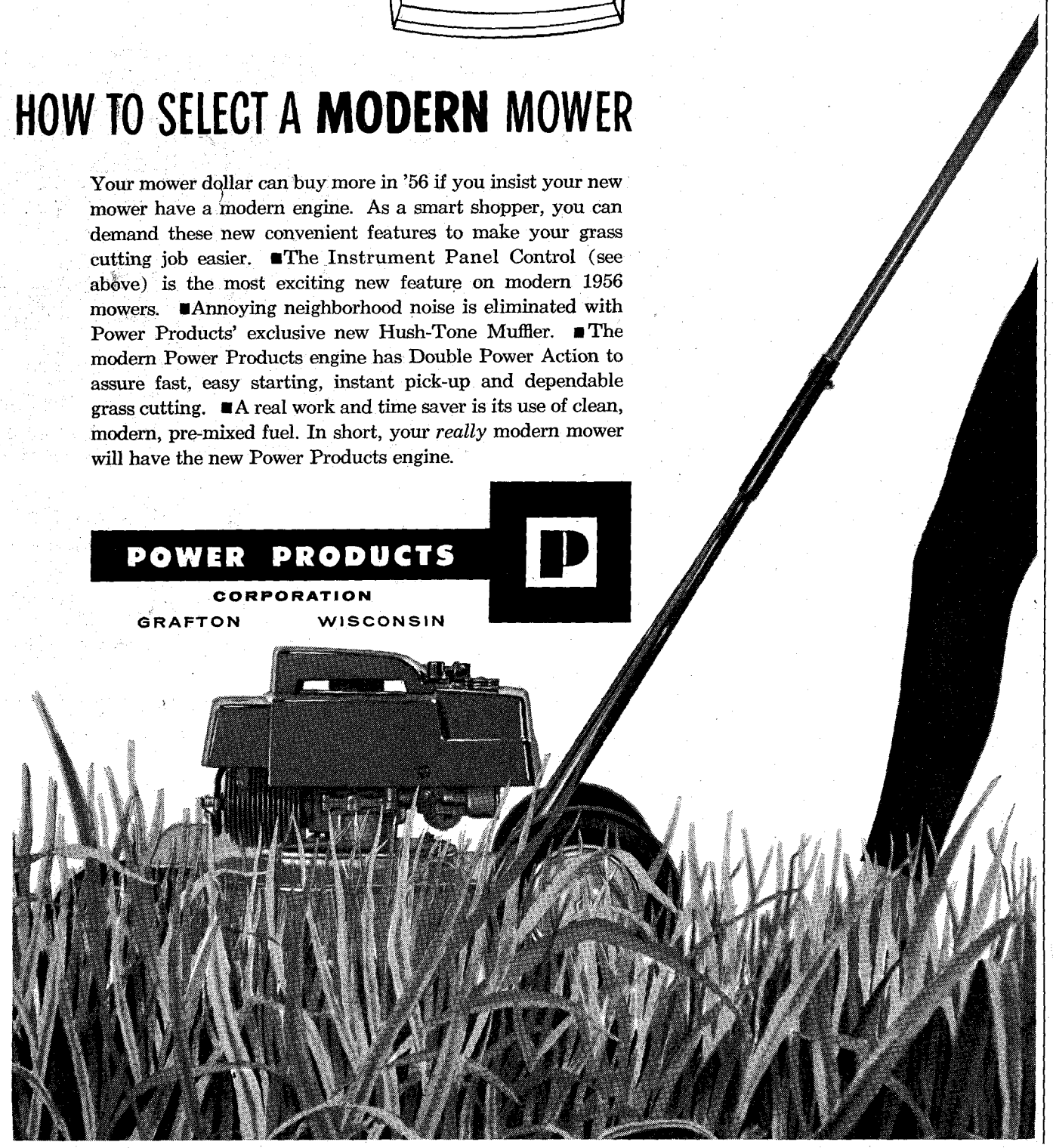
HOW TO SELECT A **MODERN** MOWER

Your mower dollar can buy more in '56 if you insist your new mower have a modern engine. As a smart shopper, you can demand these new convenient features to make your grass cutting job easier. ■The Instrument Panel Control (see above) is the most exciting new feature on modern 1956 mowers. ■Annoying neighborhood noise is eliminated with Power Products' exclusive new Hush-Tone Muffler. ■The modern Power Products engine has Double Power Action to assure fast, easy starting, instant pick-up and dependable grass cutting. ■A real work and time saver is its use of clean, modern, pre-mixed fuel. In short, your *really* modern mower will have the new Power Products engine.

POWER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
GRAFTON WISCONSIN



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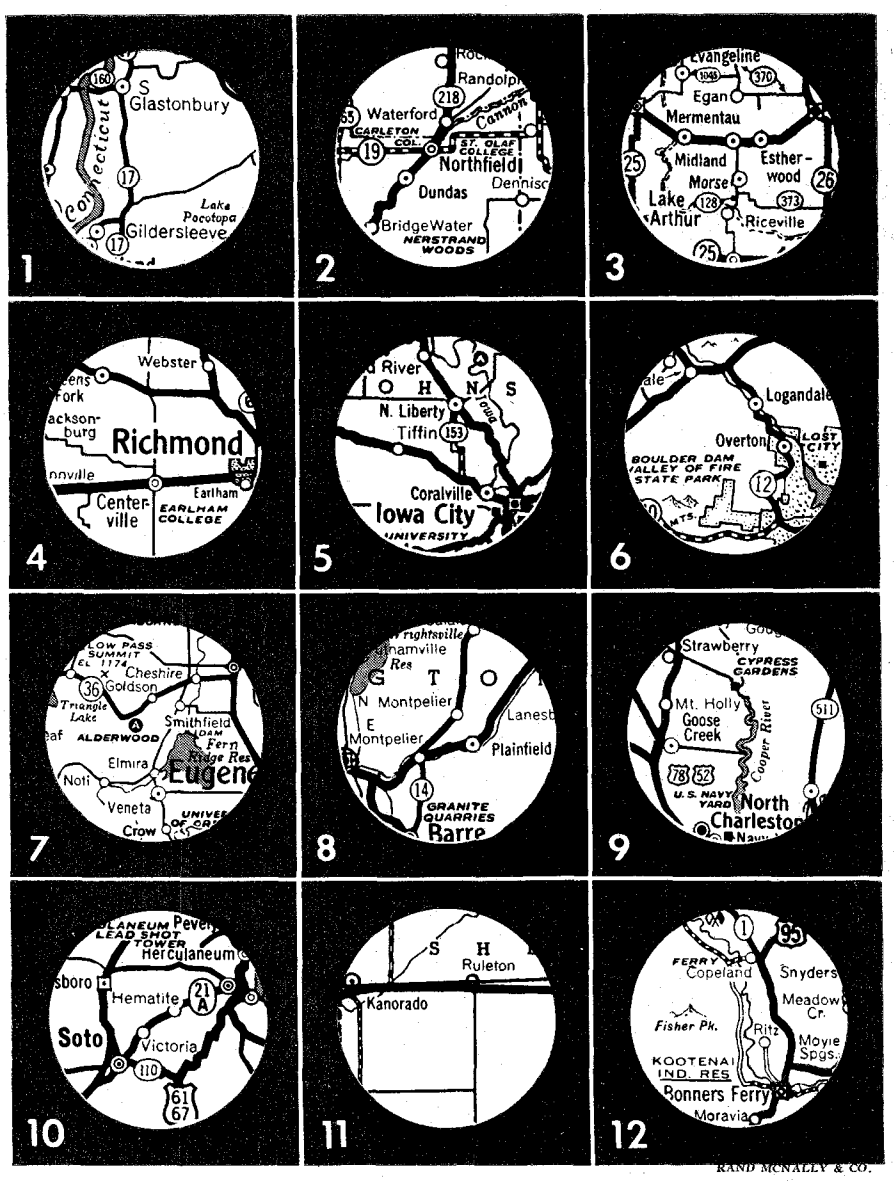
climbed steeply away from it, was the picture the director wanted. The explosion was to be provided by ten cases of dynamite. The film, which was about the Korean fighting, was being shot at the marine base in San Diego.

"I told the director," recalls Mantz, "to be sure not to set off the charge until we'd passed over it and had started to climb—because the camera was in the tail of my ship and shot straight behind us. If they set off the charge too soon we wouldn't get anything. He said that he'd be standing right beside the powder man and that he'd be sure. As a double check, we were hooked up by radio so that I could give him the word for the blast.

"So in we blared, about a hundred feet over the spot where this charge was planted. Doing about two hundred indicated. I guess the director got excited or wanted to make a hero of himself by getting a terrific shot. Or maybe the powder man goofed. Anyway, they hit the blast while I was directly over it. The concussion was so great it blew the cameraman clear back into the fuselage. It broke all the windows in the airplane, all the landing and navigating lights. It popped rivets. Cort Johnson, who runs my shop where we rebuild and maintain our planes, was sitting beside me. The minute the blast went off—we were climbing almost vertically—I looked over to Cort and said, 'Burbank.' And Cort looked at me and said 'Burbank.' So we brought the plane back to Burbank to check it over. We had to practically rebuild the thing."

Though he has spent most of his working life in trying to outwit personal disaster the only injury Mantz ever suffered in his movie stunt flying—or in any of his flying, for that matter—happened on the ground. During work on a film called Central Airport, directed by Bill Wellman and starring Richard Barthelmess, one comedy sequence called for a hayseed character to be sitting in the cockpit of a plane while the pilot started the engine by pulling the propeller through by hand. When the engine started, the plane taxied off with the hayseed at the controls. With the plane racing around the airfield, the hero (Barthelmess) jumps into a second plane, crashes into the runaway ship before it runs into the crowd. Mantz, as the hayseed, was in the cockpit of the runaway and another pilot was in the second ship. As Paul relates it:

"As soon as the engine caught, I gave my ship the gun and started to careen around the field. We had some balsawood ticket stands that I knocked over with my wing, and that sort of thing. Meanwhile, the other pilot started out to cut me down with the second plane. I was to jump out of my ship just as they collided, and run. But the other pilot



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(*Answers on Page 148*)

These saws are Atkins Silver Steel quality—featuring the patented Atkins Pistol Grip Handle . . . a guarantee of positive blade control during the cutting action—*especially priced for Hardware Week.*

ATKINS Silver Steel SAWS

ENGINEERING B-W PRODUCTION

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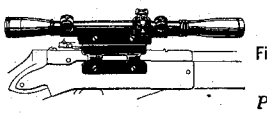

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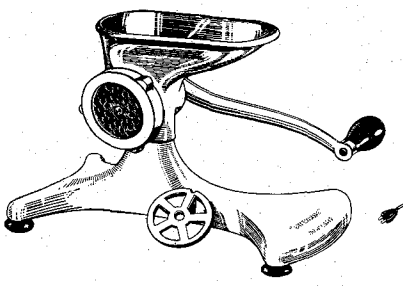

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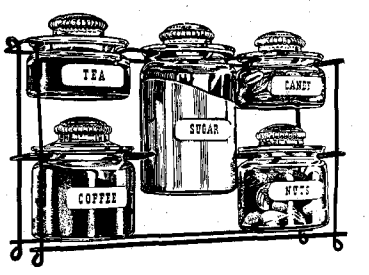

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timed it wrong; he swung out and hit me a swipe instead of direct and, as I jumped out, the tail of my ship knocked me down and broke my collarbone."

The nature of their work developed a somewhat macabre sense of humor among the group of movie pilots who flew the open-air biplanes then in use. Mantz and his friends used to practice stunts on their way to and from the movie locations. A favorite trick was to move in close to another plane with which you were flying formation and try to knock off the navigating light from the end of his wing. On one occasion Mantz and Frank Clark twisted this stunt into a practical joke which almost ended in tragedy.

"We were making something called Men With Wings for Paramount," recalls Mantz, "and Frank Clark and I were flying back and forth between location and Los Angeles in two of my planes. One day a script girl on the set asked if she could fly back with us. Frank agreed to take her, and then we framed up this little joke.

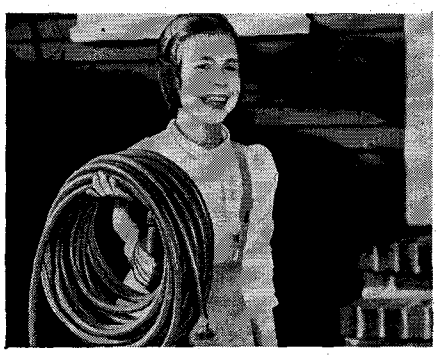
"I got hold of the girl before we left and told her that Frank was a funny type; that sometimes if he had a drink he'd pass out colder than a cucumber while he was flying, and that I always flew right in close to him, so that I could hit the tail of his ship with my wing and joggle the control stick to wake him up if he had one of these lapses. The girl, she thought I was just kidding.

"So we took off; Frank with the script girl in the open front cockpit. And I moved in close so that we were only a few feet apart, and managed to knock off the light on Clark's wing. I never have figured why I thought that was so funny—I was paying for the lights. Anyway, Clark suddenly gives me the wink and then goes into his act—lolling back in the cockpit with his mouth open and his eyes closed. I yell and wave at the girl, and she twists around and sees Frank back there, and then I make a motion like shaking him. That was our little joke, but it was no joke to the script girl. She got on her knees on the seat and crawled right back over the cockpit, reached over the windshield and started shaking Frank. All this while we were a couple of thousand feet over the San Bernardino Mountains. I've never done anything like that again—I never realized how frightened a person could get from such a gag. I saw that same girl on a set about a year ago, and she said, 'I still hate you.'"

A gentler piece of humor involving Mantz occurred on the set of Warner Brothers' The Bride Came C.O.D., starring James Cagney and Bette Davis. Most of the location shots were made in Death Valley—a notably arid spot which, nevertheless, enjoys occasional short rainstorms. Mantz was commuting daily between the set and Los Angeles, and during the forty-five-minute flight he usually practiced low flying or acrobatics with his especially equipped stunt plane.

"On this particular day I decided I'd zoom over the set in inverted flight—or upside down. So, as I approached Death Valley, I rolled over on my back, pulled up to get over the last hill and then headed for the set in an inverted dive. Then I pulled up, rolled out and landed. What happened was that while I was coming in they had one of these brief showers. They had a lot of local people around the set as extras—cow hands and wranglers and what not—and after I'd landed, this big, lanky cowboy came up and said the cameraman had told him that I always flew upside down when it was raining—to keep my face from getting wet. I told him sure; that the rain hurt when you were going that fast. He shook his head and walked away. I'm sure he believes it to this day."

Some movie fans with a better-than-average recall may remember a 1936 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture called Suzy, which featured Jean Harlow and Franchot Tone. In this film, Mantz, doubling for Tone, flew through a grove of oak trees at ground level. Two of the trees were thirty-nine feet apart; the wing span on Paul's plane was thirty-six feet. He made it, as they say, with feet to spare. Later in the picture, Tone was to come in wounded and make a crash landing in front of a château, with Miss Harlow watching the business and rushing up to pull the hero from the wrecked plane. The ingenious creators of the film decided the sequence would look realistic if Mantz flew between two trees and brushed the wings off the plane. The cockpit was armored to lessen, somewhat, the chance of Paul's being impaled by the wing (*Continued on Page 150*)



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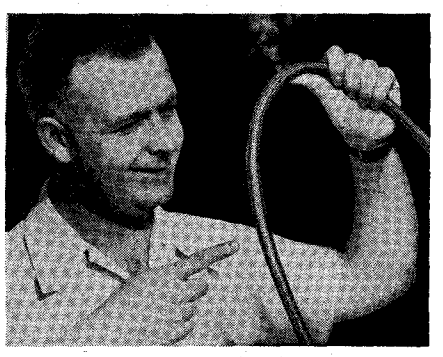

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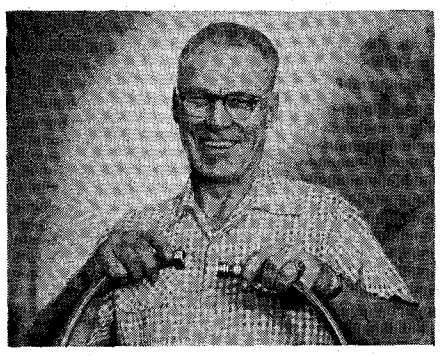

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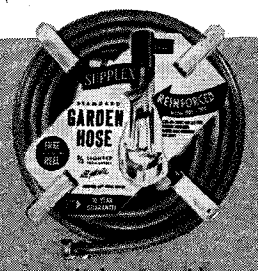

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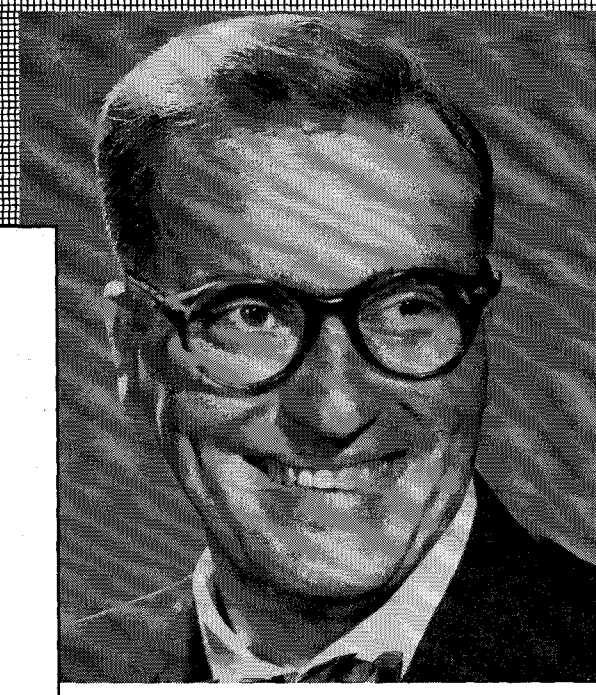

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(*Continued from Page 148*) spars. Mantz made it—the still photograph of the crash is, twenty years later, a shot to make the butterflies scamper.

Though the generic term for the work of the professional movie pilots has always been stunt flying, Mantz prefers to call it precision flying. This suggestion that calculation and cerebration play as important a part in movie air work as courage and flying ability is more than just an effort to dignify a hell-and-gone business; the movie flier had to do a lot of planning and thinking if he wanted to stay prosperous—and alive. On one occasion, for an MGM picture called High Barbaree, Mantz was asked to fly a scene showing a newly invented—and hypothetical—plane making a vertical descent and landing. This was to be done with a conventional airplane, not a helicopter.

Paul found a small airport in a valley at King City, California, where the afternoon hot-weather winds were funneled across the field at thirty-five miles an hour. Flying a small, military-type liaison plane with a landing speed of approximately thirty-five miles per hour, Mantz practiced with full flaps and the prop in low pitch until he could make an absolutely vertical descent and touch ground without any forward motion.

"One day, with a stronger-than-usual wind, I actually flew backwards across the field—though, naturally, I couldn't land backwards. Well, after I'd worked all this out, the director decided he wanted this to happen right next to the hangar, where the air currents and eddies broke up the force of the valley wind. So I had to explain why it couldn't be done there. We finally got the shot by moving the cameras back and making it look as though I were coming straight down near the hangar."

For one picture—a number called West Point of the Air which featured Wallace Beery and which was filmed in 1935—Mantz was commissioned to produce a reasonable copy of a Curtiss 1910 pusher, one of the earliest airplanes. The plane was to be used as a prop. Mantz's shop not only built the plane; Paul flew it successfully a number of times. The pusher was finally trucked to the location—but only because the hills surrounding the site were 500 feet above the plane's 1000-foot ceiling.

From a technical point of view, Mantz's greatest piece of precision—or stunt—flying was probably his singlehanded spot-landing crackup of a B-17 four-engined Flying Fortress bomber for the war picture Twelve O'clock High, in 1949. The B-17 is a big airplane which, during its war operations, carried a crew of ten men, including a pilot and copilot. Mantz's job was to make a wheels-up belly landing and slide through some Army tents, simulating a crash landing on a wartime airfield.

"This was at a time," recalls Mantz, "when they were using some of these surplus, World War II B-Seventeens to test ditching procedures for a big bomber. In other words, they were expendable. The Air Force gave 20th Century-Fox, the producing company, the one I was to crack up and lent some others to be used as background material. I was to come in off the runway and crack up while the other planes were landing in the background. They didn't want to run the risk of hurting anybody—of hurting anybody else, that is—so I had to do the whole thing alone. The ship carried a camera built in a steel box, which would presumably come through the crash."

Landing a Flying Fortress is a two-man job. Mantz had steel welding rods connected to the controls the copilot would ordinarily handle in such a way that he could manipulate them from the pilot's position. Paul himself was strapped in with a shoulder harness so that he wouldn't be thrown against the instrument panel.

"We were doing this at a little field in Alabama. It was midafternoon and I had to land downwind because we could only photograph one end of the field, the other end being obviously American and the story being laid in wartime England. There was a wind from the north and they wanted that westerly sun shining on the other B-Seventeens which were landing on the runway in the background. I was to make a belly landing on the grass. There was a big argument as to how far the Flying Fortress would slide on that grass. Some of the boys who had seen B-Seventeen belly landings in England and Africa said as little as four hundred feet; I thought the plane would skid at least a thousand feet."

When everything was ready on the field, word was radioed to Mantz, droning overhead in the big bomber. Paul, who had flown B-17's during his wartime hitch as commander of an Air Force camera unit, jockeyed the plane into position for a landing—probably the first time one man had deliberately tried to land a four-engine bomber.

"The minute I touched down—and this was with my wheels retracted, of course—I started to skid to the left where those other B-Seventeens were landing. I touched down at more than a hundred and ten miles per hour, due to that downwind landing. I knew that if I hit any of those planes there would be an awful pile-up. As I slowed down and lost my rudder control the ship began to pull more and more to the left. Then I re-

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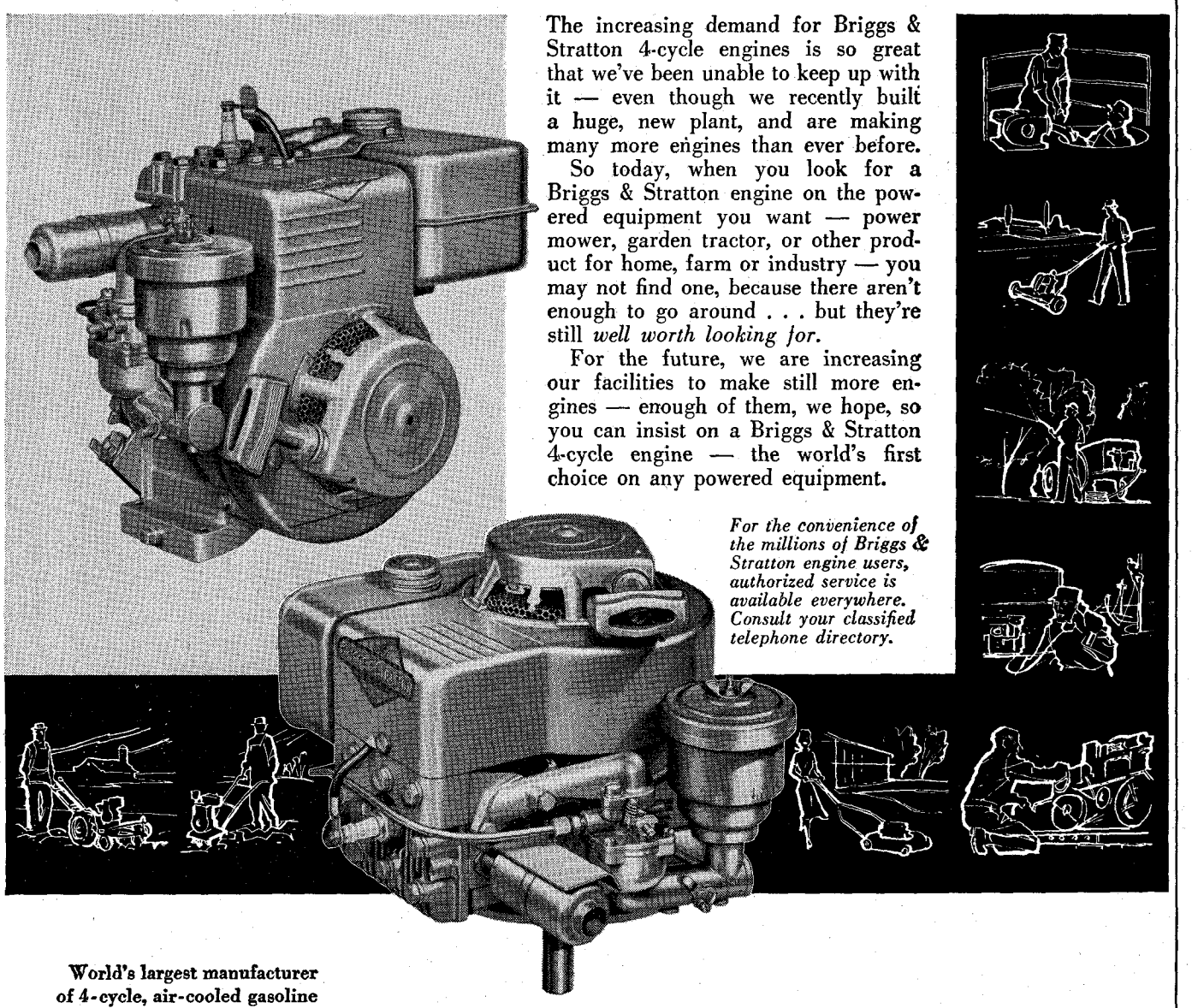

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membered that the wheels of the B-Seventeen extend down below the fuselage, even when they are retracted. So I tried my brakes. They worked and I found I could pinpoint that beauty and stop her just where I wanted. Afterwards we measured that skid—it was just eleven hundred feet."

Mantz hit the tents, as ordered. What he didn't know was that one of the tents had blown down earlier and that a prop man, who didn't have to ride the B-17, had spliced the broken tent pole with a six-foot length of iron pipe.

"You should have seen that iron pipe when I hit the tent. It went right up, made two spins toward me and sailed just over the windshield and the cockpit. I swallowed raw heart for two days afterwards."

The transmogrification of Mantz from stunt pilot to flying businessman and aerial film director was gradual, somewhat surprising (at least, no one else has ever done it) and probably inevitable. The first indication of the ambition and energy which would be necessary to effect such a transition was the fact that Mantz continued his instruction work even after he'd tasted the rich, fifty-dollar-a-day movie cake.

"I used to get up between four and five in the morning and go down to the field and take up students or anybody who wanted a ride, at two bucks a hop. Then, about nine o'clock, I'd fly off to do whatever movie work I had. If there was no picture flying scheduled, I'd look around for charters—anything, any time, any place, was my motto. A lot of my charter work was flying movie people to Arizona or Nevada to be married in a hurry; in several cases I've flown the same actor or actress to be married and/or divorced three or four times. We called that service the Honeymoon Express.

"When the weather was bad and the airline service socked in, I'd hang around the terminal there at the Los Angeles United Airport, looking for someone who had to get someplace. At that time I was flying a Lockheed Vega, which was about seventy miles per hour faster than the trimotor Fords and Fokkers the airlines were flying. I was one of the first to learn to fly instruments—just so I could get that work. I remember one time when the weather had shut down everything, I took Ben Schulberg, the studio executive, to New York. We made it with three stops. It cost him two thousand dollars. We brought Tom Mix's body back from Tucson, Arizona; he'd been killed in an auto accident. We took a woman to look for Death Valley Scotty's mine. We flew Mrs. Roosevelt around California to look at the migrant-labor problem, and rushed William Randolph Hearst's body from San Simeon to San Francisco right after he died. You never knew what was coming up next."

On one occasion Mantz received a message from Chris Holmes, a friend and a member of the Fleischmann-yeast clan. Holmes, cabling from Havana, stated that it was urgent that Paul meet his cruise ship in the Panama Canal Zone three days later.

"I had my Lockheed Vega by this time," recalls Mantz, "one of the fastest planes in the air in those days. I couldn't get flight or landing clearances for any of the countries south of Mexico, but I took off anyway. At Tapachula, on the Guatemalan-Mexican border, I bribed the officials to let me take off without clearances. I'd never flown in that part of the world before. I went out to sea, drew a bead on a volcano near Managua, Nicaragua, and landed there at an airport which had been built by our marines. After gassing up, I made the Canal Zone as the next stop. When I picked up Chris I told him it would take us a little while to get back because of that clearance situation. He said he was in no hurry. He'd asked me to pick him up because he didn't like his stateroom, and the people on the boat wouldn't change it. He was happy to pay three thousand dollars for the charter."

While all this was going on, Mantz was doing his best to put movie stunt flying on a business basis. Most of the film fliers took their fifty dollars a day and also took their time in completing their flying assignments. Mantz thought there might be more of a future in the work if he could regularize this system. "I told the producers that I'd speed up

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"As a matter of fact, I ordered a guy of that description to move on."

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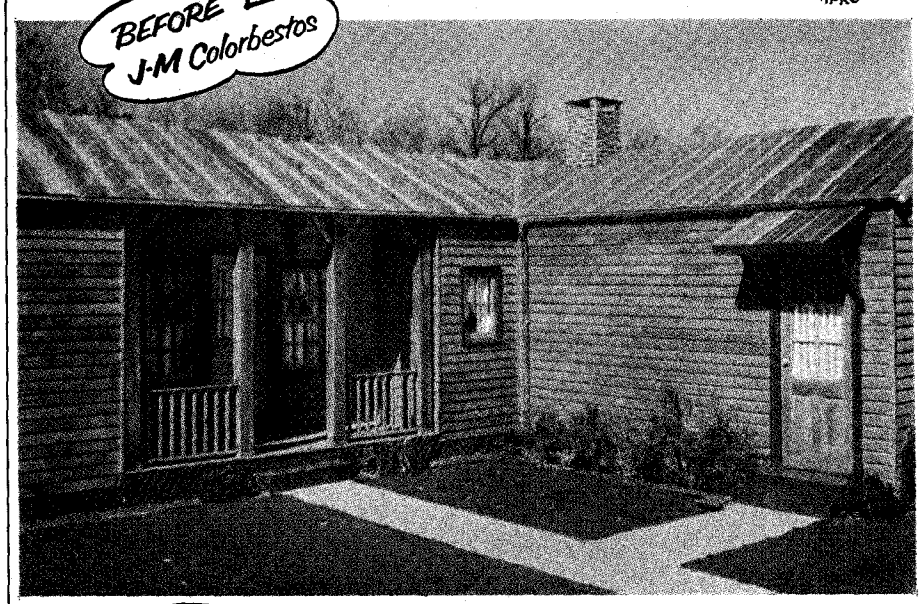

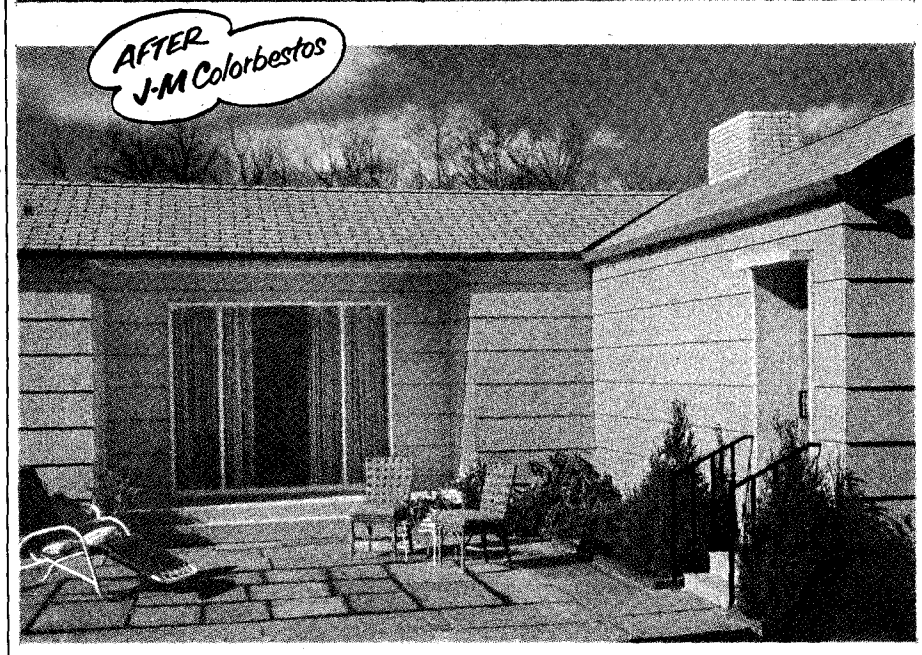

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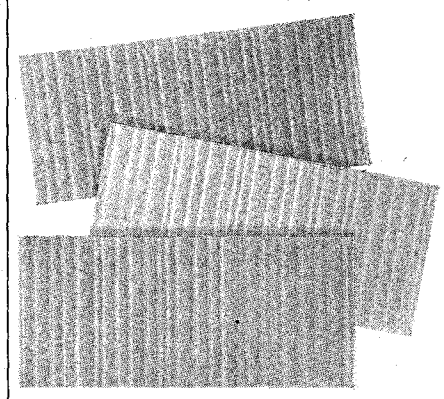

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their production by doing flying on a timetable basis. I knew they had a big overhead and that every day they spent waiting for a flying sequence meant a lot of money lost. So I told them I'd save them time and they could pay me more money. It worked fine and eventually, of course, all the movie fliers profited."

Mantz's first arrangement on this basis called for a $250-a-week salary in addition to fifty dollars for each day of flying. A stunt flier usually worked two or three weeks on a picture. In later years the salary jumped to $500 a week, with an additional $150 for each day's flying. Especially dangerous stunts were generally covered by a separate payment; if anyone wanted a stunt pilot to fly the wings off an airplane today, it would probably cost the producer $5000. Fortunately for everyone concerned, the really murderous type of stunt flying which once featured movie melodramas has become outmoded as both the cinema and aviation have come of age; crackups and near misses are now generally filmed by combining models and process background shots.

The movie companies' reluctance to enter the airplane business—particularly the collection and care of aeronautical museum pieces—led to the development of one of Mantz's most interesting enterprises. Starting with the 1910 Curtiss pusher, which Mantz's shop built from a set of blueprints dated 1913, Paul found himself being asked, more and more frequently, to supply period pieces for the flying sequences in films. One 1937 picture, Men With Wings, called for a whole roster of World War I planes.

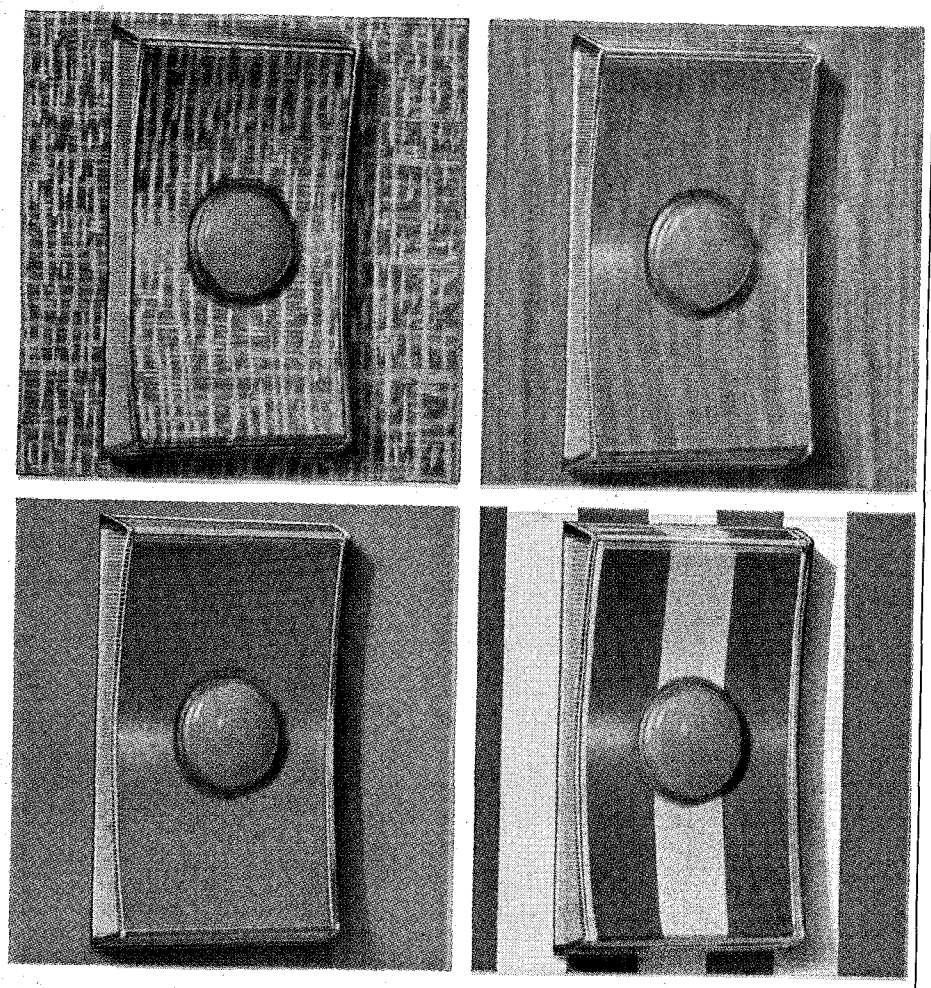
"Paramount, which was producing the picture, and Bill Wellman, its director, came to me," relates Mantz, "and I promised I'd round up all the period aircraft I could find. There was a museum at Roosevelt Field on Long Island which had a number of World War I models, but they wouldn't sell anything, so I relied on hangar gossip and literally shopped around the country for old planes. For instance, I found a World War I Fokker D-7, a German fighter, in a garage near what is now Los Angeles International Airport. Someone had brought it over here in the '20's to use it for aerial mapping and it had been standing there gathering dust ever since. It cost me seven hundred dollars. We had to rebuild it completely in the shop, but we got it flying, and it's been flyable ever since."

Mantz found his first Spad—the Allied World War I fighter plane in which Eddie Rickenbacker became an ace—in a barn in Southern California's Imperial Valley.

"We had to rip off the fabric with which it was covered in order to see that there was no dry rot in the structural members—it was too bad, because that Irish linen was as good as the day it had been put on. The dry air down there in the valley had preserved it. I paid twelve hundred dollars for that plane, and it has been flying, whenever we needed it, ever since we finished work on it."

Mantz also found some early-vintage American Jennies, the British DeHavilland 4's, a French Monosoupope Nieuport (with a rotary engine in which the cylinders revolved around the pistons and fixed crankshaft), a Thomas Morris Scout and several other ancient crates which brought nostalgic tears to the eyes of the graybeards of aviation whenever they appeared on the screen. After these relics had been carefully checked and repaired, it was Mantz's somewhat painful duty to find out if they would become air-borne.

"I always had to work off grass, because the tail skids on the old planes gave you no control on a hard runway. Sometimes I'd take the plane off and fly it



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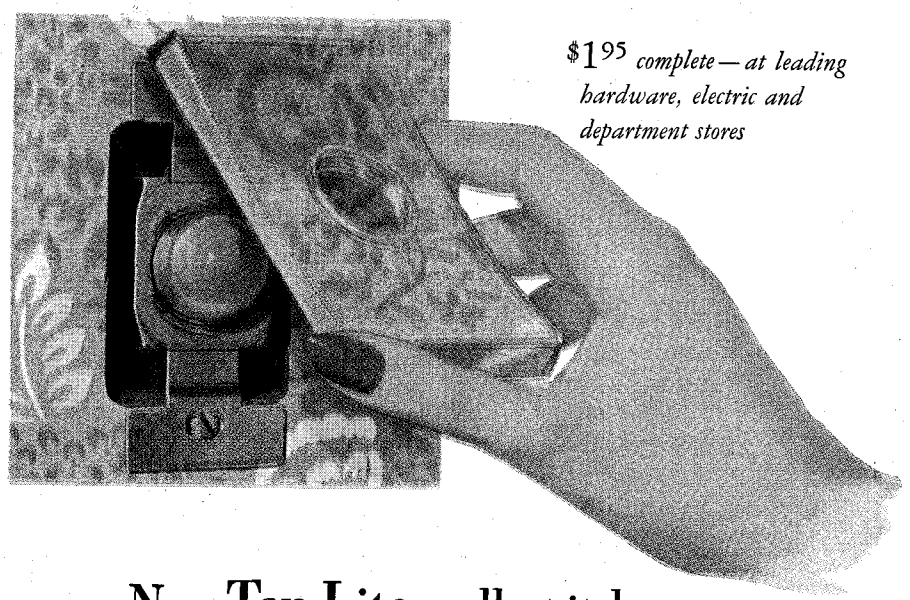

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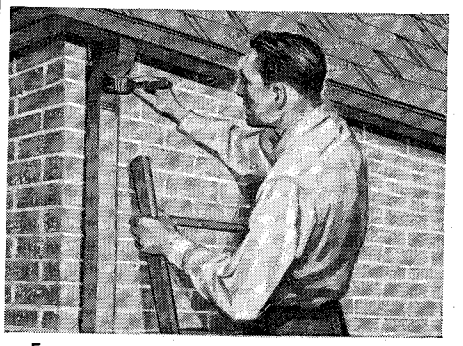

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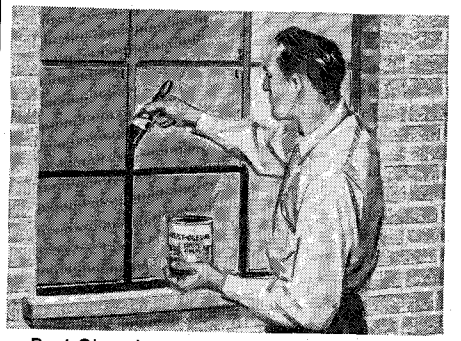

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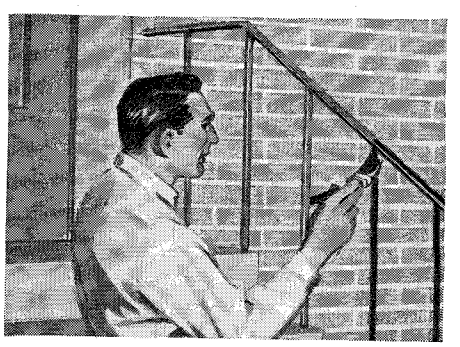

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about a foot off the ground, and then cut the throttle. If it seemed to fly, I'd then get it up far enough to make a circuit of the field. We were lucky, I guess—never cracked up one of our old planes."

Mantz's flashiest airplane-shopping expedition, by all odds, occurred in 1947, when he bought 485 surplus World War II airplanes, most of them in flyable condition. Included in the lot, which was stored on a field at Stillwater, Oklahoma, were seventy-eight new B-17 four-engine bombers, 228 four-engine Liberator bombers, thirty-two twin-engine bombers and 137 fighters. Paul bought this sizable air force (including the more than half a million gallons of aviation gasoline in the planes' tanks) for $55,000. His offer was $166 and some odd cents more than the second highest bid.

"The rest of the bidders were junk dealers who wanted to break up the planes for the metal. I planned to salvage the gasoline, keep one of each type for the motion-picture business and then junk the rest. I financed the deal myself and then later took in two Texans as partners, so I could get some of my money back in the bank. When I first bought the planes a newspaperman figured that I owned the world's seventh largest air force—the equipment for it, at any rate."

The Mantz air force was finally liquidated by the three partners in a colossal junking operation. Paul gave a P-40 fighter to the city of Los Angeles museum, saved one of each type of aircraft for his movie rentals and made a substantial profit on the deal.

Several other Mantz purchases of World War II surplus aircraft also proved to be good bargains. A P-51 Mustang fighter plane with a Rolls-Royce engine, which he bought for $1500 in 1945, helped Paul win the West Coast-to-Cleveland Bendix Trophy race three years in a row and establish a number of transcontinental and international speed records which stood until the faster jets came along. Paul figures that the P-51 has earned a total of $125,000 in prizes, sponsored speed-record attempts and race bets—including a little $10,000 side bet Mantz won from Glenn McCarthy on one of the Bendix races. The Mustang, still in excellent condition, is now parked outside of Mantz's operational headquarters at Santa Ana airfield, south of Los Angeles; Paul hopes to use it for another try at the West-East transcontinental record, using the jet stream.

Another piece of surplus equipment in the Mantz stable which has earned its keep is the twin-engined B-25 which has served as his chief camera ship for the last eight years. In addition to work on a score or more of run-of-the-mill pictures, the sturdy B-25, with Paul at the controls, flew the forty-minute Cinerama sequence of America the Beautiful (Paul was sent out to get a sequence which would run three minutes), chased the mammoth Air Force B-36's for sky shots in Strategic Air Command and made a five-month, 72,000-mile zigzag trip around the globe to photograph the wonders of the world for a third Cinerama feature.

This past fall the B-25 flew from Los Angeles to Paris and back, with a few side trips, while Mantz was flying the aerial sequences of the Warner Brothers-Leland Hayward filming of Lindbergh's New York-to-Paris flight. In order to keep his speed down while photographing the relatively slow replica of the Spirit of St. Louis in the air, Mantz had to fly the B-25 with its landing gear down, flaps fully extended and the propellers in low pitch—an aeronautical trick which makes the plane work hard to get nowhere not very fast.

The side trips on the Lindbergh story took Paul, his crew and the B-25 to Spain to photograph a bullfight scene from the air (these sequences were to dramatize Lindbergh's thoughts while flying the Atlantic), to the Strait of Gibraltar, to Algiers for air shots of an African town, to Cairo to hedgehop over the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and up to the seventieth parallel—which is less than 1000 miles from the North Pole—to find some nice, fresh icebergs to photograph in Cinemascope color. What all these purposeful wanderings have added to the B-25's take is anybody's guess—the rental for the plane and its maintenance crew is usually $1000 a day.

The Lindbergh film, which is scheduled to be released June 2, 1956, provided Mantz with a rare opportunity to sell his all-in-one package of services to a movie producer. When he heard the first trade rumors that the Lindbergh book (it was also serialized in The Post) was to be

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm afraid they've been seeing too much of each other."

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filmed, Mantz was working on the flying sequences for Strategic Air Command.

"Knowing Lindbergh and Leland Hayward, the producer, and director Billy Wilder, I figured that it was bound to be a realistic, authentic film. That meant that they'd need a Ryan B-1 or B-2 monoplane, because the original Spirit of St. Louis is in the Smithsonian Institution. And I knew that there had been only eight or ten of those particular Ryans built. So I started shopping around, feeling that if I had a Ryan, that would be the first step toward a contract to furnish and fly the airplanes for the picture."

Mantz's shopping, over a period of months, unearthed four Ryans in various stages of obsolescence. He finally bought two—one in a barn in Idaho and another in Michigan. Stan Reaver, Mantz's chief pilot, tinkered around with these planes until they were flyable, and then sweated the little planes across country to the Mantz shops in Santa Ana. Reaver, a crack pilot, vows that his respect for Lindbergh's accomplishment grew with each mile that he flew the jittery little Ryans—both during the initial delivery and later for the actual flying sequences of the picture.

"Once we had them in the shop," relates Mantz, "we tore the planes down, checked everything and replaced worn parts, magnafluxed the engines and added two and a half feet to each wing tip to make them exact counterparts of the original Spirit. Tod Oviatt, an old friend who suffered with me through the early stunt-flying days, deserted his own engineering business to supervise the rebuilding job. At one time Tod had forty men working on the Spirits. Before we were finished I had invested almost fifty thousand dollars in the two planes. At that time, although there had been a lot of talking and planning, I still didn't have a contract to work on the picture. P.S.: I later got that contract."

Mantz's obligations under the contract with the Hayward-Warner Brothers producing unit were to supply the two flyable replicas of the original Spirit, the B-25 and a smaller plane as camera ships and various extra planes, to work with the producers and director Billy Wilder on the complicated logistics of the filming, to supply maintenance personnel and pilots, and to direct the aerial sequences from a technical standpoint. Mantz, who is a member of the Screen Directors' Guild, flew the camera planes himself. The filming operations started on the East Coast late last spring, followed Lindbergh's course to Paris, backtracked to the East Coast and then hopped to California for some final air shots. On the way to Paris, Mantz found himself behind schedule and flew the twin-engined B-25 from Greenland to Shannon, Ireland, in one hop—a calculated risk which he describes as "stretching my glide just a bit."

One of the most significant and interesting features of filming the Lindbergh story does not, unfortunately, have any place in the picture. By the time Mantz had finished rebuilding and testing the two replicas of the Spirit of St. Louis, the film timetable called for an immediate departure on a tight shooting schedule on the East Coast and in Paris. The main concern, of course, was to have the Spirit against appropriate backgrounds at the right time of the year. The problem was to get both Spirits to the East Coast and one Spirit to Paris in a hurry. Nobody wanted to be another Lindbergh and try to fly the little plane across the ocean. And surface transportation across the Atlantic might take too long.

The Air Force (with an eye to anything that might increase recruiting) solved this logistical problem. The two Spirits, together with their crated wings, were stored in a C-124 Globemaster and flown to the East Coast. There, one Spirit was unloaded and the other carted to Paris. Another Globemaster flew the Mantz six-ton maintenance truck and the smaller photographic plane to the French capital. And so it was that just twenty-eight years after the historic flight, the Spirit of St. Louis crossed the Atlantic once again—this time in the cargo cabin of another plane.

If Mantz's working life, with its excitements, traveling and air-borne adventures, resembles the fabric of a teen-ager's dream, the flier's home surroundings are cut from material that is no less bespangled. Paul, his attractive wife, Terry, and their seventeen-year-old son, Albert Paul, Jr., live on a ninety-five-foot yacht berthed at a plush shore-front club forty miles south of Los Angeles. The Pez Espada, a 102-ton motor sailer, complete with a cook, a paid hand and a Siamese cat known as Sami-Lee, offers something more than just the comforts of home. The main deck lounge sports a wood-burning fireplace and an electric organ, the dining salon contains an attractive bar, the galley provides a freezer, several iceboxes and an oil-burning range, and each of the three main cabins has a connecting bath and shower. A topside charcoal grill takes care of alfresco cooking, and there is even a small box of grass for the exclusive use of Sami-Lee.

> Another thing that a bachelor misses in life is the soft touch of a woman's hand—on his pocketbook.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

The Pez Espada, which has twin diesels and a shore-type electrical system, carries just about all the navigational and radio gadgets known to science. Paul, who serves as his own captain, navigator, engineer and radar operator, delights in corraling a friend or two and making a family weekend excursion to Catalina Island, about thirty miles off the California coast.

Though these expeditions are defined as "getting away from it all" by the Mantz household, the threads of Paul's pressurized life are rarely broken. Minutes after the Pez Espada has dropped its hook in Avalon harbor or some quiet cove the ship-to-shore radiotelephone will break into a squawk with the yacht's call letters. Marion Johnson, Mantz's indefatigable assistant and secretary, will be phoning for a decision, a studio will want to talk for half an hour on a film problem or "Tiger" LaShelle, a former ATC flier and Paul's closest friend, will be on the line to say he's flying over from the mainland to join the party. Or there will be a hail from the rail and Humphrey Bogart, one of the film colony's most expert and dedicated sailors, will scramble aboard looking for fun and refreshment.

Mantz has endured this full-throttle existence with obvious relish and no apparent signs of engine wear for many years. Working frantically, playing uproariously and flying dangerously is surely no recipe for a long and happy life—which is what Paul's years are adding up to. When Paul won his third Bendix race there were dark rumors that he practiced some yogalike muscular control which enabled him to do more on less oxygen than the other competitors. If that is true, Mantz is guarding his secret. Or maybe there's something to that early-to-bed business, after all.

THE END

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I Found Russia Changed (Continued from Page 42)

of an educated public, Stalin's successors are facing another danger: the growing monopolization of Soviet universities and colleges by the new managerial class. I had not been in the Soviet Union two hours when an electrical engineer said to me, "Without a college education today you'll never get anywhere in the Soviet Union." If Engineer Smirnov can assure his son a college education, he is guaranteeing him, and in turn his son, a place in the new Soviet upper class. And if Peasant Ivanov cannot do the same for his children, he is condemning them to life on the lowest stratum of Soviet society.

Like everything else in the Soviet Union, education is "planned." "We don't produce doctors, teachers, engineers or chemists haphazardly, as you do in America," a Soviet scientist explained to me. "Our government figures out each year how many new mining experts, geologists and agronomists it needs, and then turns out just that number."

I objected that the system left very little chance for an individual to choose his own career.

"Not at all," the scientist said. "If the government needs more mining engineers, more students will want to go to mining schools."

I asked why.

"Because they want to produce more minerals for the state," he said fatuously.

The explanation was even too silly for a Soviet officer sitting beside me. "The real reason boys want to be mining engineers," he explained, "is that the government pays higher stipends to mining students and higher salaries to mining engineers."

Practically every good student is entitled to a government stipend to meet his living expenses. However, the stipend varies considerably according to the state's needs for a given profession. Thus a student of engineering gets 400 or 500 rubles a month for living expenses—$100 to $125 at the legal exchange rate, but less than half as much in purchasing power—whereas a student of fine arts or medicine is considered nonessential by the regime and gets less than $75. In theory, these stipends are sufficient to cover a student's living expenses. In fact, however, almost all students must get supplementary allowances from their parents.

At the Novocherkassk Polytechnic Institute, near Rostov, which I visited, students can buy a monthly food ticket for seventy-five dollars, though even faculty members admitted to me they must supplement this with another forty dollars if they want to eat adequately. In addition, unless they are lucky enough to get into the dormitory, which holds less than a third of the students, they must pay around fifteen dollars a month for a room in town. Thus food and lodging alone cost $130 a month—more than the brightest students get as stipends. Who pays for their clothing, stationery and books, travel and an occasional movie? The parents.

For a peasant earning $500 a year the burden of sending his son to college is far greater than that of an engineer earning $1000 a month. To a low-paid parent the loss of a son's earning power while at college is still more of a sacrifice than the allowance he must provide to supplement the government stipend. For, to live at all tolerably in the Soviet Union, all members of a family in the lower-income brackets must work and pool their salaries.

A student at Novocherkassk asked me, "Do poor people in America have as good a chance as the rich to go to college?"

I explained how many American students work their way through college.

The students looked mystified at this novel idea. But the university rector quickly intervened, "We wouldn't make our students work and study at the same time."

Even in Soviet high schools the children must pay forty dollars a year tuition for their last three years—and they get no stipend.

An old battleax of a headmistress was showing me through her school in Baku. She took me to the dining room where the children were having their midday snack.

"At government expense, of course?" I asked innocently.

The headmistress flared angrily, "We are still building socialism. Until we have achieved complete communism, nothing in the Soviet Union is free."

"America hasn't achieved communism either," I replied, "but we often provide free lunches for school children."

Because entrance to college is almost exclusively by competitive examination, in theory all you need to get into college in the Soviet Union is brains. But only the most stubborn Soviet propagandist will argue that it actually works this way in practice. "Of course, a general's son has a better chance to get into college than a worker's son," a Soviet scientist admitted to me quite frankly.

A play currently showing in theaters all over the Soviet Union deals with the efforts of an evil, well-to-do mother to get her son into college through pull. As in all Soviet plays, the evil mother is frustrated. But if the practice were not common, Soviet propaganda authorities would hardly find it necessary to produce the play.

Another advantage the rich man's son has over the worker is that his father can afford to hire a tutor for him. In the Soviet Union the institution of cramming is widespread. Generally, crammers are assistant professors in the institute to which entrance is desired, and so they are thoroughly familiar with the questions to be asked in the competitive exams. It is no secret among the gilded youth of Moscow that the most stupid among them can be crammed into any institute he chooses. Occasionally, however, once admitted, a stupid student finds it impossible to keep up in his studies and is dropped. I know of one young member of the "Jet Set," the exclusive circle of children of the top Soviet leaders, who has been crammed into four successive institutions of higher learning. Currently he is studying in a language school known among the gilded youth as "Morons' College."

This year the number of students to be admitted to Soviet universities is not being increased and may even be decreased. "We made a serious mistake in recent years in turning out too many college-trained specialists," a scientist explained to me. "In our factories we don't need college graduates, but foremen trained to read graphs and turn valves. From now on, we shall send more young men to technical high schools to learn to be foremen, and fewer to college."

I asked the principal of a high school how this would affect the ambitions of her students. "Not at all," she said. "It so happens that this year the majority of our graduating class are impatient to start work and don't want to go to college." Later she took me into a class of twenty or thirty graduating students. I asked each what he wanted to do after graduating. Without exception, they answered, "Go to college." The headmistress didn't bat an eye.

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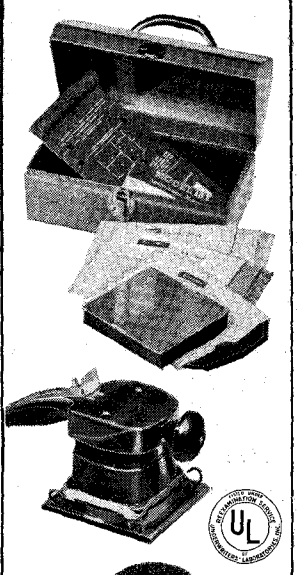

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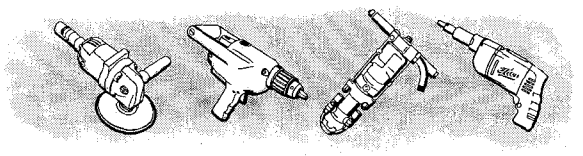

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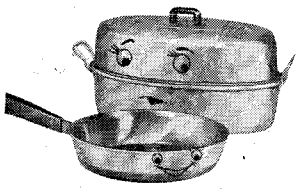
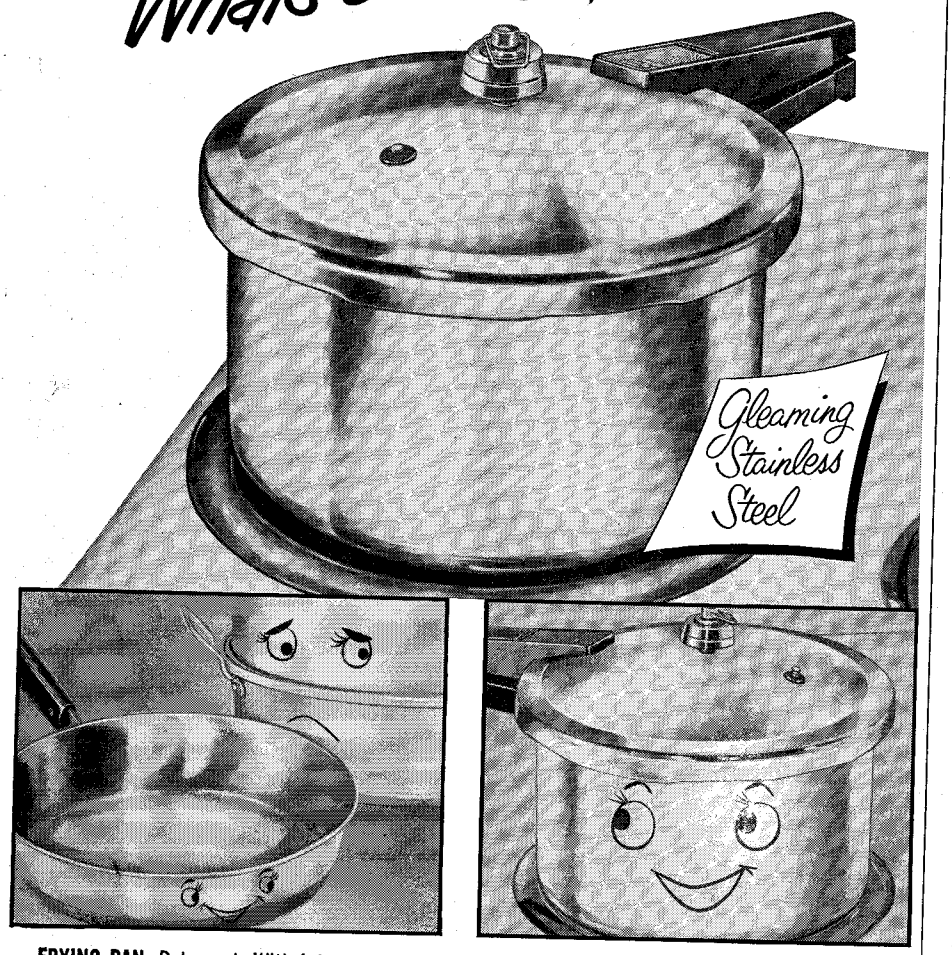


Said the Roaster to the Frying Pan...

"Good Gravy! What's cooking in that?"



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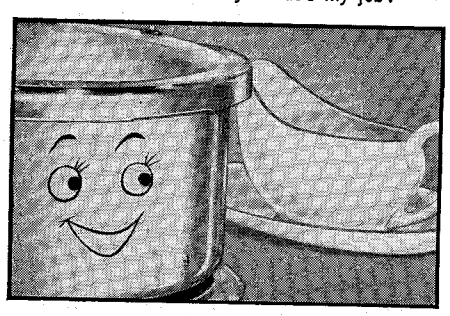
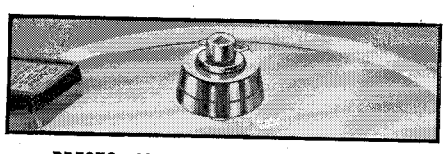
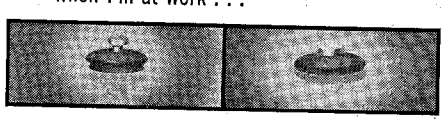


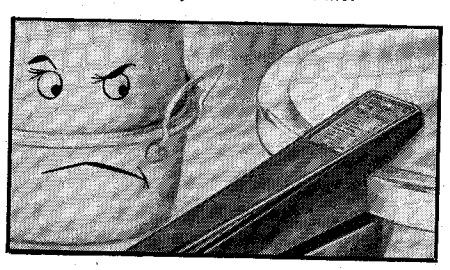
PRESTO: That's why I make such good gravy! My pressure seals in natural juices — vitamins and minerals, too. I'm so efficient, you hardly have to watch me.



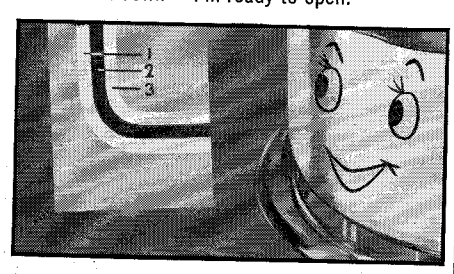
PRESTO: My rocking, talking gauge tells when I'm at work . . .



PRESTO: In fact, I'm semi-automatic! I release air automatically through my automatic air vent. Air vent up — I'm cooking. Air vent down — I'm ready to open.



ROASTER: Well, I suppose you're okay, for special occasions.
PRESTO: Look at my Cooking Guide handle! I cook everything — single vegetables or complete meals; fruits, soups, and even desserts. And I cook them all three times faster, using much less fuel.



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As the number of high-school graduates increases and the number of college admissions decreases, the advantages of the rich man's son over the poor man's in getting a college education, and thus admission into the well-to-do set, will play a more decisive role. It is still possible for the unusually gifted sons of peasants and workers to get to college. But with each passing year a college education for the average youth is becoming more and more a monopoly of the well-to-do.

What effect will this have on the Soviet system? In my last article in the Post, I pointed out that Soviet income taxes seldom exceed 11 per cent and that the maximum inheritance tax is 10 per cent. Since it is not uncommon for a topflight scientist or artist to make as much as a quarter of a million rubles a year, the possibility of leaving substantial bequests to one's children is considerable. If, on top of that, the well-to-do monopolize the universities, they are well on their way to establishing an hereditary privileged class.

It would probably be premature to conclude that such an hereditary upper class exerting real power already exists. In the Soviet Union money does not convey political power. Power is a monopoly of the Communist Party. But the little gremlins of privilege are multiplying fast.

In every Soviet factory there is a party official to check, control and "stimulate" the technicians and managers. Their interference in the operation of a plant has sometimes been compared to the meddling of the theoreticians, in the early days of the New Deal, in the progress of American industry. As the Soviet economy develops the conflict of interests between the technicians, whose job it is to increase production, and the party officials, whose mission is adherence to political dogmas, is certain to grow. For example, technical managers frequently find it necessary to retool or redesign their plants so that they can produce more and better products. But retooling means temporary cutbacks in output. The party official, chiefly concerned with the politically all-important plan, cannot tolerate any temporary interruptions which foul up his beloved blueprints and progress reports. How long will the technicians put up with this kind of interference? If these practical producers are bound together in a privileged class, the party's control over the Soviet economy may one day find itself seriously challenged.

The divergence of interests between the managerial class and the party theoreticians is likely to take other forms as well. A man who has acquired a car, a house and a mink-coated wife is likely to be far more cautious and conservative than he was when he barely got enough bread to keep him alive. And he is probably a good deal more interested in preserving the system for himself and his family than in risky adventures such as liberating Asia's natives from "colonialism," which might lead to war.

This does not mean that if the Kremlin took it into its head to declare war tomorrow the new managerial class could or would do anything about it. The dictatorship of the "collective leaders" is presently complete. And, thanks to the party's propaganda, if war did break out, 99 per cent of the Russians would believe it was started in Washington.

But twenty or thirty years hence the gremlins in the Soviet educational field and elsewhere in the Soviet machine may well modify the communist system fundamentally. In the meantime, what may we expect from the new collective leaders? Some foreign specialists have contended that the new collective-committee system cannot survive. They have devoted considerable energy and printer's ink to the astrology of picking the "real leader" in the Kremlin. During my visit I have found little evidence of a life-and-death struggle for power within the Kremlin. Undoubtedly Nikita Khrushchev is currently the most powerful of the eleven-man praesidium. But to call it a one-man show would, I think, be misleading.

With the liquidation of Beria, the chief of the secret police, and the symbol of one-man rule, an era in Soviet history ended. When Malenkov was later demoted by the collective leaders, but kept his neck, a new era began. It is obvious that the collective leadership is not so well geared to purges and blood baths as was Stalin's. Nor can it act as precipitously or as unpredictably as did Stalin's. But it has the advantage of greater continuity and is less vulnerable to individual attack.

Nothing has struck me more forcibly during my visit to the Soviet Union than the contrast between the public behavior of the leaders now and their behavior in Stalin's days. In 1940, when the Soviet Government was being polite to the Axis Powers, Molotov made one of his very rare public appearances at an Italian Embassy dinner, to which I also was invited. The entire block around the embassy had been sealed off by police. Each guest's credentials were carefully scrutinized at the door. In the kitchen, Molotov's personal physician examined every scrap of food before it was served. Several of his personal bodyguards were scattered as guests around the table, and the waiters were hand-picked for the occasion by the Foreign Ministry.

Fifteen years later, shortly after my recent arrival in Moscow, I was at a reception at the Norwegian Embassy when Molotov and Khrushchev walked casually by and Bulganin stopped to chat with me for a moment. All were totally free of their former morbid suspicion that every foreigner was out to assassinate them.

The reason, I think, is obvious. Twenty years ago Stalin's greatest fear was of a counterrevolution. He regarded himself and his inner circle of followers as indispensable to prevent it. Today the leaders no longer worry about counterrevolution. What is more, they know that if one of them fails there are plenty of others to keep the show on the road. Their relaxed personal bearing is also a reflection of their official pose in foreign relations—the so-called "New Look" and the "Geneva Spirit," which suffuse their appearance on the international stage.

It is often suggested that this New Look is a result of outside pressure that the West's stubborn attitude has "forced" them to retreat. In Moscow I have found as little evidence of this as I have of a personal struggle for power in the Kremlin. Soviet foreign policy, as elsewhere, is largely homemade out of native products and the reasons which have compelled Khrushchev and his colleagues to appear more reasonable are to be found, it seems to me, chiefly within the Soviet Union.

First among them is, I believe, the very nature of the collective leadership itself. Whoever may dominate its councils, all must submit to its discussions. The logic of these discussions may not be that of a Western cabinet. But at least pros and cons must be weighed openly, and this inevitably limits the willfulness of its deliberations and dampens tendencies to sudden changes of attitude. Though one member may receive more publicity than the others, all are jointly responsible for the decisions reached, at least in the public eye. Under such limitations, to attempt to maintain the high state of tension both at home and abroad which Stalin created would be most difficult.

A second consideration is the atom bomb. Stalin, to the end of his evil life,

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stuck to the theory of the class-conscious bomb that could kill capitalists, but would bounce harmlessly off a Soviet factory or a Soviet soldier. The collective leadership has, it seems, at last realized that communism is no shield against nuclear fall-out—that war as an instrument of Soviet policy would be a highly risky business.

A third compelling reason to relax the rigid isolation of the Stalin era was its detrimental effect on Soviet technology. During the last years of Stalin's rule Soviet technical knowledge in many respects fell far behind that of the West. Only since Stalin died has this been openly admitted. Today, Soviet technicians of every sort, including athletes, are urged to study foreign developments and techniques, and to try to glean as much knowledge as possible from them.

Among the forces which have been operating to bring about a change in Soviet policy, NATO-plus-general-foreign-pressure cannot be rated higher than in fourth place. Stalin's menacing attitude toward the West had forced the United States and our traditional allies to consolidate a series of defensive pacts which added up to NATO. Only a semisenile, irascible old man could have failed to realize that a plug-ugly tone of belligerence toward Western Europe was damaging to Soviet interests in the long run.

But what is the Soviet New Look in fact? How much is eyewash? How much is genuine? The Soviet leaders have seldom been as outspoken about their aims as they are today. Their primary objectives, they say—and for once I see no reason to disbelieve them—is to consolidate their gains in the West through security pacts which recognize their hegemony over satellite areas. Their second objective, clearly proclaimed, is to smash NATO and get the U.S.A. out of Europe. A third aim, as Khrushchev indicated in India, is to neutralize and eventually attract all countries of the East into the Soviet orbit.

In Tashkent, often called the Soviet's gateway to the East, I saw on every side evidence of the Soviet's efforts to impress their Oriental guests. Every day, Vietnamese, Indian and Indonesian delegations stopped over on their way to and from Moscow. For their benefit, the Soviet officials had erected elaborate museums and an opera house designed to make the most inscrutable Oriental sit up and take notice.

In Moscow, too, I saw hundreds of wide-eyed nationals from the Far East at the theaters or the grand opera, or ogling the gaudy skyscrapers in the streets, with some degree of awe. One evening I was dining in the marble-columned restaurant of Moscow's Grand Hotel when the door of a private banquet room suddenly opened and disgorged a large group of Chinese visitors, each with a little Russian painted box under his arm as a souvenir. I could not elude the reflection that the rice Christians of yesterday perhaps are rapidly becoming the painted-box communists of tomorrow.

It is frequently suggested that the greatest danger the West faces is the Soviet Union's announced aim to conquer the world for Marxism. There is no doubt that a world-wide communist state is one of their ultimate goals. But for us to conclude that the Kremlin is planning a gigantic military offensive against the West, and to concentrate all our defenses against such a possibility, exposes us to the danger of diverting our attention from more limited, more immediate and therefore more dangerous Soviet objectives.

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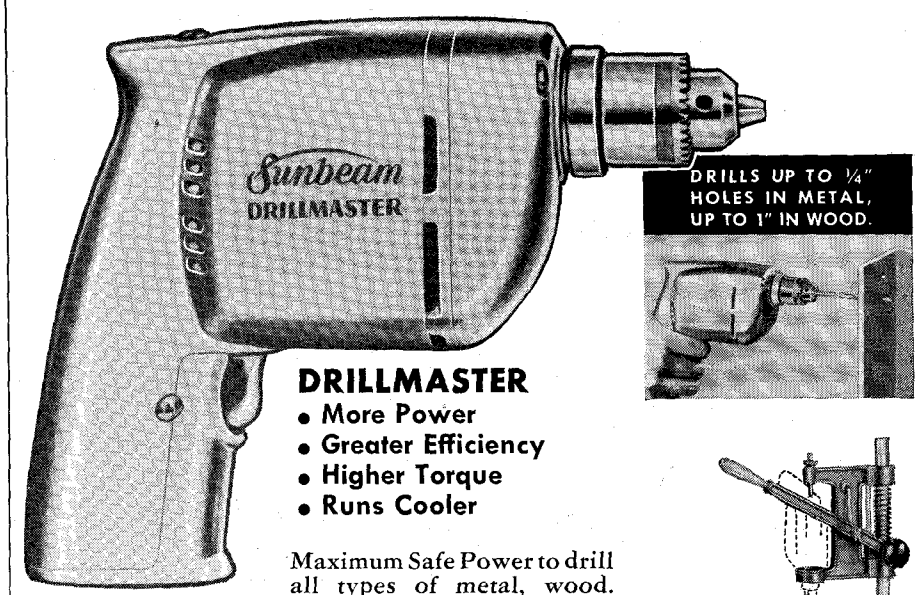

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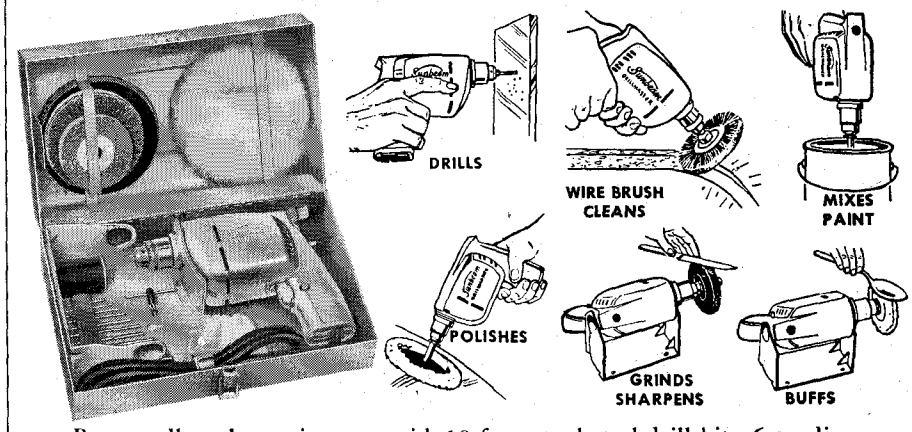

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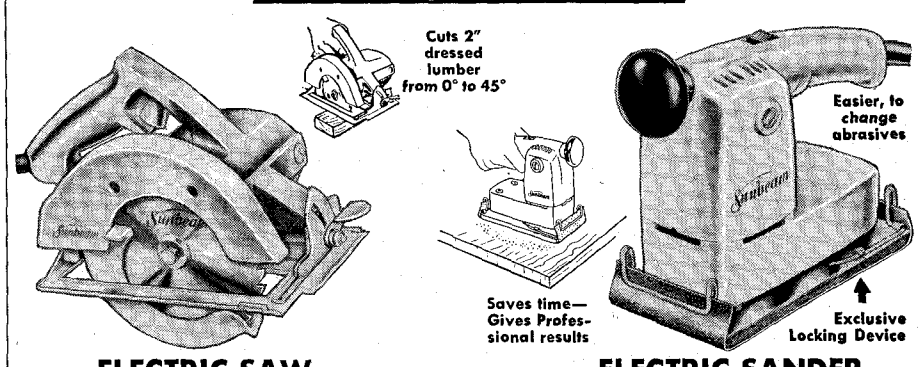
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The Soviet attitude after the Summit Conference at Geneva has been interpreted by some as an effort to lull the West to sleep while the Soviet Union was mounting its all-out offensive. If the Soviets were really trying to lull us to sleep at Geneva, it is odd that a few weeks later Khrushchev was setting off firecrackers under our pillows when he accused the West of every crime in the book, during his Indian tour.

It seems to me that, in Geneva, the Soviet leaders convinced themselves that the United States was not preparing to go to war with them. Once convinced, they felt free to call us every nasty name in the communist lexicon and to resort with relative impunity to every means short of war, including economic competition, to whittle down our alliances and friendships in the East.

One tends to forget that the Soviets' economic weapons are very formidable. In the space of a single generation they have transformed themselves from a poor agricultural country into the world's second industrial power. Two generations ago England was the world's banker. Today, England and all the rest of Western Europe combined cannot finance such schemes as the damming of the Nile. But the Soviet Union has declared its intention of industrializing China, developing India's steel industry and undertaking half a dozen other foreign development projects on the side.

Despite their enormous industrial achievements, the Soviet leaders readily admit that they still lag behind America. They are determined to close the gap between Soviet and American production as quickly as possible. In Moscow one hears various estimates of how long it will take—from ten to seventy years. During that period the average Russian worker will be required to make endless sacrifices for the achievement of the leaders' goal. What's more, deep down the average Russians know the size of the job in store for them.

Frequently, especially when there's a crowd about, one hears them boast that they're already as advanced as America in one sphere or another:

"We publish more books than you. Therefore we are better educated."

"We have more universities than you."

Some fanatical communists and ignorant young people actually believe this. But, more often, such statements are made to demonstrate their loyalty to the regime or, by an exercise of autosuggestion, to convince themselves that their dreary lives are not so bad as they know they are.

But, especially in private, the more sober and mature among them readily admit that they still lag far behind America.

"Your technical standards are far higher than ours," a Soviet colonel told me.

"Your production methods are ahead of ours," an engineer admitted.

"Your cars and machines are better and cheaper," a university professor said.

In dozens of conversations behind closed doors, the Russians I encountered both in Asia and Europe recognized that today, in this year of 1956, we are technically still far in advance of them.

What they said to me on this trip brought back memories of their pre-World War II admiration for things American.

Western Europeans in Moscow are frequently irritated when admiring crowds identify their shining Renaults or Isotta-Fraschinis as "Amerikanski"—a synonym for everything new and wonderful. A trivial incident in far-off Samarkand demonstrated the Russians' almost pathetic longing to have something in common with us. I was being taken through the local natural-history museum by the curator. After showing me a somewhat moth-eaten collection of stuffed foxes, wolves and bears, he displayed a large bottle in which a most unappetizing, milky-white fish was pickled. "This is a *pseudo-scaphirhynchis*," he said. "It exists only in the Oxus, the Sir-Darya and," he added with a huge smile, "the Mississippi."

The reception the Soviet public gave the cast of Porgy and Bess, when I attended the opening in Leningrad, dispelled any last doubts about their feeling toward us. Shortly after they arrived, Earl Jackson, who plays the role of Sportin' Life, was taking a morning stroll down the snow-covered Nevski Prospekt, surrounded by a clamoring mob. In the very shadow of the Winter Palace they prevailed upon him to sing. The rapt expressions on his admirers' faces as he sang I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas was more convincing proof of their real feeling for Americans than a thousand outbursts by Comrade Khrushchev.

The latter has said repeatedly that one day communism will defeat capitalism. He probably believes it. What he doesn't know is that the capitalism he is tilting with is about as real as Don Quixote's windmill. Soviet officials are so ignorant about the workings of the American system that a discussion of the subject, even with a Soviet diplomat who has lived in America, is like a conversation between the Red Queen and Alice in Wonderland. While the American Government and private institutions have been training thousands of specialists on the Soviet Union, the Soviet Government has, so far as I know, not trained a single serious student in American affairs. I think I know why. It is because he would eventually encounter the awkward fact that America today resembles Marx's picture of it a century ago about as much as the Soviet Union resembles his "Workers' Paradise."

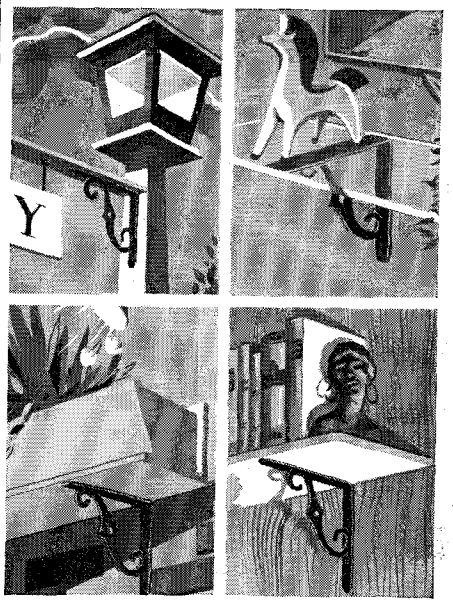
"The two political parties in America have one aim in common," one Soviet official said to me recently. "It is to maintain the domination of capital and the suppression of the working class."

"How can American workers enjoy a high standard of living," another asked, "when J. P. Morgan or John D. Rockefeller can compel them to work twelve hours a day seven days a week?"

Because Karl Marx said these things were so a century ago, his inflexible followers insist they are still so. Here again, a generation hence, we may find a crew of little gremlins, armed with facts, raising Cain at the very heart of the communist religion.

If, as I suggested earlier, the Soviets are not vulnerable to outside pressures, what can we Americans do about the communist threat? It seems to me there are two things we can do. First, keep our defenses high enough so that the Kremlin leaders will continue to regard war as an unprofitable proposition. Secondly, if, as in the past, we can keep our own system responsive to changing needs, and continue to meet the legitimate demands of our people with the products of free enterprise, while also helping our free friends abroad, the Soviet leaders eventually may discover that our system is not the push-over they seem to think it is. And by the time they have solved their own problems and are ready to conquer the world for communism, they may also discover that the little gremlins in the Kremlin haven't left them as much communism to spread around the globe as they imagine they have.

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Thayer.



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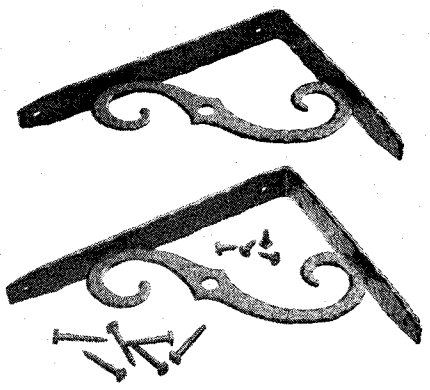

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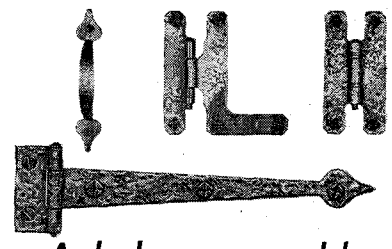

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How Long Can We Stay on the Farm?

(Continued from Page 39)

From our point of view, the success of the partnership depended on the productivity of the land. With the same machinery, Dave's labor could produce crops five times as efficiently on flat, fertile ground as it could on hilly, infertile land. We also felt that the landowner must share with us a healthy interest in the farm dollar as a part of his living income. A wealthy man whose farm is a weekend hobby or an income-tax deduction is often very hard to rent from profitably because he is not interested in the immediate productivity of his farm in terms of dollars and cents.

After two years of fairly successful tenancy, we felt we were ready to go back into land investment in a modest way, and we needed a permanent home for our growing family. I had been making loud, clucking noises like a broody hen that wants a nest for her chicks—a four-year-old, a two-year-old and one on the way. In addition to the 245-acre farm that we purchased at this time, we continued our existing tenant arrangement and later took over operation of another farm for which we paid a flat annual cash rent. By this time we were in high finance, not as to profits but in the staggering number of figures involved in the bookkeeping. To help keep the records straight we had a separate checking account for each farm, and I found it a temptation, when our own balance got low, to embezzle a little for groceries from one of the others. A habit which the bookkeeper deplores and maintains will land me behind bars.

Dave sees the farm situation from all angles. During the day, he is the laborer and he cusses the "damn capitalists." After supper, he works over the books and mutters about the hired help. At eleven he goes to bed and nurses a managerial ulcer.

So now we are operating 600 acres of land, part of which we own and most of which we rent from others. We are beginning to hurdle one of the toughest obstacles of modern agriculture—to compete, you have to mechanize; to mechanize, you have to have acreage enough to warrant the machinery investment. You can't afford the land investment without the machinery; you can't afford the machinery without the land. By this time, the size of our operation both requires and justifies our considerable investment in modern machinery, and our crop work is almost entirely mechanized.

We had started with a team of half-broken horses that were thrown in on the purchase of our original farm. Our change from the muscle-and-blood type of horsepower was to a 1930-model tractor. On cold mornings Dave built a corncob fire under it to get it started. His theory, which seemed fairly sound, was that if it wouldn't start, he might as well burn it up anyway.

To stock this size operation with the kind of cattle we would like would require a considerable cash outlay. So we have had to increase our cattle herd slowly through the process of simple reproduction and not-so-simple borrowed money. We borrowed the money to buy a cow, which produced a calf, which produced a check, which paid for part of the cow. If this process would proceed without any hitches for ten years, four cows would normally produce a herd of forty-one cows, twenty yearling heifers and the accumulated income from eighty-one steers. Ain't nature grand? What isn't mentioned is that cows get kidney infections or Bang's disease, or they get baling wire in their stomachs and stretch out their mortgaged heads and die leaving you holding the note. And calves sometimes don't get born just because ma was too choicy in her sex life. On the farm, the reluctant lady is finished off in short order—hamburger.

In livestock farming, we learned never to underestimate the importance of the bull. This may seem like an obvious statement, but I am talking about his economic potential to the herd. The qualities of a good cow are reproduced in one calf once a year. The bull is reproduced in our herd thirty to thirty-five times each year. Consequently, whenever there's any extra cash, it goes into the purchase of a better bull with more steak on his southwest quarter.

Our savings account is on the hoof. No matter how short the ready cash, we keep the best heifer calves for the permanent herd and market only the steers and undergrade females. My first thought, when the bills get pressing, is to cash in some of those dollars in the pasture, but Dave regards them as our "steak" in the future. Like any good stockman, he knows each cow and never misses a sore eye on "Huntsdale Heifer," a barb-wire cut on "Bones" or a slight limp in "Old Cow's Second Calf." Today we have one of the better smaller herds of grade cattle in the county. Our bull won the blue ribbon in the commercial-cattle class at the fair and our pen of five calves took second place.

After eight years, our acreage had increased fivefold, representing a $60,000 land investment, although only a small portion of this was our own capital. Our machinery had increased from one team to a $6000 line of equipment. Our cattle had increased from one milk cow to thirty-five good-quality Hereford cattle. Most important, like any sound businessman, Dave had learned to produce a good product. Our calves sold as "good-to-choice" feeders. Our crop yields were above average for our county. Our record looked good and we felt confident we were operating on a safe margin and could withstand a normal weather hazard or a reasonable drop in the market.

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By FRANKLIN P. JONES

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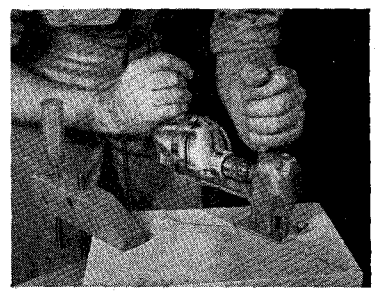

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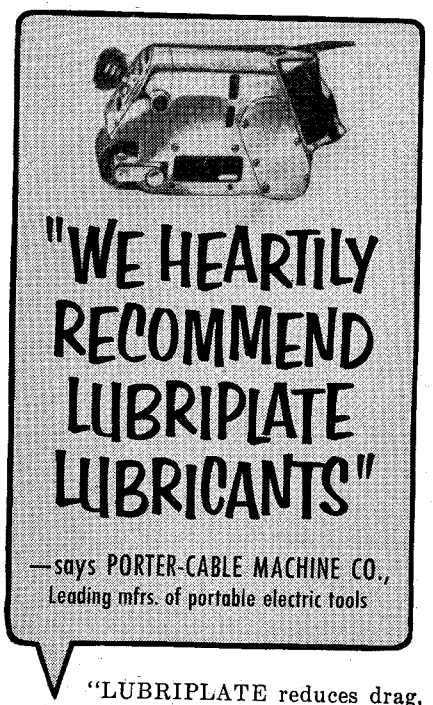

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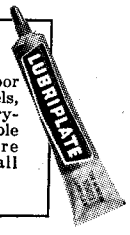

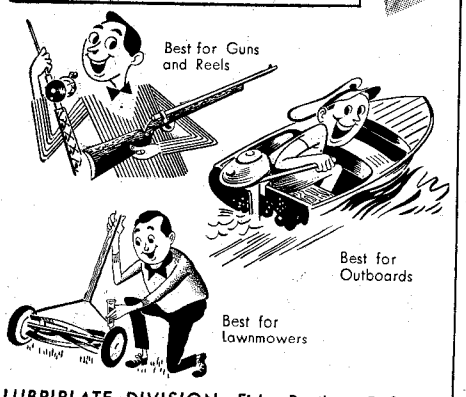

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worth about $300 apiece, a herd investment of $9000. In September, 1952, the $300 cow had dropped to $160. The cattle were worth $4800. Today the same cow has gone down to $110.

Other commodities have followed. In February, 1948, a bushel of corn on the free market was worth $2.80. Last fall it marketed for ninety-five cents. At the same time the cost of producing a bushel of corn has steadily increased. The tractor to plow the field now costs $800 more; the corn picker $400 more. The taxes on our 245-acre farm have almost doubled since 1948. Since 1947, farm income, in terms of what it can buy, has decreased 45 per cent.

Close on the heels of falling prices, in '53 and '54 we had two record-breaking droughts. Water became our most valuable resource. We knew that our house water supply would be inadequate during dry periods, but decided that the $2000 for a deep well could be better invested in livestock and machinery, and we could have water hauled when necessary. We failed to anticipate that the bank account and cistern would go dry at the same time. I improvised a suds saver for the automatic washer out of a barrel, a piece of hose and a few scientific principles. No one turned on a faucet without due consideration, and baths were at a minimum, a state of affairs which delighted the children.

One evening, without thinking, I mentioned to some guests from town that it cost five cents every time we flushed the toilet. That night, after they went home, I found a neat stack of nickels in the bathroom.

But personal inconveniences were nothing compared to the tragedy of seeing our crops and pastures burn up before our eyes. In the summer of 1954, the view from our windows was desolate and our account books looked just as bleak. The cost of gasoline, seed and fertilizer to put in our crop was about $2000. Our gross income on what was left of the crop was $275—a cash loss of $1725. Return on land and machinery investment, nothing. Return on about 500 hours of Dave's labor, nothing. What's this thing they call a minimum wage?

Have you ever tried to work out a budget on an income of minus $2000? It was at this point that Dave, like most of the farmers in our area, had to get a job off the farm. We gnawed our living expenses to the bone, but we couldn't cut out the three meals a day. As it turned out, Dave couldn't escape the weather. For six months he worked for an air-conditioning company—the mechanical approach. Now he is a meteorologist with the United States Weather Bureau—the scientific approach. At present he is putting in forty hours a week at the Weather Bureau and forty on the farm.

We have managed to survive our greatest natural hazard—weather. The unseasonable frosts of Michigan and Minnesota, the wet spells of Iowa, the droughts and dust storms of the Midwest are the farmer's calculated risks. But, can we now survive the hazards peculiar to the present agricultural economy? Can we continue to pay $3000 for a tractor and use it to produce corn that sells for only ninety-five cents a bushel? We are faced today with the problems of widely fluctuating prices and constantly rising costs, coupled with the unpredictable regulations out of Washington, where the farmer is tossed around like a hot potato in the political kitchen.

Farmers have pitifully poor public relations. Most nonfarming people have no conception of what we are facing, like the sweet young thing who cocked her head brightly and asked Dave, "Grasshoppers? Now let's see. Are they good or bad?"

Dave, like most thinking young farmers realizes that we cannot hope to find an answer until we can make our problems clear and meaningful to the factory worker, the business executive, the city dweller, and particularly to the men who frame our laws in Washington. The existing farm organizations, in most cases, put forth sincere and undaunted efforts to accomplish this. But in order to be truly effective, they need a greatly increased membership of well-informed and interested persons. Too many farmers underestimate the importance of their organization and fail to relate their own participation to its success. Farmers are still poorly organized in an otherwise highly organized society, and we suffer for it. Dave has spent long hours working in our local Farm Bureau. We feel that this time is as important to our financial future as the hours he spends on the tractor, perhaps more so. Our lives are invested in that future.

We have seen our contemporaries leave, one by one. Some go fast, in a cloud of disgust, selling everything behind them. Most ease out slowly. First they get a good job off the farm. Then the farm work comes to a standstill because they don't have time for both. Then it's lonesome for the family, and pretty soon they are looking at a ranch house in the suburbs.

We know these people well. We know what they are facing. Most of these men are young, competent and vitally interested in the problems of agriculture. They follow the latest scientific developments in good farming practices. They are informed on agricultural legislation and active in policy making through their local farm organizations. They have willingly done without the frills of modern living because they were convinced of the rightness of their way of life and the importance of their work. They had been steadily doing a good job, enlarging their operations, branching out, increasing their productivity. These are the young men who, in the present change, are leaving the farm. We believe that our education and experience are your investment, because we are your stock in the future of agriculture.

With 81 per cent of the farm operators now over thirty-five, it's getting pretty lonesome for the young couples these days. At most rural gatherings, you can count the farmers under thirty on one hand. When we bought our first farm at the age of twenty-three, they called us "those kids that bought the Martin place." Ten years later we're still "those kids." In our occupation there's nothing younger coming up, and until there is, we'll always be the youngsters in the crowd.

Where are the bright young men of agriculture? There are plenty of graduates from our agriculture colleges, but they are going into the Extension Service, research or the commercial aspects of farming. Many of them would rather work the soil, but can't manage the $40,000 to $75,000 investment that economists figure is required to finance an efficient farm operation. What if a $50,000 investment were required in other occupations? In twenty years' time, who would heal our sick; who would teach our children; who would interpret our laws? What is going to happen to farming? Who, then, will operate our farms?

We are vitally concerned and wish to be a part of the agricultural future of this country. We feel that our work of producing food is important and we know that we have the training and experience to do it well. We want to stay in farming. We like the life for our family. But we have a continuing obligation to provide our children with a decent standard of living, good medical care and adequate educational opportunities. Bills mount up, reminding us of more immediate obligations.

Once again, Dave and I are faced with a decision. Our expenses are increasing. Our income is decreasing. Our indebtedness is mounting. Can we afford to stay in farming? That is our problem. But the problem facing this country today is that agriculture needs us for its future.

THE END

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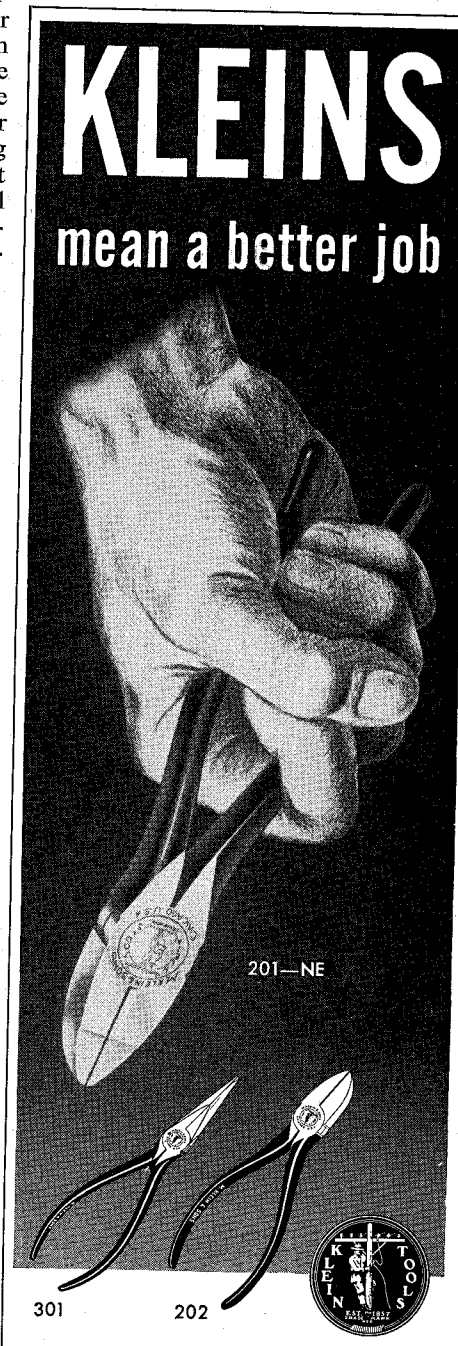

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Lady on the Prowl (Continued from Page 40)

office. Two weeks on Cape Cod, where they lay together on the warm sand watching Peter's small rear protrude from the blue bay water as he paddled, mask over his freckled face, long green flippers on his feet, observing the crabs and minnows below him.

"I hope he never learns to tuck in his tail," Dodie said. "I lose sight of him now and then, and my heart skips a beat."

"That's what my heart does every time I see your back going away from me," Bill told her. "The beats I've skipped!"

She rolled nearer and kissed him. "It sounds like a popular song. The beats I've skipped for you, dear heart ——"

"Are as a string of naughts to me," he added.

They were laughing as they had always laughed together, the laughter of two people in love. Peter rose, dripping, his face blurred and distorted behind his mask, and flapped toward them.

"He looks like a trained seal," said Bill.

"He looks like you," corrected Dodie. "Wasn't it clever of me to produce a pocket-size you?"

"How's about a miniature yourself, one of these days?" he suggested.

She sat up. This day, her eyes were blue, burning blue like the sky against her tanned face. At twenty-seven, she was more beautiful even than she had been at nineteen. "I'd have to take it up with my agent," she murmured.

"Yeah?" said Bill. "I don't see the necessity."

Two weeks in Maine, when they rowed to small islands of pink rock and fished and ate lobster. Two weeks in the Berkshires, climbing mountains on foot, riding green trails on horseback. Six weeks of adulation for Miss Dodie Rodman, of autograph collectors and admiring audiences, of photographers and interviewers. "Lucky Star," one reporter called her, having discovered the fact that she had never appeared in a failure. There had been good plays and mediocre plays, but people had come, and kept on coming.

They returned to New York, and in the apartment where they had lived for five years, Dodie walked from room to room, and then said, "Bill, we'd better move. We need more space."

He looked at her. "That isn't your way of showing me a tiny garment, by any chance, is it?"

Surprisingly, she flushed. "No," she said. "I told you I have to talk with Jake." She laughed. "Before I go into production." She took his arm and turned him toward the long mirror. "Mirror, mirror, on the wall," she chanted. "Look at yourself," she said.

He knew what he looked like. He was thirty-two years old, tall and lean, his thick hair almost black, his eyes pewter-colored against his tan. "I'd rather look at you," he told her.

Her smile was tender. "I was thinking that a girl like you wouldn't stop any clocks," she explained.

The summer heat still clung to the city. The first day that Bill returned to his office, he started work on a patent-infringement case which absorbed him almost completely, evenings as well as daytime.

Peter's school had not opened, and the maid they had had for three years left to be married. Dodie and Peter tramped the hot sidewalks together, looking at apartments. It was October before she found what she wanted, and she signed the lease without Bill's having had time to see it.

Packing the accumulated possessions of nine years was not easy, nor was it easy for Bill to concentrate in the confusion.

"Can't we put off moving until I get this case sorted out in my mind?" he asked Dodie one evening.

"Of course, we can't," she answered. "I've promised the landlord that we'll be out of here by the twelfth." She was sitting on the floor, filling a carton with theater programs and newspaper clippings, pausing occasionally to read one of them intently.

"If there was one room where I could be quiet ——" he began, irritably, and she interrupted him.

"Can't you put off your case until we've moved? I could use a little help."

Peter, playing with his electric train, looked up, and his freckled face reflected the expression on Bill's face. It had not sounded like Dodie's lilting voice to either of them.

"You're tired," Bill said.

"That's what Mr. Selfridge told her," said Peter.

Bill asked, quickly, "Jake? Where did you see him?"

"Pete and I had lunch with him," Dodie answered shortly.

"Oh," said Bill. "Why don't you knock off for a while? I'll make us a drink."

"That won't get the packing done," she said.

"Neither will reading your old notices," he retorted. Anger flared in her blue-green eyes. "Dodie, this is an important and difficult case. If I win it, it will mean the biggest fee I've made yet. We might even take a trip to Europe."

"Europe-beurope," said Dodie.

Peter laughed appreciatively, but Bill did not smile. "Time you were in bed," he told his son. He was looking at his wife. "Jake's got a new play for you, I suppose."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, if he could talk, I know whose side of the argument he'd take."

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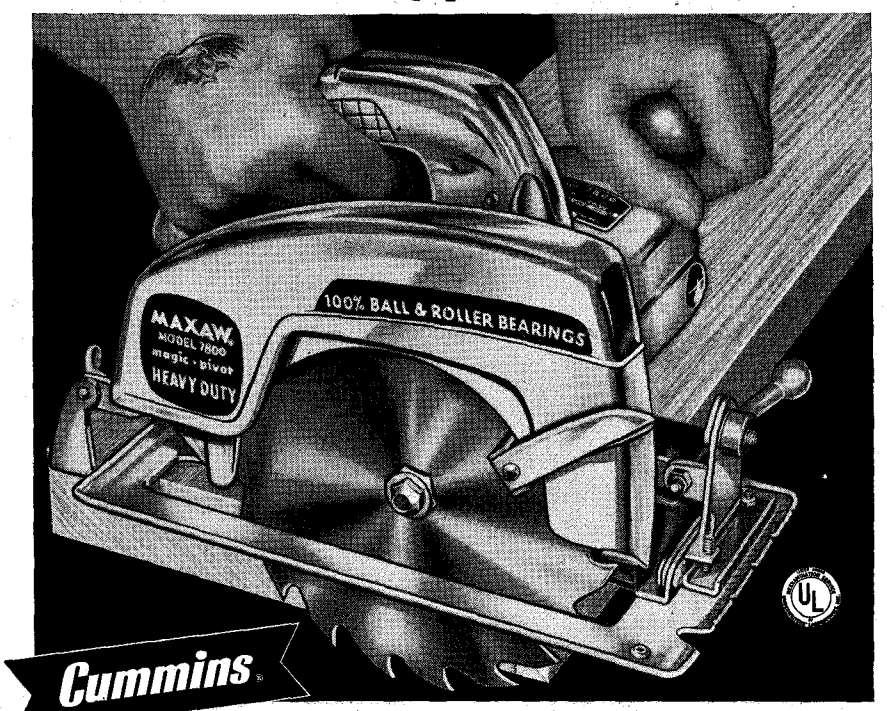

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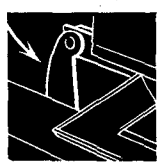

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Dodie clasped her arms around her knees. "Chanslor's rehearsing the new Paul Benton play. Diana Amesbury's playing the lead. Jake says she's terrible."

"So?" asked Bill.

She shrugged. "So nothing, I guess. I've read it, Bill, and it's superb. What a part!" She smiled. "I could play it. Or maybe Stella Maynard."

"Just for a few more weeks, couldn't you impersonate Mrs. William Carter?" he suggested. "You might try the Stanislavsky method. You know—feel the role."

Peter was calling from his bedroom. Dodie went in to him, her cheeks flaming. When she came back, she put her arms around Bill's waist and lifted her face for him to kiss.

"We're both on edge, Bill. I'll try to keep things as quiet as I can. Why don't you go in our room and shut the door?"

On the morning of October twelfth she gave him a slip of paper. "Here's our new address, darling. Don't get absent-minded and come home to the wrong house."

He felt a sharp stab of regret, almost of fear. They had been very happy here and he would, in all probability, never set foot in these rooms again. A series of memories flashed through his head, vignettes of himself and Dodie—a wedding anniversary, birthdays, parties after successful first nights. It was the end of something that had been precious to them both.

At five-thirty he stepped out of a taxi and looked up at the milk-chocolate façade of their new home. The house had been remodeled with an English basement, and inside the vestibule, with its black-and-white, squared-tile floor, his name and Dodie's were already in the brass-framed space above one of the three doorbells. He read the two other cards: MISS ELAINE STEVENSON. MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR JAFFEE. He pressed his own bell, and at the same instant the inner door opened and a girl, smiling, held it for him. She was a tall girl, almost as tall as he, dark-haired, with friendly eyes.

Peter appeared in the hall behind her, and said, "Hi!"

The girl looked down at Peter, who had a holster on either hip and a cowboy hat. "Back where I come from, all the men dress like that," she told him. "Only you should flatten your hat brim more. Like so." Her white-gloved hand adjusted his hat; her smile showed even teeth with a space between the two front ones, giving her an engaging, boyish expression. She went on out.

Dodie, wearing dungarees, was in the large kitchen with a strange woman. "This is Viola, who's going to work for us, Bill. . . . Viola, if you'll get out some ice and soda, I'll show Mr. Carter the apartment."

Even with cartons and cases scattered everywhere, the windows uncurtained and the rugs still rolled, Bill was impressed. Three floors of the house were theirs, kitchen and dining room in the basement, living room, bedroom and study on the first floor, and four bedrooms on the floor above. The garden belonged exclusively to them, a walled rectangle with flower beds and three trees.

"It's terrific!" he told her. "And so are you!"

The telephone was ringing, and she answered it. He heard her voice, low but trained to reach the top balcony of a theater. "No, not yet, you idiot. Later. . . . Where'll you be? . . . Of course, I won't." She looked up at Bill. "I meant to get champagne," she said. "Our first toast to our new home."

"Who called?" he asked.

"Let's have our drink first," said Dodie.

"Jake?" he persisted.

Her soft hair swung as she flung back her head. Her eyes looked deep and unfathomable, ocean depths, aquamarine. "I'm going to Philadelphia tomorrow morning," she said flatly. "They've fired Amesbury and I'm going to do the lead."

"You've agreed already?" he asked.

She nodded. "I can't pass this up, Bill. I can't!"

He lifted his glass. "To our new home," he said dryly.

Her eyes flashed. "And to my new play," she added, and drank her entire drink, looking at him over the rim of the glass.

She went to Philadelphia in the morning. During the day Bill called the apartment twice, to check on Peter and Viola. They were both cheerful and busy when he returned from his office.

Dodie telephoned that evening. They were going to have to do some rewriting on the play, but it was the most exciting part she had ever had. "I told Viola to fix up your study," she added. "The rest of the place will have to wait until I get back."

He put Peter to bed and prowled through the rooms. It was almost impossible for him to get his mind on the patent case in the disorder. At ten he went downstairs to get a glass of milk, and skinned his shin, searching for the light switch.

The next day was Friday, and he brought home a bulging brief case of papers.

Peter said, "Look what Elaine gave me, dad! It's a real rattlesnake rattle from Montana!"

"Elaine?" Bill asked.

"She lives upstairs. She's going to give me a real gold nugget too."

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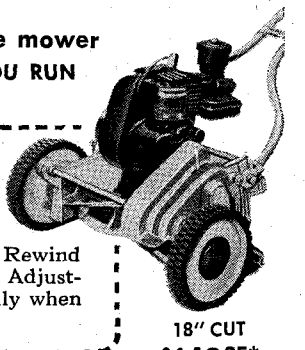

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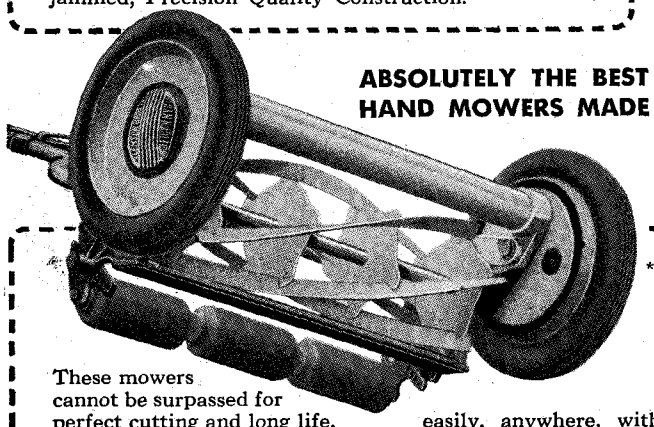

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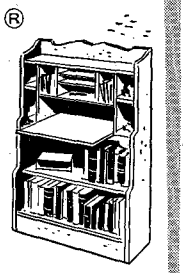

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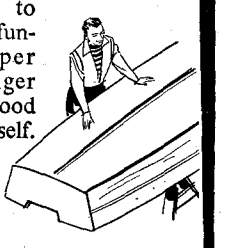

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They were at breakfast when the door bell rang. Peter answered the ring, and brought Miss Stevenson back with him.

"Please don't get up," she told Bill. She added, "I've fallen in love with your son, Mr. Carter. I hope you'll let him come up and call on me whenever he feels like it."

Bill said, "Of course. Won't you have a cup of coffee?"

She had an easy, breezy Western friendliness. She drank two cups of coffee and rose. "There's a Western movie playing around the corner. Would it fit in with your plans to let Pete see it with me this afternoon?"

"Can I, dad?" asked Pete.

When they returned, at five-thirty, Bill had had three rewarding hours of quiet and concentration.

"I was about to make myself a cocktail," he said. "Won't you join me, Miss Stevenson?"

The space between her teeth looked more engaging than ever as she grinned. "After the picture we've just seen, it ought to be tarantula juice," she said. "Your son calls me 'Elaine,' Mr. Carter."

"My friends call me 'Bill,'" he told her.

Viola brought olives and crackers. "Mr. Carter, this is Sat'day night. Is it O.K. for me to go out?"

"Why don't you and Pete have dinner with me?" asked Elaine.

"I'm expecting a telephone call from my wife," Bill said. "Couldn't you eat here with us?"

She not only could but she cooked the dinner. Bill was a Middle Westerner, and he had not tasted bacon cream gravy since his boyhood. It tasted good. When Peter's bedtime arrived, Elaine asked, "May I put him to bed and tell him a story?"

Dodie called at nine-thirty. "It's the first moment I've had," she said breathlessly. "Is Peter asleep?" The second act was going better, but the third still needed work. "Are you all right, darling?"

"I'm fine," he said.

"I hate to think of you, all alone," she told him.

"I'm not alone," he said.

After he hung up, Elaine murmured, "It must be difficult for a woman to be an actress and a mother at the same time. She must miss Pete terribly." Bill grunted. "I've never met a more attractive boy," she added. "I hope you'll let me see a lot of him."

"I'm sure he hopes so too," Bill said. "Don't let him impose on you, though."

She laughed. "I'm afraid that I'm something of an anachronism. I'm a strictly no-career woman. I go three times a week to a hospital, and tell stories and talk to sick children. I even take guitar lessons."

"What's wrong with that?" he asked. He looked at her. "How is it that you're not married?"

"I was, for a while," she answered. "But he fell in love with someone else."

"I'm sorry," said Bill.

She grinned. "So was I. But I'm getting over it slowly."

He did not see her for three days, though Peter did. "Could you buy me a guitar?" Pete asked. "Elaine's teaching me on hers, and already I can play quite well. Can I go up and borrow her guitar and show you?"

Bill wrote her a note: "Peter and I would like to take you out for dinner tonight, if you're not engaged." He owed her at least a dinner, for her kindness to his son.

She looked trim and pretty in a dark blue suit and white blouse, when she appeared with Pete. "You don't know how nice this is for me," she told him. "I was feeling low and lonely."

Walking back from the restaurant, Bill asked, "What sort of guitar do I buy Pete? Any special brand?"

"Let me get it," she offered. "I know how busy you are."

Bill had almost forgotten what a woman with leisure time was like. He had said, of Pete, "Don't let him impose on you," but he was beginning to think that it was he who was imposing. Anything he mentioned, any errand or task, Elaine offered instantly to do. He talked with her about the patent-infringement case, and found her intelligent and interested.

"I'm glad Elaine lives in our house, aren't you, dad?" Pete asked. "It's great to have someone who can do things with me, and go places. She says she'd rather be with kids than anything."

"Yes, it's very nice," Bill agreed.

"Of course mother's different," said Pete. "The theater has to come first, with her."

"Apparently," said Bill.

"When will she be home?"

"The end of the month." He hoped.

Pete said, "Gosh, she'll be home for Halloween, then! Remember last year what fun we had?"

Dodie was not home for Halloween. The play, she told Bill, calling from Philadelphia, was still a headache. "It's been hard to cast, and Paul's still rewriting. We're opening in Baltimore on Monday for one week, then New York." She added, "How's your case?"

"I'm having my troubles too," he answered. Both his client and the head of his own firm were nervous about the outcome. "It's too complicated to go into over the phone," he said.

Elaine was delighted to take over Pete's Halloween party. He had six friends for supper, with Elaine in a gingham skirt and peasant blouse at the head of the table. They bobbed for apples. They played games and told a few ghost stories.

At nine-thirty, parents called for their offspring, and neither Bill nor Elaine bothered to correct the fourth one who addressed her as Mrs. Carter.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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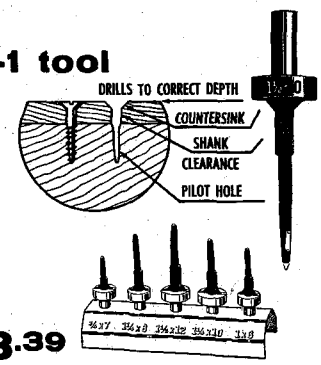

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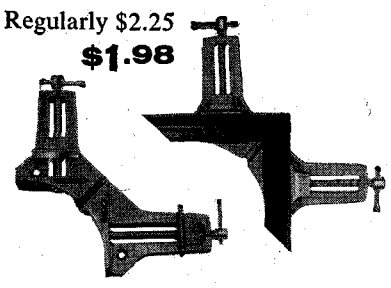

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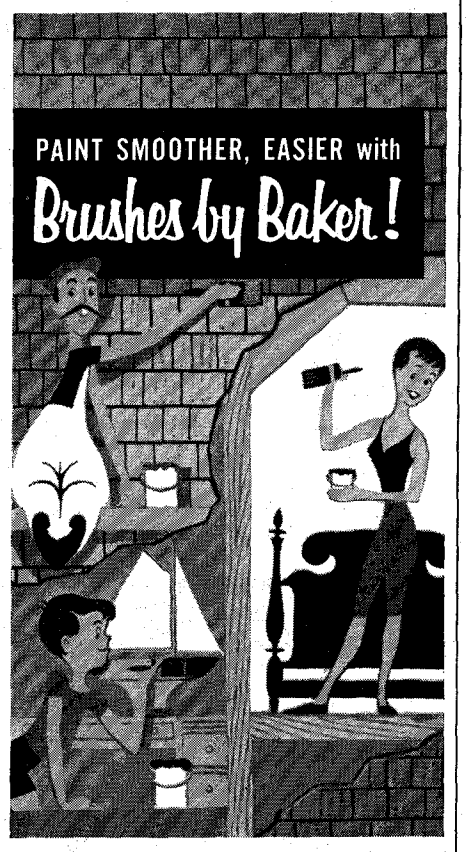

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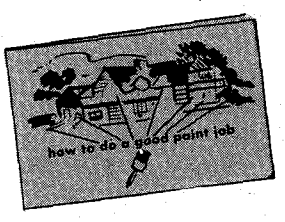

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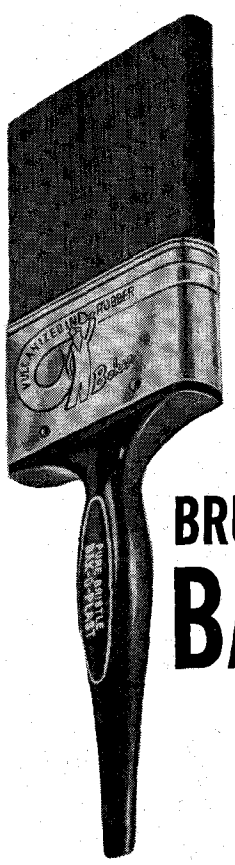

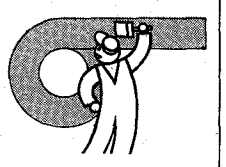

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"This was the best Halloween ever," Pete announced sleepily, when they tucked him into bed.

"I feel so sorry for Dodie, missing evenings like this," Elaine said. "I've never understood how actors can do the same play, say the same speeches, night after night. Play-acting, instead of living." Her clear brown eyes met Bill's. "And she's always such a success that her plays run forever!" She held out her hand. "I'm going on up. You should get to bed yourself, Bill. Don't think that I don't appreciate how difficult it is for you to concentrate on your work, with all the domestic problems dumped in your lap. I wish I could help more."

He listened to her feet running up the stairs, and looked gloomily at the room, the cartons and boxes still stacked against the walls. Viola—or perhaps it had been Elaine—had made a small oasis of chairs and coffee tables, even put down one rug, but the windows were still uncurtained, the place cheerless and unsettling. He got up and stood before an open window. Lights on the Long Island shore smeared the oily darkness of the East River, and a boat gave a long, melancholy whistle.

Never in their nine years together had he felt as he was feeling now about Dodie's career. Perhaps it was, as Elaine had said, an anachronism for a woman to be willing to settle for being a wife and mother, but perhaps he was out of date himself. Perhaps children were out of date too. "A girl like you ——" Better skip that one, he thought. It was bad enough for a little boy to grow up without a mother. It would be worse for a girl.

He opened his brief case. Dodie would be back either Sunday morning or late Saturday night. He began reading.

She telephoned at six o'clock the next night. Pete answered the ring, and told her about the Halloween party. "When will you be home?" Bill heard him ask. His voice fell. "Oh. Sure. I understand." He held out the phone to his father.

Dodie said, "Bill, darling, I'm so sorry! Chan wants us to play two weeks in Boston before we open in New York."

"I see," said Bill.

"I'll be home for Thanksgiving and for Pete's birthday." Her voice was troubled. "I can't tell you how I hate this. I keep thinking of the apartment and Pete and your case ——"

"Skip it," he said. "It's in the bond. If you had to choose between me and the theater ——"

"Oh, please!" she protested. "I'll make it up to you."

"Yeah," he said. She would come home—make her entrance—and the place would become alive and warm. Until she went away again. "Be seeing you," he said, and hung up.

Elaine was with Pete, in his room, when Bill returned from his office the following afternoon. "I've been helping him arrange his things," she said. "I hope you don't mind, Bill."

"Mind?" he echoed. "Good Lord, I'm grateful."

"We were thinking that if he had shelves along this wall, with lockers underneath ——"

"Look at my curtains, dad!" Pete interrupted. "Elaine made them herself!"

Bill looked at the curtains. He had a feeling that they were not what Dodie would have chosen, and a further feeling that it served her right.

On Saturday he worked until after midnight, and he was sleeping soundly when the doorbell awakened him at two-thirty. He put on the lights and staggered to the door.

Dodie said, "Darling!" in her warm, exciting voice.

"For the love of Mike, how did you get here?" he asked.

"Flew. From Baltimore." Her eyes were shining. "I'm going to stay until Monday afternoon and then join the company in Boston." She laughed. "You don't seem very glad to see me!"

He stifled a yawn. "Of course I'm glad. I'm dead tired and half asleep." He kissed her and yawned again.

"I'm hungry," she said. "Let's go down to the kitchen and get some food, and I'll tell you all about everything." Her bright, wide-awake eyes moved over the living room. "It's a pretty dismal set, isn't it? I can't wait to start fixing it up."

His mouth twitched. "You can wait," he told her. "You've proved it."

He watched her quick, graceful movements as she cooked a tomato rarebit. Miss Dodie Rodman was onstage, he reflected. The kitchen was suddenly more attractive, with her in it, just as scenery came to life when she made her entrance. She was talking animatedly, and it was not lack of interest, but exhaustion, which made him fall sound asleep, sitting upright in the wooden chair. She led him upstairs and tucked him into bed as though he were Peter.

When he walked into the living room in the morning, she and Pete were working. Rugs were unrolled, furniture in place, pictures hung. Chrysanthemums and marigolds and calendulas made splashes of color in tall vases.

"Sit on the couch and I'll bring up your breakfast," said Dodie. "I gave Viola the day off." She was glowing with excitement and energy. "Pete, you can start putting the books on the shelves."

She had a cup of coffee with him. His toast was hot, his eggs just the way he liked them. Viola could not make coffee like Dodie's.

He went into his study. The walls were thick, the doors solid, and he heard no sound until he came out three hours later. Elaine was helping Pete with the books and Dodie, in dungarees and a faded pink jersey, was on a stepladder hanging a curtain, her tawny hair disheveled, a smudge of dirt on one cheek.

"We were hoping you'd come out now," she told him. "Elaine's staying for lunch."

Bill blinked. He did not know why he was surprised. It was natural enough that Elaine should have dropped in and that Dodie had been charming and cordial. Pete was prying open a crate with a chisel; the wood made a splintering sound as he bent it back, and he said, "Oh, darn! Look what I did to my pants, Elaine! Do you s'pose you can mend that?"

"I reckon so," Elaine answered, and something made Bill glance up at his wife.

She was still on the stepladder, but she was motionless, her hand on the curtain frozen into immobility. Her eyes met his, unflickering, steady, unreadable.

"Do you like the new drapes, Bill?" she asked.

They talked until late that evening. She wanted to hear about the patent case, and talking with her suddenly clarified certain aspects of it for him. He said, laughing, what he had said to her, before: "You'd have made a good lawyer, Dodie."

"Or a good Portia?" she suggested.

She was up and dressed before he finished shaving in the morning. "Pete and I'll walk to the subway with you," she said. At the subway entrance they stood aside from the people hurrying down the stairs.

"Well, this is it," said Bill. "Good-by, again."

For an instant, there was an expression in Dodie's eyes which he had never seen. It was gone before he could interpret it.

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She said, "Good-by, Bill. I'll call you." She reached up and drew his face downward, kissed his mouth and turned quickly away.

The patent-infringement case went to court the following Friday, and William Henry Carter won it, hands-down, for his client.

"I'll wager I've worried about this case as much as you have," the senior partner of his firm told him. "Bill, you did a brilliant job!"

Bill went home and fell asleep in a chair before dinner. When he and Pete had finished their meal, it was too late to reach Dodie, and he went to bed and slept for fourteen hours. He was unable to get her at her hotel in the morning, and since it was Saturday, she would be playing a matinee that afternoon. A fine thing, he reflected resentfully, when a man could not get his wife on the telephone to tell her news such as this.

Elaine burst in at four o'clock. "Bill, I've just seen the papers! Congratulations! Aren't you pleased with yourself?"

"I guess I'm still more relieved than pleased," he said. He smiled. "I think this

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... ...

calls for a celebration. Let's you and Pete and me go out on the town."

They had a gala dinner in the most expensive restaurant he knew, and went to a musical comedy. After Pete was in bed, Bill made the accustomed nightcap for Elaine and himself.

"It's been a divine evening," she said. "Pete adored every minute of it, didn't he?"

"I stood without hitching, myself," he told her. He had not seen her in evening dress before, and her red gown was extremely becoming. "You're a very beautiful woman, Elaine," he said, and suddenly she was in his arms, and he was kissing her, and she was kissing him back, hungrily and passionately.

She said, "Oh, Bill!" and pulled away from him. "I didn't want—I didn't mean ——" Her dark eyes were wide, her soft mouth tremulous. "I thought it could be just Pete that I loved so!" She stood and went quickly out of the apartment.

Bill sat down in the armchair. Automatically, his fingers closed about his highball glass. He lifted it, looked at it and set it carefully back on the table. For a long time he sat without moving, without even lighting a cigarette. Finally he went into the bedroom and undressed, stood before the open window, staring at the night.

He awoke Pete at seven o'clock. "Time for our waffles?" Pete asked. "You remember—with Elaine?"

"No," said Bill. "We've changed our plans. Today, you and I are going to have a private celebration. Just the two of us."

The telephone rang as they started out the door. "It's probably Elaine," said Pete. "I'll get it."

"Not this early," said Bill. "Wrong number, maybe."

They had breakfast in a restaurant and took a long bus ride. They went to the Art Museum and looked at mummies and scarabs and suits of armor. After lunch, they saw a double-feature movie, and coming out of the theater, Pete heard the siren cry of the barker on a sight-seeing bus.

"Why not?" asked Bill. "This is your day, Pete." They got off at Chatham Square and dined in a Chinese restaurant, where they ate with chopsticks.

At nine o'clock Bill unlocked the door of their apartment. Every light was blazing. Four suitcases were huddled together in front of the fireplace, and Dodie, wearing a tailored suit and a hat, was sitting on the couch.

Pete cried, "Mother!" and rushed across to her. "What are you doing here?"

"I don't know," said Dodie.

"We've had the most wonderful day!" Pete told her. "We went to Chinatown and ——"

She stood up. "Tell me in your room. While I put you to bed. It's late, you know." She did not even glance at Bill.

When she returned, she sat down again on the couch.

"Won't you take your hat off?" Bill asked.

"I don't know," she said again, her voice flat and thin. "I telephoned you early this morning. Before seven-thirty. The phone rang and rang." Her eyes met his. "I couldn't imagine where you were," she said. "So early."

Bill said, "Dodie ——" and she lifted her hand, in a quick, almost imperious gesture.

"Then I sent a wire, asking you to meet me at the airport. You weren't there. So I came home." She swallowed. "Elaine dropped down around ten o'clock. We had a—a very interesting talk. She said ——"

"Dodie!" said Bill. "I'm not interested in anything that Elaine said." He knew all about Elaine. He remembered Elaine's mouth, too red, too moist, too demanding. "I've fallen in love with your son," she had told him, the first day they met. Elaine Stevenson wanted a husband. Even another woman's husband. He sat down on the couch and took off Dodie's hat. "What's this all about?" he asked her gently.

She was trembling. She said, "Bill, I've left the play. We got hold of Stella Maynard last Monday, and she'll open in New York in a week. Chan was furious with me at first, but I talked him into it. She's giving a fine performance."

He put his arm around her. "You needn't have done that, Dodie," he said.

Her eyes were wide and frightened. "What do you mean?" she asked. "Is it too late?"

Only then did he realize what she had been thinking, waiting all day in their living room with her hat on. "I love you," he said. "I'll always love you. Sometimes I may resent your being away, but you told me before we were married ——" He stopped, because her arms were around him, her mouth against his.

"Before we were married," she repeated when at last she lifted her head. "That was a long time ago, Bill. If I have to choose between the theater and losing you and Pete, the theater can go jump in the lake!"

He kissed her. "You don't," he told her. "But you can say that again, Mrs. Carter."

THE END

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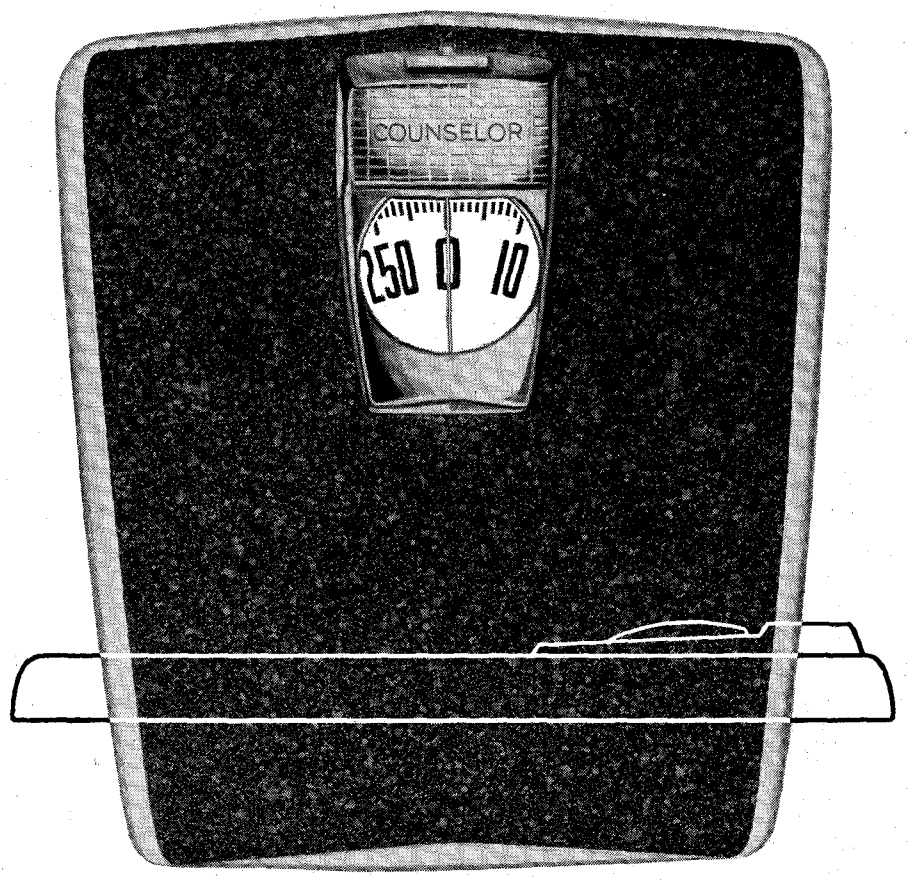

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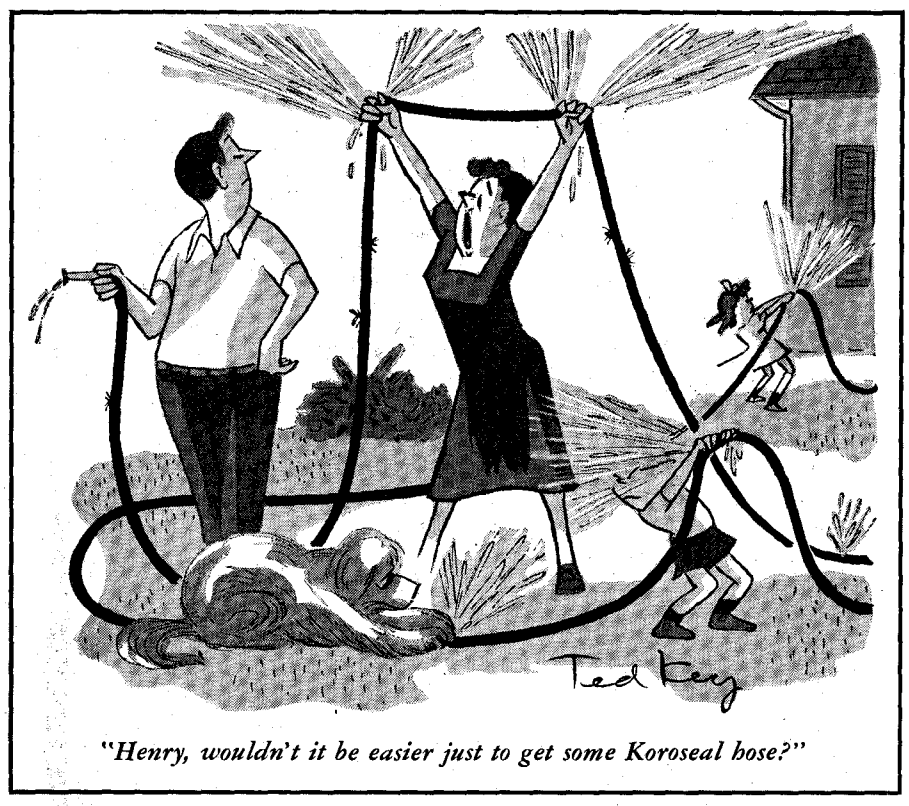

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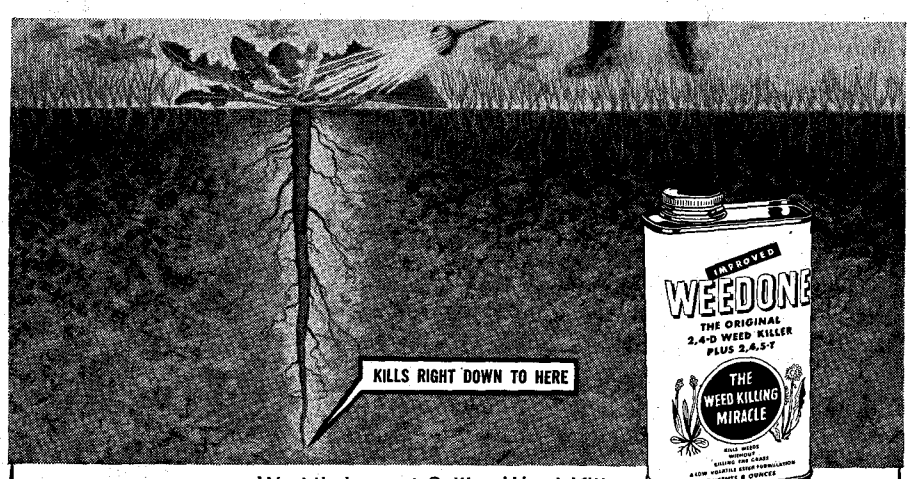

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He Captures Sharks Alive

(Continued from Page 49)

marker. The third was missing. "That," said Woody, "is bad."

We hove to in Gray's Sea Horse, a converted landing craft. The Sea Cow, a thirty-six-foot "well boat" into which sharks are snaked, was lashed alongside. Emil throttled the motors, and the boats began to roll savagely. Gray and Woody clambered aboard the Sea Cow and began hauling in line. The first three hooks were empty.

"We now have a customer," Woody said, and suddenly a seven-foot tiger shark swam into view. Then came the most crucial phase of the operation; the shark had to be eased into the sloshing well of the Sea Cow without suffering any more damage than the hook had already caused.

Emil left me at the wheel and went down to help. While Gray and Woody maneuvered the shark alongside, Emil leaned far overboard and opened a door to the well. The shark was now about two feet from his face. At that moment a wave hit us, the wheel spun in my hand, and Emil's face dipped into the sea. The shark appeared not to notice, and if Emil Hanson was worried, he didn't say so. Gray detached the short line on which the tiger was hooked and handed it to Emil, who passed it through the well door. Gray then pulled the monster into the well, which occupies the whole center of the Sea Cow.

The procedure, repeated twice, put two more tiger sharks into the well. Other hooks were hauled aboard empty. Finally the rope snapped taut. Woody lost his footing and tumbled backward on the deck. Again Emil left me at the wheel and hurried to help. Slowly, the three men pulled in more line, and there were two huge and maddened sharks. They were very much alive and very much entangled with the line, the buoy and the anchor with which the buoy was set. This was our lost marker; the sharks had pulled it under and chewed on it.

I expected Captain Gray to cut the rope, but the three men labored and somehow untangled part of the line, so that the two hooked sharks could swim free of the mess. One of the tigers, about nine feet long, dived under the Sea Horse. There was a grinding noise, and the wheel froze in my hands.

"Cut the motors!" somebody yelled, and I obeyed. The tiger had wrapped the line tight about the propeller, but he still had enough rope to swim to the surface and show his hooklike teeth. Suddenly he quit. Bleeding from the mouth, he was guided into the well with his exhausted mate from the end of the line. We had five tiger sharks aboard, and we were adrift in the Gulf Stream with a fouled propeller. No other boats were in sight. Dark shapes were swimming off the stern.

"Sharks?" I asked.

"Probably," Gray said. "And suckerfish, which follow sharks around."

Woody reached for a face mask and rubber fins, selected a sharp knife and went overboard. In four trips below he cut the rope away from the propeller.

Before we headed for port, Gray and Woody went into the well with the five tigers. Using giant pliers, they extracted the hook from each shark. As they finished, one big fellow flipped against Woody, who scurried out, scratching his knees on the sandpaperlike hides of the other sharks. Leaning over to watch this performance, I very nearly pitched into the well.

"They wouldn't have hurt you," said Gray, "unless you had fallen into one's mouth."

Handling live tiger sharks is not for amateurs, and Captain Gray has trained his two-man crew exceptionally well. Like the captain, they are calm and nerveless men. Hanson, a native of Troy Grove, Illinois, has been working around boats for years. Woodford, from Milwaukee, is a veteran of the submarine service.

Gray has taught them that sharks don't live long in captivity. Often they starve themselves to death, no matter what food is offered.

There are more than 200 known species of sharks; ichthyologists don't agree on the exact number. Those found in Captain Gray's area of operations off South Florida include the tiger, the nurse, the mako—reputedly one of the most deadly sharks—the mean little lemon shark, and the ugly hammerhead, which is almost impossible to capture and keep alive. In all his years of collecting, Gray has taken only a dozen or so hammerheads.

"Periodically somebody comes up with the foolish notion that a nurse shark is harmless," Gray said. "Several weeks ago a diver off Virginia Key was silly enough to poke a small nurse shark. The shark shut its jaws on a roll of fat around the diver's belly. The man came to the surface with the nurse hanging on, and it took two people to pry the shark loose."

Gray has contempt for people who clown around with sharks and other big fish. He is a scientific collector, although not a trained scientist. His pet hate is the spear-fishing fraternity, and he describes a recent experience to make his point. With Emil and Woody, he located a huge jewfish one day; the thing must have weighed 800 pounds. Knowing that the lazy fish would remain in approximately the same spot, they decided to return for him another day. When they went back, the jewfish was dead, with eight spears in him. "That is stupidity," Gray said.

Captain Gray caught his first fish in a creek near Media, Pennsylvania, where he was born on July 2, 1891, the son of a farmer and contractor. The Gray family moved to Ocean Grove, New Jersey, when young Bill was twelve; there he became a confirmed angler and attempted to promote tuna fishing along the Jersey coast. The project flopped—sportsmen's tackle was inadequate in those days—but Gray's interest in fish soared. With a brother, Herman, he set up camp at Jupiter Inlet, Florida, in 1909, and began to fish commercially.

Sailfish came into the sports spotlight about that time, and Gray moved south, to Palm Beach, where he became widely known as a master fisherman. From 1931 to 1935 he was a partner in a fishing pier-aquarium in the Palm Beach area, and this project stimulated his interest in collecting live specimens. Then he was appointed director of tuna-fishing activities at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, now a world center of fishing for the great blue fins. In 1936 he captained a British team which won the Wedgeport tournament. A year later he was in charge of collecting marine specimens with the George Vanderbilt South Pacific Expedition for the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. Again in 1941 he joined a Vanderbilt expedition.

By now the farmer boy from Pennsylvania had developed a knack for identifying hundreds of species of fish and finding new species that astonish ichthyologists.

Pearl Harbor abruptly canceled a scheduled collecting trip to the Amazon, and Gray found himself in a strange new job—for the Government. He was put in charge of a censorship section at Miami,

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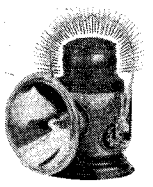

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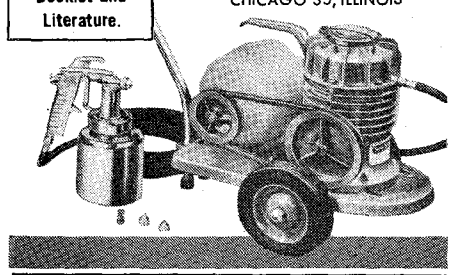

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and there he stayed throughout the war. But he was a seafaring man, and night after night he went on patrol off Miami, as a member of the Coast Guard Temporary Reserve, looking for submarines and survivors of torpedoed vessels.

After the war he assumed the prodigious task of restocking the tanks at Marineland, near St. Augustine, Florida, which had been closed four years.

Late in 1948 he went to Miami to collect independently and ship live specimens to various aquariums. He was perfecting techniques for collecting fish, small and large, and keeping them alive.

One of his gadgets is a "deflator," with which he punctures fish brought up from some depth, thus preventing the fish from getting a very rough equivalent of the bends. Fish have an air-filled swim bladder, which provides them with a center of gravity, and when they're brought up from deep water this bladder expands, often protruding from the fish's mouth. Unless the air is let out quickly, the fish may explode. Gray sticks a long hollow needle into the fish—not into the bubble protruding from its mouth—and the air hisses out. He manages to avoid jabbing any vital organ, a technique requiring thorough knowledge of a fish's anatomy.

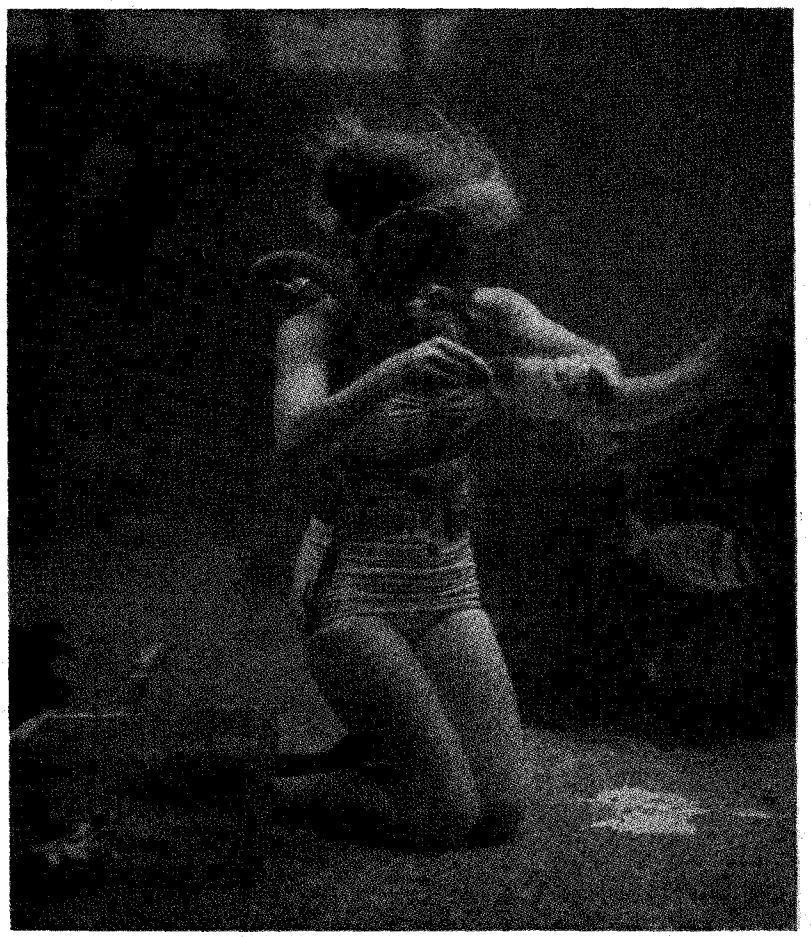
Many fish deflated by Gray adjust readily to shallow waters in an aquarium and live to a reasonably happy old age. Sharks do not require deflating. Barracuda raised from the depths do, but it really doesn't matter, because keeping a barracuda alive is difficult. They lose their scales and die or manage to slash themselves to death.

Captain Gray is now director of collection and exhibits at the Miami Seaquarium, a $2,500,000 layout which he helped plan and design. Opened last October, it is one of the world's largest salt-water aquariums, and Gray has stocked it with almost 200 different species of fish. All were taken from waters within 100 miles of Miami, a circumstance which delights Craig Phillips, the Seaquarium's curator.

Catching small fish is no problem for Gray. He sets homemade traps near the Outer Reef and hauls them aboard the Sea Horse every few days. Some specimens are encased in plastic bags half filled with salt water and shipped to other aquariums by air. Triggerfish are troublesome because they jab holes in the bags.

One of the strangest ventures undertaken by Gray and his two helpers is called "walking the shark." This is an exercise to restore a captured shark's confidence, giving him the will to live on in captivity. I saw this "walking" when we returned from the Outer Reef on that day of trouble.

The Sea Cow was eased alongside a flume leading into a large circular viewing channel. Our five tiger sharks were pushed gently into the flume and a grilled gate was closed to keep them there. The sharks were tuckered out. Three of them turned upside down, showing their white bellies and their open mouths with the hook-shaped teeth.



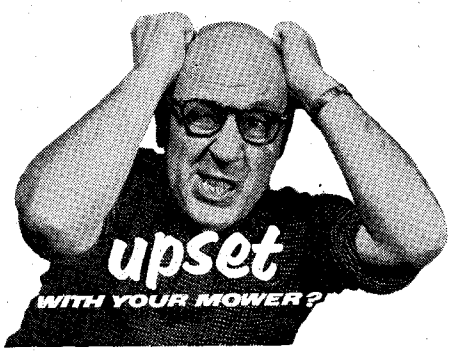
Jeanne Moesly mothers a baby shark at the Miami Seaquarium. Captive sharks are hard to keep alive. Often they refuse to eat, and just roll over and die.

Quickly, Emil and Woody jumped into the shoulder-deep water. Gray followed them. They turned the sharks right side up and massaged them until they began to show interest in life. The men maneuvered the five sharks into the viewing channel. Four swam nicely; only one seemed too tired to care. Emil and Woody stood on either side of the tired shark, supporting him in normal swimming position, and walked him around the circular channel.

After three trips he had recovered his nautical know-how and was able to swim away. Now another shark showed signs of exhaustion, and he, too, was taken for a walk. As the men wobbled by with the shark, Woody called up to me, "Like to join us?" I shook my head.

"He won't hurt you," Gray said. "He's too bushed."

But I stayed put. I don't care for sharks, even tired ones. THE END



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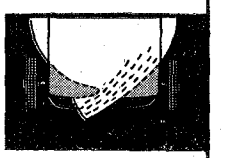

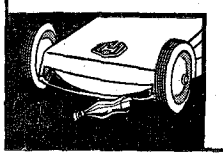

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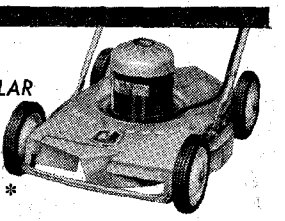

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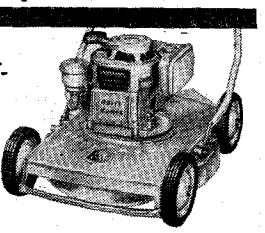

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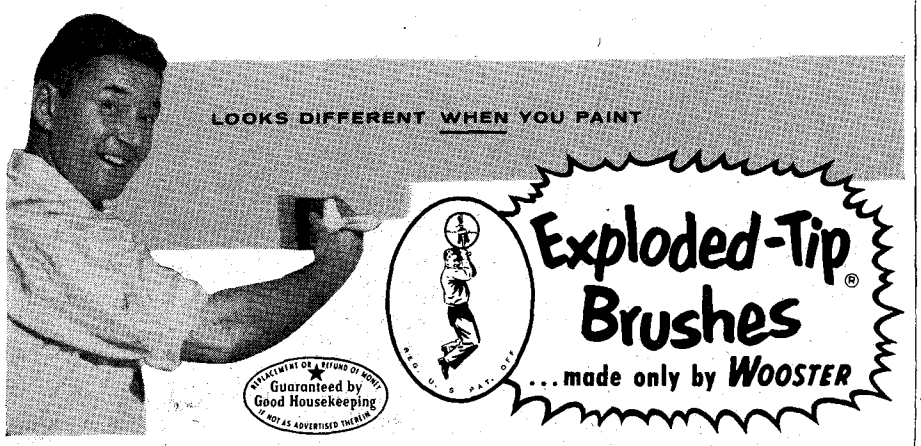
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Copenhagen (Continued from Page 35)

With the soft colors comes a strong bouquet: salt, hemp and tar. Perched on the eastern shore of Zealand, largest of Denmark's 500-odd helter-skelter islands which separate the North Sea from the Baltic, the capital is wedded to the sea. Whichever way you look, streets end abruptly at the water's edge, and softly swaying masts complete the panorama. On the broad, noisy, sunlight-flooded quay, the Copenhagen fishwives ply their trade as they have done for centuries. Wearing thick rubber aprons and lace kerchiefs, talking away while disemboweling their plaice like horribly efficient surgeons, they are to Copenhagen what the she-wolf is to Rome—and, like her, they know how to bare their teeth. Allow yourself to doubt the freshness of their goods, and you'll hear the Danish language come into its own.

Commanding the strategic passage between two busy seas, the capital remains, primarily, a port. The comings and goings of 25,000 ships a year—one clearing in or out every fifteen minutes—make this the seventh largest port in continental Europe, and No. 1 in Scandinavia. The spinning cranes, the rumbling trucks that back up to the freighters, the smooth efficiency of longshoremen and stevedores, the crates and sacks and bales that pile up on the quays within a stone's throw from the heart of town—the whole uproarious symphony of a salt-water harbor gives Copenhagen and the Copenhageners an air of the great world.

For all their undeniable provincialism, the people of this city know what lies beyond their gray horizon. They've been abroad, they call the ports of distant countries by their nicknames, and they like nothing better than to rub shoulders, in their narrow streets, with strangers from far shores. Their overwhelming hospitality, combined with their remarkable command of English, no doubt accounts for Copenhagen's fast-growing popularity with American tourists—cross Town Hall Square on a bright summer afternoon, and listen to the talk around you, and you are back on Main Street.

There is a street in Copenhagen that is a way of life—a chain of four or five streets, really, narrow and slightly bent, connecting Town Hall Square with the King's New Market, and known collectively as "Stroll." Traversing most of the old city, the Stroll has, for a century or two, been the main drag along which Copenhageners would take their constitutional, gaze into shop windows, doff hats to friends, see and be seen. Until not many years ago, prominent burghers would observe fixed hours for their promenade, so friends knew where to locate them, say, between five and six P.M. Whoever had arrived—in business, in letters, in society—would be found strolling down the Stroll, while those who had not yet arrived would put in an appearance just the same. Hans Christian Andersen, who came to Copenhagen at the age of fourteen, walked up and down the Stroll—to gawk, and later to be gawked at. And though the heavy traffic has made the Stroll less peaceful than it used to be, the great parade, somehow, continues.

"We have a special way of looking at each other," a Copenhagen doctor said to me. "Not so much like strangers passing each other on the highroad, but more like members of a family living together in a house with many rooms. It's the first

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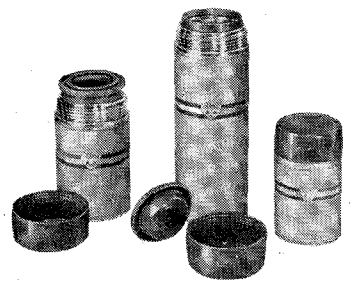

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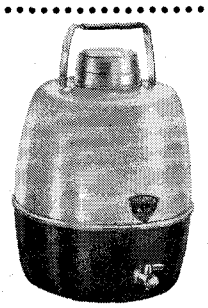

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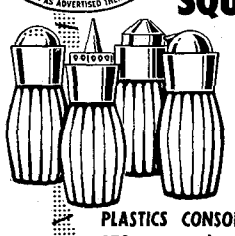

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thing that strikes me whenever I return from overseas—the thing that makes me happy to be home again."

Inhabited by 1,200,000 souls—one fourth of Denmark's total population—the city is just big enough to lose yourself in anonymity if you are so inclined; just small enough to give its denizens that feeling of snug comfort without which they would hardly care to live. Their intimacy can be carried to surprising lengths—every day, the newspapers solemnly print a list of Copenhageners celebrating their birthdays, so their friends can wish them many happy returns.

"Whether we like it or not," the Danes admit, "we're stuck with one another."

The city's history is intimately bound up with the sea—or, more precisely, pickled herring. Founded 800 years ago, by Bishop Absalon, a fighting prelate, the little town almost immediately assumed a vital function in the give-and-take economy of medieval Europe. Herring, which crammed the Sound at Copenhagen's doorstep, was caught and shipped across the continent, so Europe's Catholics could eat their fish on Friday. And up the ancient trade routes from the south came salt—the salt was used to pickle some more herring, and Copenhagen, which means "merchants' harbor," grew sleek and wealthy on the proceeds.

Fenced in by a tight loop of ramparts and strongly fortified against marauding pirates, the ancient city kept expanding inward for a while. You can still see, as you look down from the Round Tower, how framework house moved in on framework house, how flimsy upper stories were added to existing structures, how courtyards became cluttered up. It wasn't long until one of the world's prize firetraps lined the small, jam-packed port—time after time, the town went up in smoke; time after time, it was restored in the same, hazardous pattern.

Even when King Christian IV, the royal builder who died in 1648, scrapped the old loop and built an ampler ring of ramparts, the inner town remained a matchbox. Much of it was consumed in the great fires of 1728 and 1795; and when the British fleet, in 1807, poured shells into the city because the Danes were friendly to Napoleon, little remained of old Copenhagen. Just then, a passion for Greek revival was smiting Denmark—rebuilding was done in the neoclassic style which, to this day, gives much of inner Copenhagen a well-swept, sober and somewhat stiff appearance.

But the old landmarks spared by conflagrations and the British compensate richly for such uniformity. To the inquiring visitor, Christian IV soon becomes something of a stand-by. Each time you ask your Danish friends about a building that has caught your fancy, the chances are this Christian—the Danish counterpart of France's Sun King, Louis XIV—had a great deal to do with it. Among his more ambitious projects was an aristocratic quarter filling in the empty space north of the former walls. Laid out in straight lines and constructed largely after Christian's death, this town within a town remains one of the showpieces of Europe. Few cities in the world can match the elegance of its gray mansions or the four rococo façades of the Amalienborg, which gives the Danish King, today, the finest residence of any monarch on a European throne.

For centuries the hub of a great Nordic empire—vast tracts of Sweden were under Danish sway until 1658, and all of Norway until 1814—the city still has what it takes to rule and to impress. Large parks, like that around the royal pleasure villa of Rosenborg, open up noble vistas across tree-studded, well-kept lawns. Christiansborg Palace, housing parliament, foreign office, and the king's official state rooms, might well frown down upon far-flung dominions. And the Round Tower, to whose observation platform you ascend by a spiraling ramp vast enough to accommodate the royal coach—Peter the Great of Russia once drove up here—stands like a monolithic tombstone from an age of giants.

But the most formidable souvenir of Denmark's golden years is Kronborg, the stout gray castle by the sea, an hour's ride up the flat, wind-swept coast. No English-speaking visitor will miss it. The kings of Denmark had it built as an unconquerable bastion whose cannon would force passing ships to stop and pay a toll. And the proud edifice, finished in 1585, caused so much admiration in Elizabethan England that Shakespeare took the liberty of using it as backdrop for his Hamlet.

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king ——" It seems a far cry from the cannon-shooting kings of old who governed by the grace of God, to Denmark's present chief executive, King Frederick IX—an easygoing, gangling fellow whom you are likely to encounter on the street, flashing a happy sailor's grin at his assorted subjects. Still, it is worth recalling that this fiercely democratic nation was lorded over by crowned autocrats well into the nineteenth century. One day in 1843, with public disenchantment mounting rapidly, an enterprising showman named Carstensen approached his sovereign, Christian VIII, and said to him: "The people, sire, are grumbling. They clamor for a constitution. Why not give them a good amusement park instead, with me, if it may please your majesty, as manager?"

The king could see his point at once. And though the Danish people managed to get their constitution, just the same, by 1849, the Tivoli amusement grounds remain a lasting monument to the uncommon ingenuity of impresario Carstensen—who, in his later years, directed New York City's Crystal Palace. Carved out of the old ramparts, Tivoli occupies some twenty acres of verdant, undulating country in downtown Copenhagen, almost adjoining City Hall. Approximately 30,000 people, on an average summer day, walk through the gates to eat and drink or merely to be merry.

It would be futile to attempt an explanation of why this is the world's most wonderful amusement park, unrivaled even by such venerable institutions as Coney Island and old Vienna's Prater. Is it the fact that eight months out of twelve the park is closed and that its fleeting season has come to be identified with the brief burst of Nordic summer? Is it the atmosphere of nineteenth-century opulence that fills the visitor with a nostalgic longing? Or is it nothing more than a well-calculated blend of tree-lined avenues and quiet lakes with an implausible array of fairy-tale pagodas, Indian mosques and Chinese temples? Hans Christian Andersen went home one night from Tivoli's Asiatic charms to write his reverie about the emperor of China and his nightingale, and you can see exactly why.

Sophistication is the keynote here. The shooting galleries, the Ferris wheel, the roller coaster are tucked away discreetly in a Fun Corner, so that the screams will not upset the stolid citizens dining on the terraces of twenty-three more or less stylish restaurants. Tivoli's own symphony orchestra plays music no one would associate with amusement parks. And the old-fashioned pantomime theater still keeps its audience of tow-headed Danish tots spellbound with such time-honored tricks as Harlequin's hair-raising execution by a firing squad.

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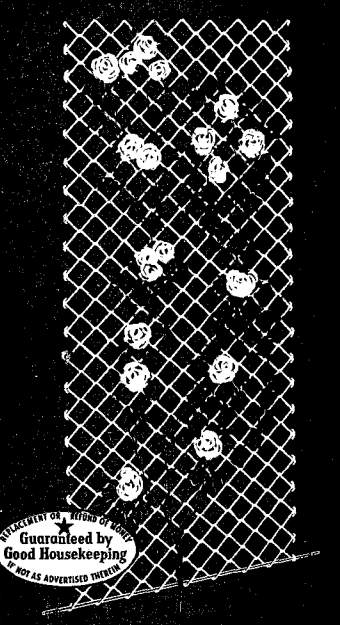

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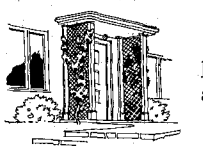

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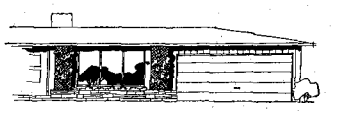

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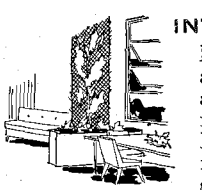

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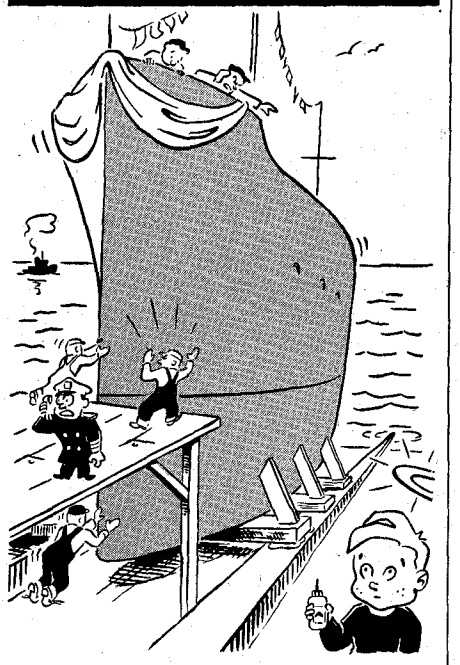

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No sooner have you heard the volley than the poor devil, very much alive up to that instant, tumbles to the ground and comes apart, his wooden head clanking perturbingly across the boards.

You are on hallowed ground—the management expects you to fall in line with Tivoli's tradition of bourgeois respectability. No one gets drunk, nobody ever misbehaves in Tivoli. For the less refined there's always Bakken—Tivoli's poor relation on the far edge of town where migrant gypsies entertained the crowds back in the Middle Ages. Today, it is a rough-and-tumble fairyland for Copenhagen's teen-agers who drift in of a balmy evening to listen to some naughty songs, watch the performances of Miss Florens and the great Professor Tribini, and eat and drink to their hearts' content—to be sick to their stomachs on the last train home.

Respectability calls for a safety valve. Bear that in mind as you go slumming along Nyhavn, the gaudy, rowdy, very far from gentle Copenhagen water front. What, through the day, had been a picturesque old quay whose charming little houses cried for a color photograph, turns into bedlam after dark. In smelly dives the sailors, soldiers and dock workers make merry with a vengeance and, around midnight, things are likely to get rough. Athletes in open shirts gulp beer from the bottle, couples dance cheek to cheek or mouth to mouth, a bearded youth collapses from an overdose of *snaps* or narcotics, and is dragged out. Worried policemen poke in their heads to see whether a fight is going on. And, no more than a hundred yards away, a crowd of well-behaved and well-contented burghers emerge from a performance of the Copenhagen Ballet and, with firm steps, turn toward home.

Eating, some people claim, is Denmark's national pastime. The Danes do not resent the charge. Avowed materialists, they love to fill up on good things; and though, at home, their fare is often frugal, they miss no chance to compensate by way of lavish entertainment. Food is so varied here, and so compellingly served up, that every meal seems to degenerate into a feast. Inevitably, it is centered around *smorrebrod*, or open sandwiches—one well-known restaurant assaults you with a four-foot menu, listing 177 sandwiches, from Six Split Crawfish Tails to Tongue with Homemade Gooseliver and Parboiled Egg with Anchovies. You might be tempted by smoked eel, smoked herring or smoked cheese, and do not overlook the capital's great specialty, a slice of thickly buttered bread heaped with a pyramid of tiny shrimps.

Large quantities of Danish beer will be employed to wash this down. Your hosts will seize the opportunity to tell you that every foaming glass contributes to the progress of the human race, and they are not far wrong. Of Copenhagen's two big breweries, one—Tuborg—operates a fund financing scientific projects; the other—Carlsberg—is wholly owned by a foundation which spends its profits on art, education and research. The Carlsberg story is worth telling. Founded in 1847, by Capt. J. C. Jacobsen, who had gone to Munich and returned with an old hatbox full of fine Bavarian beer yeast, the enterprise today employs 4500 workers and, with a daily output of 1,500,000 bottles, is continental Europe's largest brewery. A hundred thousand visitors a year view its grotesque elephant tower, its hospital-clean bottling plant, its lotus-flower chimney. The tour, needless to say, includes a generous helping of free beer. Nosing around the grounds, you may encounter Denmark's leading nuclear physicist, Niels Bohr, who, lodged in a fine mansion surrounded by big trees, is Carlsberg's honored guest for life.

There evidently is a little more to Danish beer than hops and malt. Both Captain Jacobsen and his son, Carl, spent a great deal of time chasing around the world in hot pursuit of beauty. Among their lasting contributions to Western culture is the Carlsberg Glyptotek, whose Roman, Greek and Egyptian galleries, as well as an exquisite sampling of French impressionists, make it one of the Old World's best museums. And, incidentally, while you are browsing through the city's art collections, don't overlook a somewhat dusty landmark no tourist from the Danish countryside would miss: the Thorvaldsen Museum, built to enshrine the work of Denmark's cherished neoclassic sculptor. Although his sweetly photographic marble statues of Venus, Jason, Psyche and the Graces are hardly art in our sense, they do live on as symbols of the Dane's eternal yearning for the sunny worlds of Greece and Rome, and if you want to probe into the Danish mind you can't ignore them.

The same romantic streak that sends a Danish brewer off in search of culture and turns a Danish sculptor into a nineteenth-century Phidias makes its appearance, of all things, in Denmark's big business. Seafarers from way back, and heirs of Viking venturers, the Danes have long had intimate connections with the Orient, and the tradition has outlived their seaborne empire. The biggest thing, commercially, in Copenhagen is a high-powered import-export outfit known as the East Asiatic Company. Its origins go back to H. N. Andersen, a swashbuckling old salt who, late in the last century, commanded a merchant ship belonging to the King of Siam.

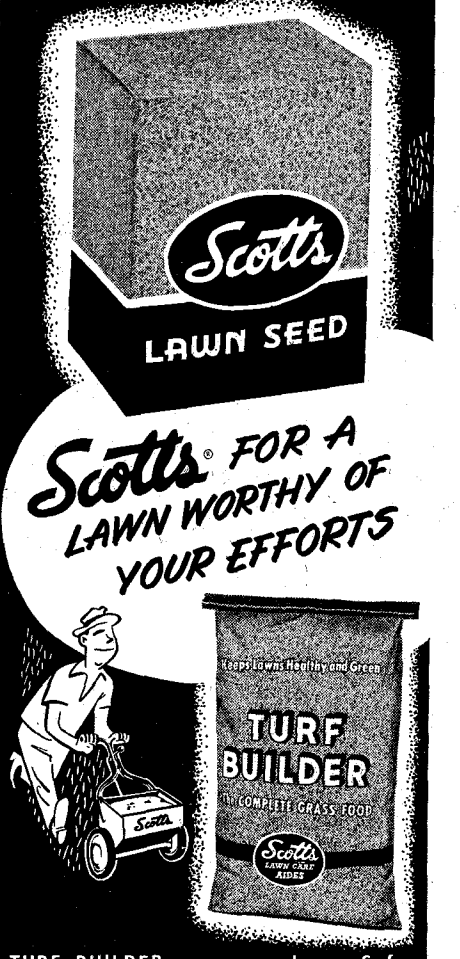
Today, East Asiatic's headquarters, rebuilt after the Germans blew it up in World War II, sits in the center of an intercontinental spider web which spreads to such faraway trading posts as Singapore, Toronto, London and New York. One of the world's big operators in a wide range of prime commodities, including steel and rubber, wool and timber, oil seeds and green coffee, the corporation now owns forty ships, controls vast forests on Vancouver Island, grows rubber in Malaya and mahogany in Africa, is entrenched in Argentina and the Gold Coast, Burma, Japan, the Philippines. Its stock—a Danish blue chip—is largely held by small investors who share in the bonanza by way of handsome dividends.

"You see," says Hakon Christiansen, East Asiatic's senior managing director, "we go out there with our ships and make our little country bigger."

Ships are the thing in Copenhagen. The country's largest industrial concern is Burmeister & Wain, shipbuilders for the last 112 years; I saw four good-sized ships abuilding in its yard just outside Copenhagen, including a fast, strapping freighter for the East Asiatic Company, for which Burmeister's, back in 1912, launched the world's first seagoing diesel ship. By the same token, the wealthiest Dane alive today is A. P. Moller, seventy-nine, the grand old man of Scandinavian merchant shipping. His sixty ocean-going ships rarely touch Danish ports, but, through the years, the profits have come rolling in. And if the sprawling grounds of his suburban residence force one of Denmark's busiest through highways into an ample detour, no red-blooded Danish citizen resents the inconvenience.

But while it's true that this small country is a perch from which the Danes take off in all directions, it's also true that, between journeys to far shores, they must come home to roost. Sitting out the long, leaden winter, they turn their faces inward—the living room, protected by thick walls, warmed by a friendly stove, be-

MILLIONS OF CLEANEST BEST GROWING SEEDS



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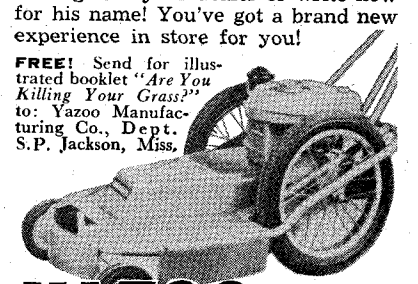

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comes their world. Is it surprising that their whole civilization, developed and refined throughout the centuries, revolves around the home?

The Stroll, the capital's great promenade, is lined with the delightful implements of indoor living. There's Danish silver, temptingly arrayed in the bright windows of world-famous silversmiths, such as Georg Jensen's. There are the whites and blues of Royal Copenhagen—where you may pick up a two-dollar ash tray or place an order for a $2000 table service hand-painted with wild flowers, first made for Catherine the Great of Russia in 1761. And all along the street there beckon the displays of potters, furniture designers, wood carvers and enamelers whose bold originality has sparked a Danish renaissance in arts and crafts.

These Danish artists, craftsmen and designers are bubbling over with creativeness, and should you meet them, you'll find them stimulating company. Men like Finn Juhl, the pug-faced, good-natured creator of the "sculptured look" in modern furniture; Hans Wegner, master carpenter whose airy chairs and tables are all the rage in Copenhagen; Kay Bojesen, whose famous toy, a smooth-bellied young teakwood monkey, is selling at the rate of 10,000 a year—these, and a dozen other geniuses, form an articulate and lively group. They hang around each other's shops, praise or damn each other's stuff, and cultivate an unencumbered spirit that fits in well with their clean, honest style.

To take in their production at a glance, visit the Permanente, a downtown store where, in a symphony of clever shapes and glowing colors, the nation's craftsmen show their jewelry and glassware, their furniture, their lamps, their handblocked textiles. Co-operatively run by shopkeepers and artisans, the Permanente is a clearinghouse for new ideas: side by side with Hans Hansen's stylish table silver and fine ceramics decorated by Bjorn Wiinblad's elfin figures, you'll find the works of unknown men and women who do their job in tiny cubbyholes and hope that someone's eye will light on their creations.

"We're such poor businessmen," one wood carver explained. "That's why our business is very, very good."

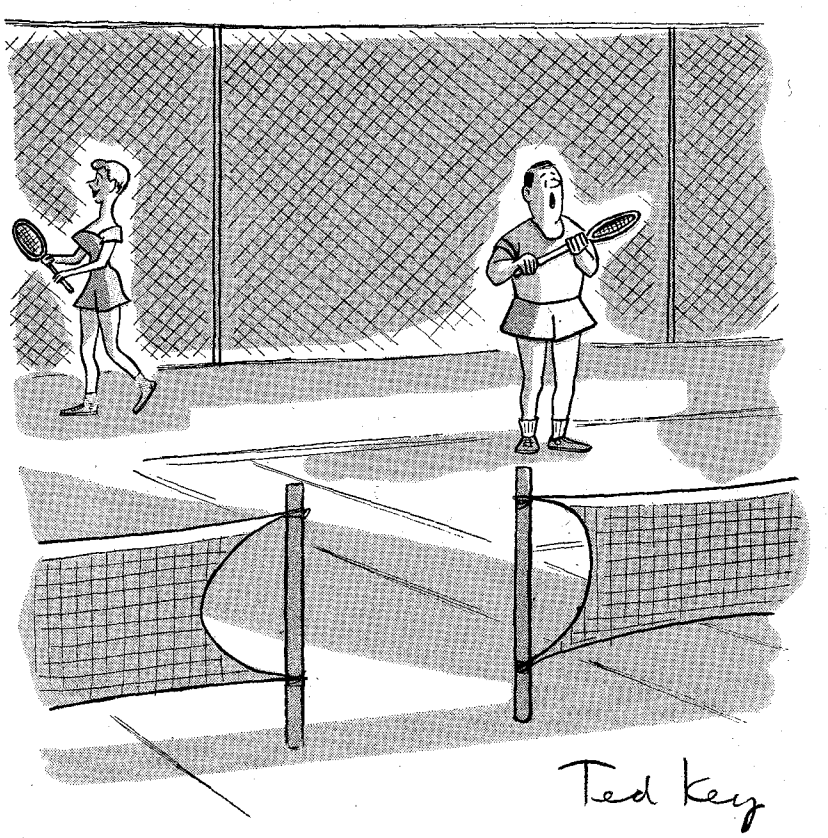
What does it all add up to? The Danes, you've understood by now, are not exactly simple. Adventurers who love to sail the blue, homebodies who forever fuss over the small attributes of daily life, people who like to eat as well as dream, they are a complicated and perplexing race. No sooner have you put them down as smug, well-fattened bourgeois than a new shock makes you revise your first impression.

How, for example, do you square the smiling front with the disturbing fact that Copenhagen, among the world's big cities, has one of the two or three highest suicide rates, and that a leading hospital here has had to open a special ward where would-be suicides are skillfully recalled to life? How do you reconcile the Danes' high moral standards with their well-known indifference toward religion? Though 98 per cent Lutheran, they have a tendency to stay away from church, and anyone who has attended a Sunday-morning service here can sympathize with worried pastors. "Oh, for their empty lives!" cried one prominent churchman.

And yet, while you can see his point, you're not convinced. As you observe the people of this busy city going about their well-arranged routine, you come to know them, by and large, as rather admirable human beings who face the world with fortitude, good cheer and tranquil minds. Their churches may be empty, but their hearts are not.

This is the lantern slide which, in the end, you will take home: It's a warm spring day and a salty breeze blows from the sea. Hundreds of pink-cheeked, well-scrubbed Copenhageners are out to sun themselves along the Langelinie, the park-like avenue facing the choppy Sound. They exchange knowing greetings with the Little Mermaid who sits on her wet rock the way Hans Christian Andersen first dreamed her up. They're glad the long, bleak night of winter is behind them. They squint across the pale-blue harbor and watch the ships come in. And they congratulate themselves on living in a city where you can dream in comfort.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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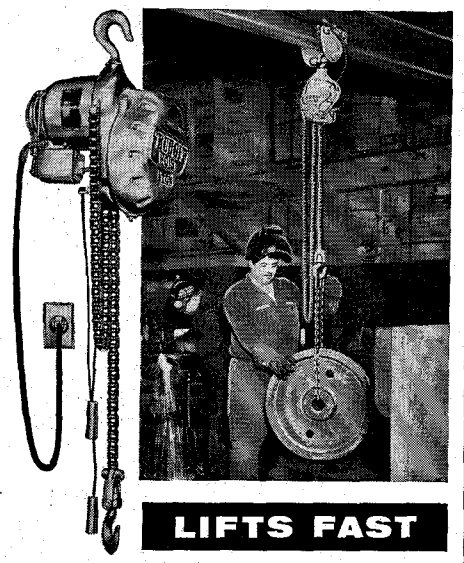

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The Wreck of the Mary Deare

(Continued from Page 29)

The light grew steadily brighter, phosphorescent and unearthly—a ghastly brilliance like a bloated glowworm. And then suddenly it condensed and hardened into a green pinpoint, and I yelled at Mike, "Get the Aldis—quick!" It was the starboard navigation light of a big steamer, and it was bearing straight down on us. Her deck lights were appearing now, misted and yellow; and gently, like the muffled beat of a tom-tom, the sound of her engines reached out to us in a low, pulsating throb.

Mike switched on the Aldis lamp and its beam stabbed the night, blinding us with the reflected glare from a thick blanket of mist that engulfed us. It was a sea mist that had crept up on me in the dark without my knowing. The white of a bow wave showed dimly in the brilliance, and then the shadowy outline of the bows themselves took shape. In an instant I could see the whole for'ard half of the ship. It was like a ghost ship emerging out of the mist, and the blunt bows were already towering over us as I swung the wheel.

It seemed an age that I watched Sea Witch turn, waiting for the jib to fill on the other tack and bring her head round, and all the time I could hear the surge of that bow wave coming nearer. "She's going to hit us! She's going to hit us!" I can still hear Mike's cry, high and strident in the night. He was blinking the Aldis, directing the beam straight at her bridge. The whole superstructure was lit up, the light reflecting back in flashes from the glass windows. And the towering mass of the steamer kept on coming, thundering down on us at a good eight knots, without a check, without any alteration of course.

At last Sea Witch turned through the wind. The main and mizzen booms swung over with a crash. The jib was aback now. I left it like that for a moment, watching her head pay off. Every detail of her was lit by the green glow of the steamer's starboard light now high above us. I let go the port jib sheet, hauling in on the starboard sheet, saw the sail fill, and then Mike screamed, "Look out! Hold on!" There was a great roaring sound and a wall of white water hit us. It swept over the cockpit, lifting me out of my seat, tugging at my grip on the wheel. The sails swung in a crazy arc while tons of water spilled across our decks, and close alongside the steamer slid by like a cliff.

Slowly Sea Witch righted herself as the water poured off her in a white foam. I still had hold of the wheel and Mike was clutching the backstay runner, shouting obscenities at the top of his voice. His words came to me as a frail sound against the solid thumping of the ship's engines. And then another sound emerged out of the night—the steady thrashing of a propeller partly clear of the water.

I shouted to Mike, but he had already realized the danger and had switched the Aldis on again. Its brilliant light showed us plates pitted deep with rust and a weed-grown Plimsoll mark high above the water. Then the plates curved up to the stern, and we could see the propeller blades slashing at the waves, thumping the water into a swirling froth. Sea Witch trembled, sails slack. Then she slid off the back of a wave into that millrace, and the blades were whirling close along our port side, churning white water over the cabin top, flinging it up into the mainsail.

It was like that for a moment and then they flailed off into the darkness beyond the bowsprit, and we were left pitching in the broken water of the ship's wake. The Aldis beam picked out her name: MARY DEARE—SOUTHAMPTON. We stared dazedly at her rust-streaked lettering while the stern became shadowy and then vanished abruptly. Only the beat of her engines remained then, throbbing gently and gradually dying away into the night, a faint burnt smell lingering on the mist.

The door of the charthouse slid back, and a figure emerged. It was Hal. "Are you boys all right?" His voice—a little too calm, a little too cheerful—shook slightly.

"Didn't you see what happened?" Mike cried.

"Yes, I saw," he replied.

"They must have seen us. I was shining the Aldis straight at the bridge. If they'd been keeping a lookout ——"

"I don't think they were keeping a lookout. In fact, I don't think there was anybody on the bridge." It was said so quietly that for a moment I didn't realize the implication.

"But good heavens!" I said. "Do you realize what you're saying?"

"Yes, of course, I do." His tone was peremptory, a little military. "It's odd, isn't it?"

He wasn't the sort of man to make up a thing like that. H. A. Lowden—Hal to all his friends—was an ex-gunner, a colonel retired, who spent most of the summer months ocean racing. He had a lot of experience of the sea.

"Do you mean to say you think there was nobody in control of that ship?" Mike's tone was incredulous.

"I don't know," Hal answered. "It seems incredible. But all I can say is that I had a clear view of the interior of the bridge for an instant and, as far as I could see, there was nobody there."

We didn't say anything for a moment. The idea of a big ship plowing her way through the rock-infested seas so close to the French coast without anybody at the helm—it was absurd.

Mike's voice, suddenly practical, broke the silence. "What happened to those mugs of soup?" The beam of the Aldis lamp clicked on, revealing the mugs in a foot of water at the bottom of the cockpit. "I'd better go and make another brew."

Hal stepped into the cockpit then. "Now that we're alone," he said, "I don't mind admitting it—that was a very unpleasant moment." And then he asked me whether I'd had a look at the barometer. "It's going down," he said. His long arms were wrapped round his body, hugging his seaman's jersey against the cold. "This gale could come up on us pretty quickly. If the forecast is correct and the wind backs northwesterly, then we'll be on a lee shore." And he added, "I don't like gales—certainly not in March—and I don't like lee shores, particularly when the lee shore is the Channel Islands."

I thought he wanted me to put back to the French coast. He wasn't accustomed to rotten gear and threadbare sails, to a yacht that had lain on a French mudbank for two years. And we were short-handed, with Ian Baird, the fourth member of the crew, seasick since we had cleared Morlaix. She was too big for us—a forty-tonner. But I couldn't afford to turn back. Mike and I had just formed a small salvage company, and every day we delayed getting the boat to England for conversion was a day lost out of our diving season.

He must have sensed my obstinacy, for he said quietly, "All I am suggesting is that we alter course a couple of points so that we can put in to Peter Port if we have to. If we steered north sixty-five, east ——" He must have been working out the course when the steamer came down on us.

He watched me as I turned the wheel, bringing Sea Witch onto the new course. "That ship." His voice came out of the darkness at my side, a little hesitant, bridging the gap of my silence. "Very queer," he said. "You know, if there really was nobody on it ——" He checked and then added, half jokingly, "That would have been a piece of salvage that would have set you up for life."

Mike appeared then with fresh mugs of soup, and when I had drunk mine, I handed over to him and went below to my bunk to dream of blunt, rusted bows hanging over us, toppling slowly, everlastingly. I woke in a panic, cold with sweat, and lay for a moment thinking about what Hal had said. It would be queer if we salvaged a ship, just like that, before we'd (*Continued on Page 174*)

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DRAWN BY BILL KING THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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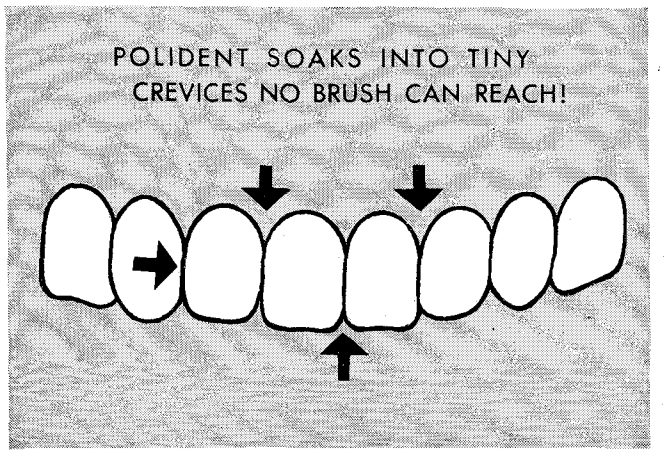
Denture Breath CAN'T be brushed off!

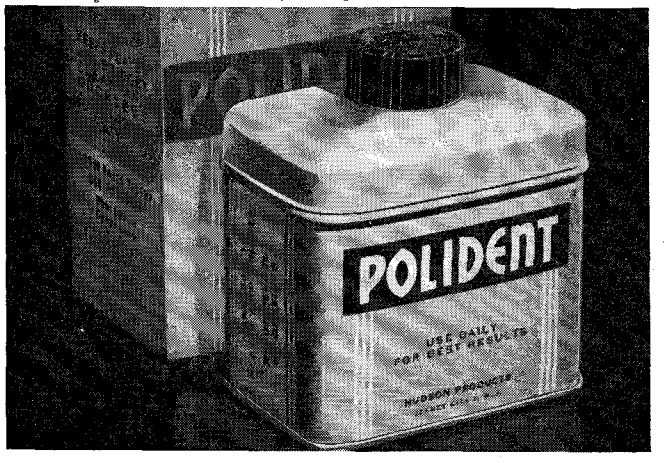
If you wear dentures and brush them, you run the risk of offending with Denture Breath. However, you are *safe*, sure of your charm when you soak your plate in Polident just 15 minutes a day! For amazing Polident, the modern denture cleanser made especially for false teeth, gets into places that no brush can reach, keeps your teeth *hygienically* clean, odor-free.

Your Smile Is Spoiled If Your False Teeth Are Dingy, Yellow! Why suffer from unattractive, old-looking teeth? Keep them sparkling-bright with all their original natural look. One quick soak in Polident dissolves that tough, dingy film—keeps your teeth odorless—clean—attractive!

Brushing Makes Scratches Which Trap Odors, Food Particles! Your plate material is so much *softer* than natural teeth. Hence, more dentists recommend Polident—the ideal cleanser—because it swiftly, *safely* removes food and stains without scratching or harming plate material. Polident *purifies* your plate—makes it feel, taste, *look* good!

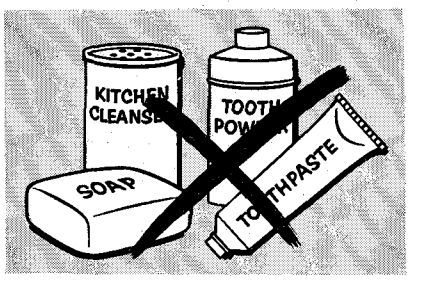


Gentle Polident Cleans Deep where brushing cannot possibly reach. Polident's *soaking* action gets deep down into tiny cracks and crevices you can't reach when you use a brush. And Polident is safe, cannot harm plate material which is *many times softer* than natural teeth.



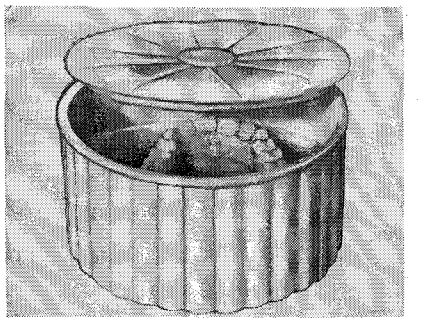
Full Dentures or Partial Plates—You Are Scientifically SAFE with Polident's 15 Minutes a Day Soaking! That's why MORE dentists recommend Polident, than *any* other denture cleanser in America. Buy Polident today...at any drug counter. Try it today!

NO!



You Cannot Really Clean False Teeth The Old Way. That tough, almost invisible film which collects on your plates is a nest for impurities! Household cleansers *ruin* plates. A brush cannot reach *all* danger spots!

YES!



Polident Works Like Magic . . . Cleans Plates To New Beauty! No harmful, bothersome brushing. A quick, easy soak in Polident—a clean, fresh mouth—no Denture Breath!

• *Get the Beautiful Denture Bath for quick, easy soaking of dentures. See offer on every Polident package.*

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(*Continued from Page 172*) even —— But I was asleep again before the idea had more than flickered through my mind.

Daylight came slowly, a reluctant dawn that showed a drab, sullen sea heaving gently, the steepness flattened out of the swell. The wind was northwesterly now, but still light; the sky thick and overcast. A steady drizzle fell and everything was damp.

At ten to seven Hal and I were in the charthouse for the weather report. It started with gale warnings for the western approaches of the Channel; the forecast for our own area, Portland, was: "Wind light, northwesterly at first, backing westerly later and increasing strong to gale." Hal glanced at me, but said nothing. There was no need. I checked our position and then gave Mike the course to steer for Peter Port.

It was a queer morning. There was scarcely any wind, so that, with full main and mizzen set and the big Yankee jib, we were creeping through the water at a bare three knots, rolling sluggishly. There was still a mist of sorts, and visibility wasn't much more than two miles.

We didn't talk much. I think we were all three of us too conscious of the sea's menace. Peter Port was still thirty miles away. As far as I could tell, we were six miles north-northwest of the Roches Doubres, that huddle of rocks and submerged reefs that is the western outpost of the Channel Islands, but I couldn't be certain; my dead reckoning depended too much on tide and leeway.

And then Mike knocked the bottom out of my calculations. "There's a rock about two points on the starboard bow," he called to me through the charthouse door. "A big one, sticking up out of the water."

I grabbed the glasses and flung out of the charthouse. "Where?" My mouth was suddenly harsh and dry. If it was the Roches Doubres, then we must have been set down a lot farther than I thought.

I screwed up my eyes, but I couldn't see anything. There was no horizon; at the edge of visibility, sea and air became one.

"It was a big rock with some sort of tower on it," Mike said.

The Roches Doubres light tower! I shouted to Hal to alter course. But in the same instant visibility improved, and I almost laughed with relief. It wasn't a rock at all. It was a ship. Her rusty hull stood out sharp and clear in a sudden gleam of watery sunlight, and what Mike had mistaken for a light tower was her single funnel. She was lying stationary, broadside on to us and wallowing in the swell. I focused the glasses on her then, for there was something about that ship—something about her shape and her rusty hull and the way she seemed a little down at the bows.

She was an old ship with straight bows and a clean sweep to her sheer. She had an old-fashioned counter stern, an untidy clutter of derricks round her masts and too much superstructure. Her single smokestack, like her masts, was almost vertical. At one time she had been painted black, but now she had a rusty, uncared-for look. There was a sort of lifelessness about her that held me with the glasses to my eyes. And then I saw the lifeboat.

"Steer straight for her, will you, Hal?" I said.

"Anything wrong?" he asked, reacting immediately to the note of urgency in my voice.

"Yes. One of the lifeboats is hanging vertically from its davits." It was more than that. The other davits were empty. I passed him the glasses. "Take a look at the for'ard davits," I told him, and my voice trembled slightly, the birth of a strange feeling of excitement.

Soon we could see the empty davits with the naked eye and the single lifeboat hanging from the falls.

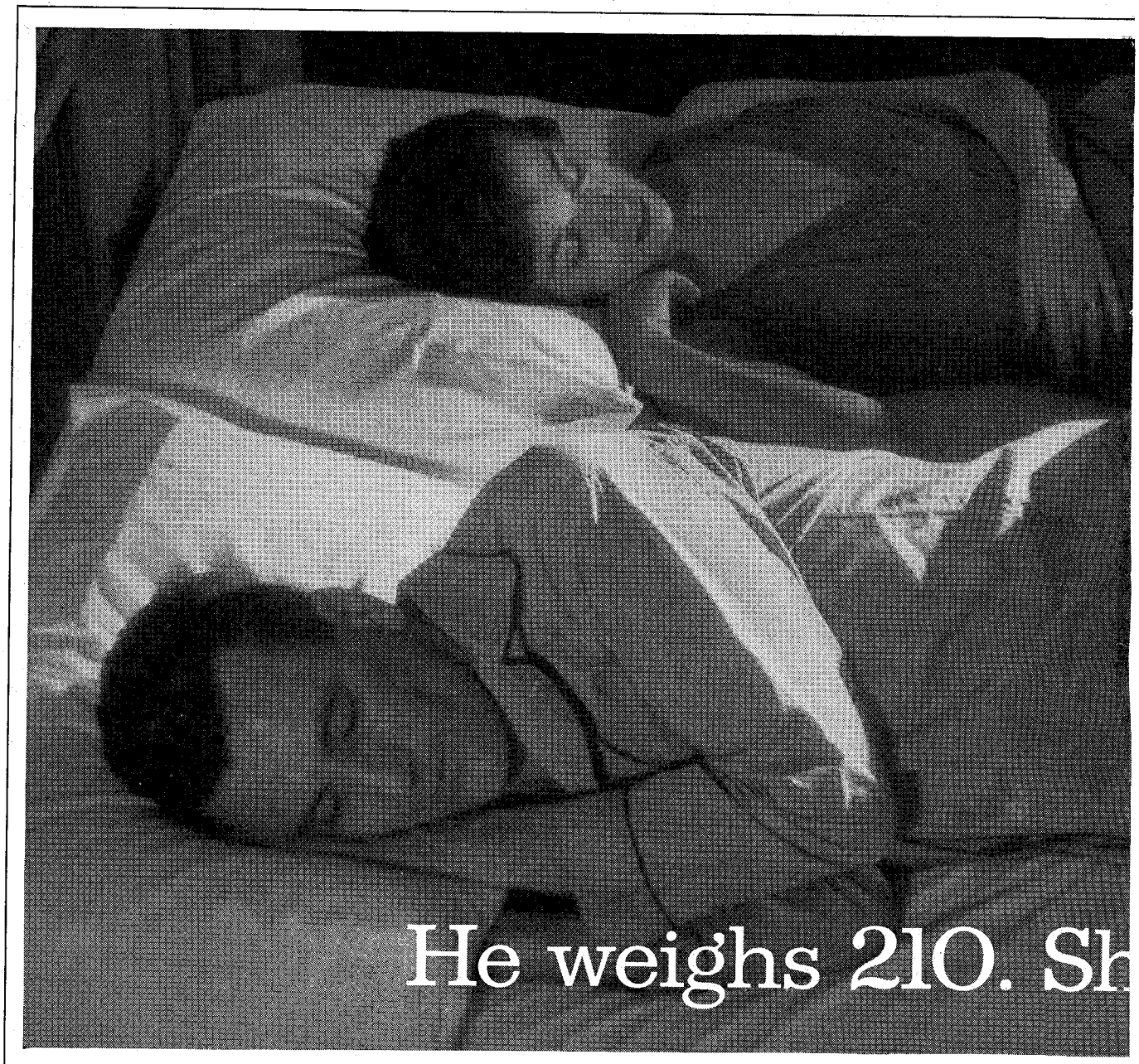
"Looks deserted," Mike said. "And she's quite a bit down by the bows. Do you think ——" He left the sentence unfinished.

The same thought was in all our minds.

We came down on her amidships. The name at her bows was so broken up with rust streaks that we couldn't read it. Close-to she looked in wretched shape. Her rusty bow plates were out of true, her superstructure was damaged and she was definitely down by the bows. She was a cargo ship, and she looked as though she'd taken the hell of a hammering.

We went about within a cable's length of her, and I hailed her through our megaphone. My voice lost itself in the silence of the sea. There was no answer. The only sound was the sloshing of the swell against her sides. We ran down on her quickly then, Hal steering to pass close under her stern. I think we were all of us watching for her name. And then, suddenly, there it was in rust-streaked lettering high above our heads, just as it had been during the night: MARY DEARE—SOUTHAMPTON.

She was quite a big ship, at least six thousand tons. Abandoned like that, she should have had a salvage tug in attendance, ships standing by. But there wasn't another vessel in sight. She was alone and lifeless within twenty miles of the French coast. I glanced up along her starboard side as we came out from under the stern. Both davits were empty, the lifeboats gone.

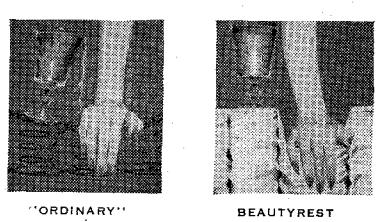


Both get private, undisturbe

Only Beautyrest has independent springs. Only Beautyrest lets two sleep together in perfect comfort.

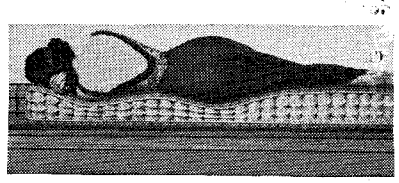
He just turned in his sleep. She sleeps on —undisturbed.

Only Beautyrest gives this private, separate comfort all night long, because it's the only mattress with independent springs. Instead of being joined together as in all other mattresses, each spring is strictly on its own.



See this water-glass test. See how glass topples over when you press down on nearby spring in "ordinary" matt See how the glass remains upright Beautyrest.

This unique construction prin means the heaviest husband can disturb the rest of his lightweight par



Greater Single-Bed Comfort

If Beautyrest is so *right* for double-sleepers, think how *perfect* it is o single bed. Independent springs body-fitting comfort from head to

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"You were right, then," Mike said, turning to Hal, his voice tense. "There wasn't anybody on the bridge last night."

I focused the glasses on her again, searching for some sign of life. But there was nothing—nothing but a thin wisp of smoke trailing from the funnel. A ship of six thousand tons, drifting and abandoned. It was unbelievable. And if we could bring her into port under her own steam —— I turned to Hal. "Do you think you could lay Sea Witch alongside her, close enough for me to get hold of one of those falls?"

"Don't be a fool," he said. "There's still quite a swell running. You may damage the boat, and if this gale ——"

But I was in no mood for caution now. "Ready about!" I called. And then, "Lee, ho!" We came about onto the other tack, and I sent Mike below to get Ian out of his bunk. "We'll jog up to her close-hauled," I told Hal. "I'll jump for the ropes as you go about."

"It's crazy," he said. "You've a deuce of a height to climb to the deck. And the wind is getting up."

"Do you think I'm going to pass up a chance like this?" I cried. "Whatever happened to the poor devils who abandoned her, this is the chance of a lifetime for Mike and me."

Soon we came under the lee of the steamer's hull. I grabbed a torch and climbed into the starboard shrouds, waiting. The sails flapped lazily, but our way carried us slowly in toward the towering wall of her sides. There was a jar as the tip of our crosstrees rammed the plates above my head. The first of the falls came abreast of me. I leaned right out, but they were a good foot beyond my reach.

"This time!" Hal shouted. The crosstrees jarred again. I felt the jolt of it through the shroud I was clinging to. And then my hand closed on the ropes and I let go of the shroud, falling heavily against the ship's side, the lift of a swell wetting me to my knees.

"O.K.!" I yelled.

Hal was shouting to Ian to shove off. I could see him thrusting wildly with the boat hook. Then the end of the boom hit me between the shoulder blades. The jar of it almost made me lose my hold. I hauled myself upward with desperate urgency, afraid that the stern might swing and crush my legs against the ship's side. There was the slam of wood just below my feet, and then I saw that Sea Witch was clear and standing out away from the ship.

By the time I had reached the deck she was half a mile away, and the sea was no longer oil-smooth. The wind was rising and I knew I hadn't much time.

I cupped my hands round my mouth and shouted: "Mary Deare! Ahoy! Is there anybody on board?" A gull shifted his stance uneasily on one of the ventilators, watching me with a beady eye. There was no answer, no sound except the door to the after deckhouse slatting back and forth, as regular as a metronome, and the bump of the lifeboat against the port side. It was obvious she was deserted. All the evidence of abandonment was there on the deck—the empty falls, the stray pieces of clothing, a loaf lying in the scuppers, a hunk of cheese trampled into the deck, a half-open suitcase spilling nylons and cigarettes, a pair of sea boots; they had left her in a hurry and at night.

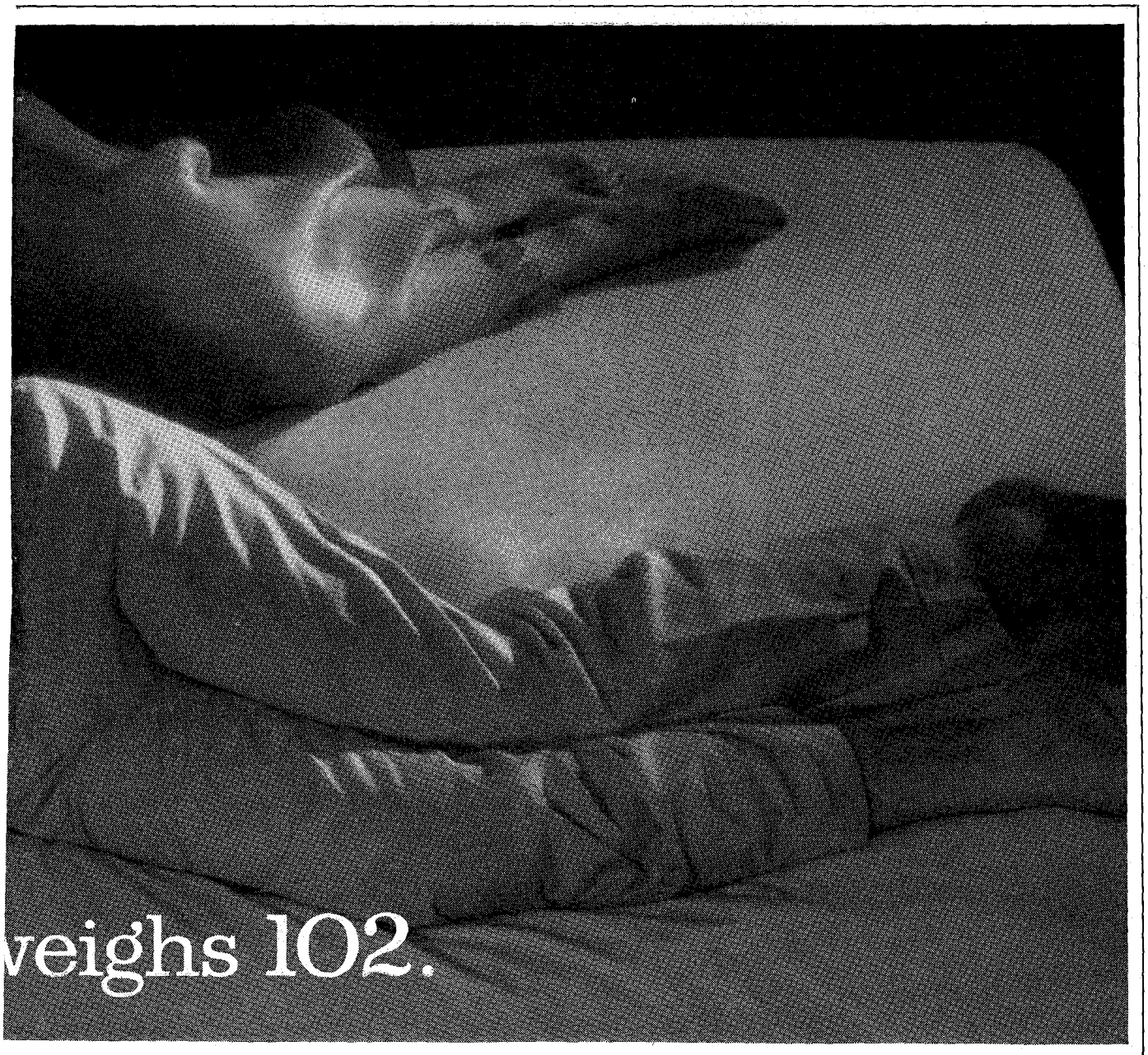
But why? A sense of unease held me for a moment—a deserted ship with all its secrets, all its death-in-life stillness. I felt like an intruder and glanced quickly back toward Sea Witch. She was no bigger than a toy now in the leaden immensity of sea and sky, and the wind was beginning to moan through the empty ship: "Hurry! Hurry!"

A quick search and then the decision would have to be made. I ran for'ard and swung myself up the ladder to the bridge. The wheelhouse was empty. It's odd, but it came as a shock to me. Everything was so very normal there; a couple of dirty cups on a ledge, a pipe carefully laid down in an ash (*Continued on Page 177*)

Northern River Port

By Irene Warsaw

The spring's first freighter
pushes forth
To probe the temper of the
north.
Past blinking, bobbing
guides, it takes
The fluent path the river
makes
And, speaking low and
urgently,
Exhorts to readiness the
quay.
The gulls maintain a
curved pursuit;
The bridges move in slow
salute;
The listening town
perceives the sun
And quickens. Shipping
has begun!



est on BEAUTYREST

s give gently under the weight of
r thighs, for example, yet firm up to
port the small of your back.

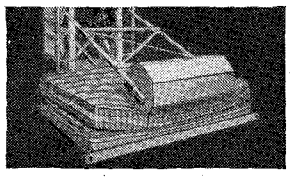
his means Beautyrest will never de-
p *sag*—a cause of sleeper's ache.

How Beautyrest saves you money

u can spend *more* than $69.50, but you
't *get* more comfort or value in any
er mattress in the whole wide world.

ou can spend *less* than $69.50, but
u won't save a penny in the long run.

The ten-year guarantee of Beautyrest
ngs the price of $69.50 down to less
n 2¢ a night. Beautyrest usually far
lives its guarantee. In the long run,
autyrest is actually the best buy.



Outlasts all others 3 to 1

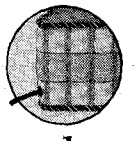
Under the nonstop rolling action of this 270-pound roller at the United States Testing Company, Beautyrest stood up longer than all the others. 3 times as long as the next best. Another reason you save when you insist on Beautyrest.

Your choice of firmness

Choose Beautyrest Standard (meets most firmness requirements) or Beautyrest Extra-Firm (for those who need or prefer it). $69.50 each. Other Beautyrest choices: King-Size (80″ long), $79.50. Super-Size models (longer and wider). Dual-Comfort model (standard on one half and extra-firm on the other), $79.50.

Under your Beautyrest goes the MATCHING BEAUTYREST BACK-SAVER BOX SPRING with exclusive platform top. $69.50.

P.S. Look for the border with the vertical double stitch lines . . . it identifies the Beautyrest mattress.



Only Simmons makes BEAUTYREST

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office,
Copr. 1956 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

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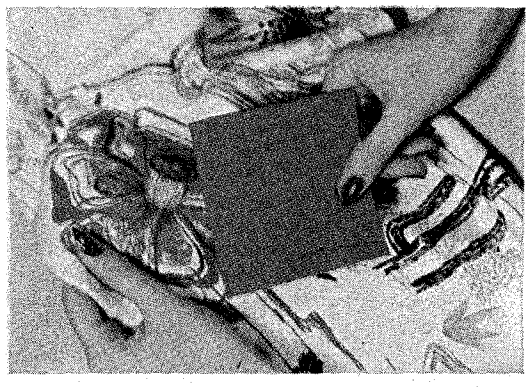
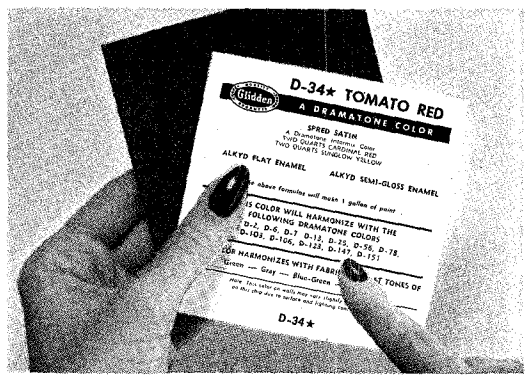
Color Recipe: Ceiling—SPRED SATIN *Decorator White;* Walls—SPRED SATIN *Iceberg* Dramatone color D-146; Molding—SPEED WALL Semi-Gloss Enamel *Iceberg,* D-146, Fireplace—GLID-TONE *Red Mahogany* stain and *Satin Sheen* Varnish.

New way to be sure of your colors—use the Dramatone decorating system and SPRED SATIN



BIG, EASY-TO-USE color chips are waiting for you at your paint or hardware dealer's. Take some home and see exactly how colors will look; how they will match or contrast to harmonize with fabrics, furniture and other colors in your home.



HAVE NO MORE DOUBTS about choosing colors—now all you need are these big, 4-inch Dramatone color chips. Decorating information on their backs gives you color help for carpeting, draperies, upholstery—as well as for your wall and woodwork colors.

FOR WOODWORK—The finest finish is Glidden SPEED WALL, Semi-Gloss enamel in matching Dramatone colors to the SPRED SATIN on your walls. Also available in a flat sheen.

NEW! Look for this label. GLID-TONE stains, varnishes, lacquers especially made for home use. Glid-Tone takes the mystery (and most of the work) out of wood finishing.

SPRED SATIN outperforms all other paints; goes on twice as fast, dries in 20 minutes. No brush or lap marks. Touch up spots you miss; they won't show. SPRED SATIN has no unpleasant odor. Brush or roller wash in water. Latex rubber combines with new miracle ingredient poly-AM to double-lock-in colors, makes SPRED SATIN so durable, so washable *you won't need to paint again until you want to change colors!*

PAINTING OUTSIDE THIS SPRING? Try Glidden *Imperial* ONE-COAT white house paint and save ½ the cost, ½ the labor. For *colors* on wood, use Glidden *Endurance.* You can choose from a full range of latest exterior colors.

Glidden

Pacemaker in Paints

Glidden QUALITY PRODUCTS

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The Glidden Company, Cleveland 2, Ohio. In Canada: The Glidden Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario. SPRED SATIN also sold by dealers for the following paints: HEATH & MILLIGAN • CLIMATIC • ROYAL • T. L. BLOOD.

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(*Continued from Page 175*) tray, the glasses set down on the seat of the captain's chair—and the engine-room telegraph set to Full Ahead. It was as though at any moment the helmsman might return to take his place at the wheel.

But outside there was evidence in plenty of heavy weather. All the port wing of the bridge had been stove in, the ladder buckled and twisted, and down on the well deck the seas had practically stripped the covering from the forward holds.

The chartroom at the back of the wheelhouse shed no light on the mystery; in fact, the reverse, for there was the logbook open at the last entry:

20:46 hours—Les Heaux Light bearing 116°, approximately 12 miles. Wind southeast—Force 2. Sea Moderate. Visibility good. Altered course for Southampton—north 33° east.

The date was March eighteenth, and the time showed that this entry had been made just an hour and three quarters before the Mary Deare had almost run us down. There was a routine entry for 21:00 and as entries were made every hour, whatever it was that had made them abandon ship had occurred between nine and ten, probably just as the mist was closing in.

Checking back through the log, I found nothing to suggest that the ship would have to be abandoned. There had been constant gales and they had taken a bad beating. But that was all.

Hove-to on account of dangerous seas, waves sometimes breaking against bridge. Making water in No. 1 hold. Pumps not holding their own.

That entry for March sixteenth was the worst. Wind strength was given as Force Eleven for twelve solid hours. And before then, ever since they had left the Mediterranean, the wind had never fallen below Force Seven, which is moderate gale, and was several times recorded as Force Ten, whole gale. The pumps had been kept going all the time.

If they had abandoned ship in the gale on March sixteenth, it would have been understandable. But the log showed that they had rounded Ushant on the morning of March eighteenth in clear weather, with seas moderate and the wind Force Three. There was even a note:

Pumps making good headway. Clearing wreckage and repairing No. 1 hatch cover.

It didn't make sense.

A companionway led to the upper, or boat-deck, level. The door to the captain's cabin was open. The room was neat and tidy, everything in its place; no sign of hurried departure. From the desk a girl's face in a big silver frame smiled at me, her fair hair catching the light, and across the bottom of the picture she had scrawled:

For Daddy—*Bons voyages*, and come back soon. Love, JANET.

There was coal dust on the frame and more of it on the desk and smudged over a file of papers that proved to be the cargo manifest, showing that the Mary Deare had loaded cotton goods at Rangoon on January thirteenth and was bound for Antwerp. On top of a filing tray were several air-mail letter cards postmarked London and addressed to Capt. Joseph Taggart, S.S. Mary Deare at Aden, addressed in the same uneven, rather rounded hand that had scrawled across the bottom of the photograph. And below the letters, among the mass of papers, I found report sheets written in a small, neat hand and signed "Joseph Taggart." But they only covered the voyage from Rangoon to Aden. On the desk beside the tray was a sealed letter addressed to Miss Janet Taggart, University College, Gower Street, London, W. C. 1. It was in a different hand, and the envelope was unstamped.

All those little things—those little homely details—I don't know how to express it—they added up to something—something I didn't like. And then I saw the raincoats hanging on the door, two blue merchant officers' raincoats hanging side by side, the one much bigger than the other.

I went out and slammed the door behind me, as though by closing it I could shut away my sudden, unreasoned fear. "Ahoy! Is there anyone on board?" My voice, high and hoarse, echoed through the vaults of the ship. The wind moaned at me from the deck. Hurry! I must hurry! All I had to do was check the engines now and decide whether we could get her under way.

I stumbled down the dark well of a companionway, following the beam of my torch, flashing it through the open doorway of the saloon, where I had a glimpse of places still laid and chairs pushed hastily back. A faint smell of burning lingered on the musty air. But it didn't come from the galley—the fire was out, the stove cold. My torch focused on a half-empty tin of bully lying on the table. There was butter, cheese, a loaf of bread with the crust all covered in coal dust; coal dust on the handle of the knife that had been used to cut it; coal dust on the floor.

"Is there anybody about?" I yelled. "Ahoy! Anyone there?" No answer. I went back to the 'tween-decks alleyway that ran the length of the port-hand midships section. It was as silent and as black as the adit of a mine. I started down it, and then I stopped. There it was again—a sound I had been conscious of, but had not thought about; a sound like the shifting of gravel. It echoed within the ship's hull as though somewhere the steel plates were shifting on the bottom of the sea. It was a strange, uncanny sound, and it stopped abruptly as I walked on down the alleyway, so that, in the vacuum of abrupt silence, I heard the wind's howl again.

The door at the end of the alleyway swung open to the roll of the ship, letting in a glimmer of daylight. A fire hose, fixed to a hydrant near the engine-room door, snaked aft through pools of water and disappeared through the open door, out on to the well deck beyond. I followed it. Out in the daylight I saw that No. 3 hatch was burned and blackened, eaten half away by fire, and No. 4 had been partly opened up. Fire hoses curled round the deck, disappearing into the open inspection hatch of No. 3 hold. I went a few rungs down the vertical ladder, flashing my torch. But there was no smoke, no lurid glow, and the acrid fumes of the fire had a stale, washed out smell, mixed with the pungent odor of chemicals. My torch showed the black pit of the hold piled high with charred and sodden bales of cotton, and there was the sound of water slopping about.

The fire was out—dead—not even a wisp of smoke. And yet the ship had been abandoned. It didn't make sense. And there was the coal dust on the captain's desk and in the galley. Somebody must have put that fire out. I ran back to the engine-room door, remembering the grating sound of gravel shifting. Could it have been coal? Was there somebody down in the stokehold? Somewhere in the ship a hatch slammed or maybe it was a door. I went in onto the catwalk that hung over the black abyss of the engine room, criss-crossed with the steel of gratings and vertical ladders.

"Ahoy!" I yelled. "Ahoy there!"

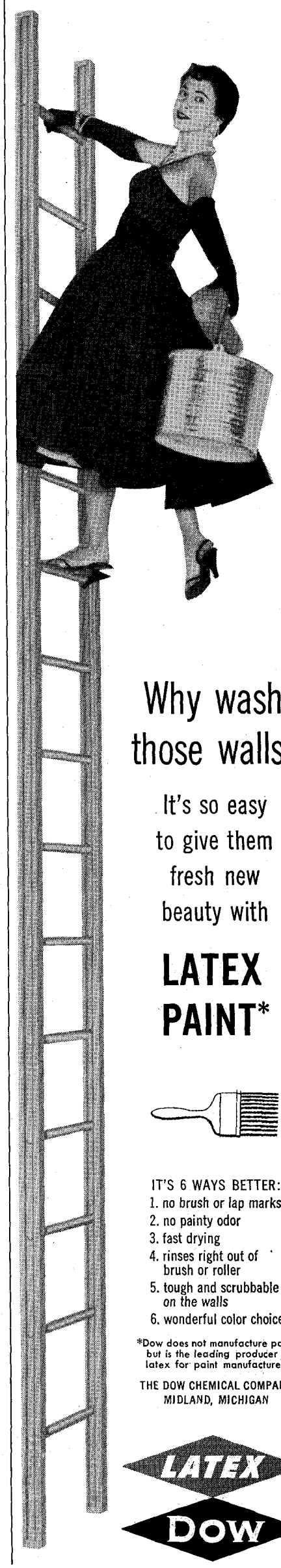
No answer. My torch showed a glint of polished brass and the duller gleam of burnished steel amid the shadowy shapes of the engines. No movement, either; only the sound of water that made little rushing noises as it slopped about to the roll of the ship. I hesitated, wondering

What's Going On Here?

An outstanding public figure who is to become President of the United States is marked for assassination by a fanatic. The fanatic waits for an occasion when he can kill his victim vengefully before a multitude of people. But his plot miscarries. Although he fatally wounds another prominent public official with his pistol, the future President escapes unscathed. What future President, and what assassin?

Fisher Banks

(*See Page 178 for answer*)



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It's so easy to give them fresh new beauty with

LATEX PAINT*

IT'S 6 WAYS BETTER:
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whether to go down to the stokehold, held there by a sort of uneasiness. And it was then that I heard the footsteps.

They moved slowly along the starboard alleyway—boots clanging hollow against the steel flooring; a heavy, dragging tread that passed the engine-room door, going for'ard toward the bridge. The sound of the footsteps gradually faded away and was lost in the slapping of the water in the bilges far below me.

It couldn't have been more than twenty seconds that I remained there, paralyzed, and then I had flung myself at the door, dragged it open and dived out into the alleyway, shining my torch down the length of it. There was nobody there. The beam reached the whole shadowy length as far as the ladder to the deck, and the passage was empty. I shouted, but nobody answered. The ship rolled with a creak of wood and the slosh of water, and above me, muffled, I heard the rhythmic slamming of the door to the after deckhouse. And then a faint, far-distant sound reached me, a sound that had a note of urgency in it. It was Sea Witch's foghorn signaling me to return.

I stumbled for'ard and as I neared the ladder to the deck, the foghorn's moan was mingled with the noise of the wind soughing through the superstructure. Hurry! Hurry! There was a greater urgency in it now; urgency in the noise of the wind, in the foghorn's blare.

I reached the ladder, was starting up—when I saw him. He was outlined for an instant in the swinging beam of my torch, a shadowy figure standing motionless in the recess of a doorway, black with a gleam of white to his eyes.

I checked, shocked into immobility—all the silence, all the ghostly silence of that dead ship clutching at my throat. And then I turned the beam of the torch full on him. He was a big man, dressed in reefer and sea boots, and black with coal dust. Sweat had seamed his face, making grime-streaked runnels, as though he had wept big tears, and the bone of his forehead glistened. All the right side of his jaw was bruised and clotted with blood.

He moved suddenly with great rapidity and came down on me with a rush. The torch was knocked from my hand, and I smelled the stale smell of sweat and coal dust as his powerful fingers gripped my shoulders, turning me like a child, twisting my head to the cold daylight that came down the ladder.

"What do you want?" he demanded in a harsh, rasping voice. "What are you doing here? Who are you?" He shook me violently, as though by shaking me he'd get at the truth.

"I'm Sands!" I gasped out. "John Sands! I came to see ——"

"How did you get on board?" There was a note of authority, as well as violence, in the rasp of his voice.

"By the falls," I said. "We sighted the Mary Deare drifting, and when we saw the lifeboats gone, we came alongside to investigate."

"Investigate!" He glared at me. "There's nothing to investigate." And then quickly, still gripping hold of me, "Is Higgins with you? Did you pick him up? Is that why you're here?"

"Higgins?" I stared at him.

"Yes, Higgins." There was a desperate violence in the way he said the man's name. "But for him, I'd have had her safe in Southampton by now. If you've got Higgins with you ——" He stopped suddenly, his head on one side, listening. The sound of the foghorn was nearer now, and Mike's voice was hailing me. "They're calling you." His grip tightened convulsively on my shoulders. "What's your boat?" he demanded. "What sort of boat is it?"

"A yacht." I added inconsequentially, "You nearly ran us down last night."

"A yacht!" He let go of me then with a little gasp like a sigh of relief. "Well, you'd better get back to it. Wind's getting up."

"Yes," I said. "We'll have to hurry—both of us."

"Both of us?" He frowned.

"Of course," I said. "We'll take you off, and when we reach Peter Port ——"

"No!" The word exploded from his lips. "No. I'm staying with my ship."

"You're the captain, are you?"

"Yes." He stooped and picked up my torch and handed it to me. Mike's voice came to us faintly, a strangely disembodied shout from the outside world. The wind was a low-pitched, whining note. "Better hurry," he said.

"Come on, then," I said. I couldn't believe he'd be fool enough to stay. There was nothing he could do.

"No. I'm not leaving." And then a little wildly, as though I were a foreigner who had to be shouted at, "I'm not leaving, I tell you."

"Don't be a fool," I said. "You can't do any good here—not alone. We're bound for Peter Port. We can get you there in a few hours and then you'll be able to ——"

He shook his head like an animal at bay, and then waved an arm at me as though signaling me to go. "There's a gale coming up."

"I know that," he said.

"Then for heaven's sake, man, it's your one chance to get clear." And because he was the captain and obviously thinking about his ship, I added, "It's the one hope for the ship too. If you don't get a tug out to her soon, she'll be blown right onto the Channel Islands. You can do far more good ——"

"Get off my ship!" He was suddenly trembling. "Get off her, do you hear? I know what I have to do!"

His voice was wild, his manner suddenly menacing. I stood my ground for a moment longer. "You've got help coming, then?" I asked. And when he didn't seem to understand, I said, "You have radioed for help?"

There was a moment's hesitation, and then he said, "Yes, yes, I've radioed for help. Now go."

I hesitated. But there was nothing else I could say, and if he wouldn't come —— I paused halfway up the ladder. "Surely you'll change your mind?" I said. His face showed in the darkness below me—a strong, hard face, still young, but with deep-bitten lines in it, made deeper by exhaustion. He looked desperate, and at the same time oddly pathetic. "Come on, man, while you've got the chance."

But he didn't answer; just turned away and left me there. And I went on up the ladder to meet the weight of the wind howling along the deck and find the sea a mass of whitecaps, with Sea Witch pitching violently two cables off.

I had stayed too long. I knew that as soon as Sea Witch turned to pick me up. The wind was blowing strong in the gusts, and she should have been reefed by now, but they hadn't a hope of reefing, just the three of them. It was madness for them to attempt to come alongside. I had never seen a sea whipped up so quickly. But Mike was waving to me, signaling downward with his hand, and Hal was braced at the wheel, edging her up toward the ship's sides, mainsail shivering, barely filled.

I caught hold of one of the falls then and swung myself out over the side, slithering down hand over hand until the surge of a wave soaked me to the waist, and I looked up and saw that the rusty plates stood above me, high as a cliff.

I could hear Sea Witch now, hear the slap of her bows as she hit a wave and the solid, surging noise of her passage through the water. There were shouts, and over my shoulder I saw her coming up into the wind, very close now, her head unwilling to pay off, the bowsprit almost touching the steamer's sides. A gust of wind buffeted me, the main boom slammed over, sails filling suddenly, and she went surging past me a good twenty yards out from where I clung, swinging sickeningly in mid-air. Hal was shouting at me, "The wind . . . strong . . . the ship turning round!" That was all I caught, and yet he was so close I could see the water dripping off his oilskins, could see his blue eyes wide and startled-looking under his sou'wester.

Mike eased the sheets and the boat roared off downwind. Hanging there, soaked with sea water thrown up from the wave tops breaking against the ship's side, I felt the weight of the wind pressing me in toward the rusty hull. At each roll I had to brace myself to meet the shock of my body being flung against her. Gradually I realized what had happened. The wind was swinging the Mary Deare broadside on, and I was on the windward side, exposed to the full force of the rising gale.

I don't know how Hal managed it, but he got the yacht about with almost no way on her a short stone's throw from where I was clinging. Then he let her drift downwind. It was a superb piece of seamanship. There was a moment when her stern was almost within my reach. I think I might have made it, but at that moment the roll of the Mary Deare swung me against her sides and I was held fast against the wet chill of her hull, while the familiar counter of my boat slid away as Hal got her moving again to prevent her from being battered to pieces against the ship.

"No good! . . . Daren't . . . too dangerous . . . Peter Port!" The ragged snatches of Hal's shouts reached me through the wind as I was freed from the ship's side and swung out over the water, right over the spot where Sea Witch's stern had been only a few seconds before. I wanted to shout to him to try again, just once more. But I knew it was risking the

(*Continued on Page 180*)

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 177)

Not President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt, who escaped when Joseph Zangara fired at him and fatally wounded Mayor Cermak of Chicago early in 1933, but Gen. Ulysses S. Grant and John Wilkes Booth. Grant was scheduled to attend the Ford Theater with President Abraham Lincoln in 1865. Booth carried a big knife to use on Grant after shooting Lincoln. But Grant begged off from attending the theater in order to catch a slow train to Philadelphia to see his children. It probably saved his life. He became President in 1869.

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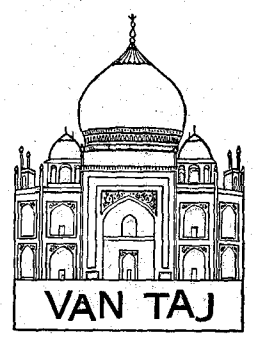

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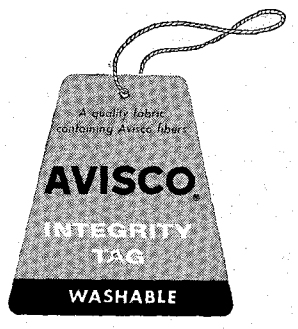

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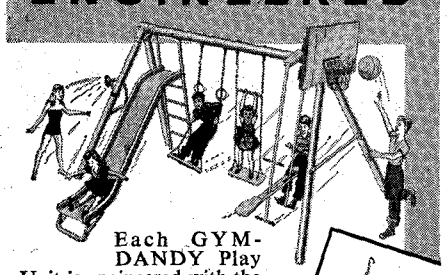

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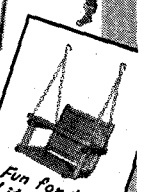

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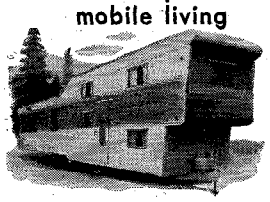

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(*Continued from Page 178*)

boat and their lives as well. "O. K!" I yelled. "Make Peter Port! Good luck!"

He shouted something back, but I couldn't hear what it was. Sea Witch was already disappearing beyond the steamer's bows, going fast with all her sheets eased and the wind driving at the great spread of her mainsail. I glanced up quickly at the towering wall of iron above my head, and then I began to climb while I still had some strength left.

But each time the ship rolled I was flung against the side. It gave me extra purchase, flattened hard against the rusty plates, but it battered me, knocking the wind out of me. And each time I was swung clear the loss of purchase almost flung me off, for my fingers were numbed with cold and my arms and knees trembled with the strain of clinging there too long. The waves broke, engulfing me in ice-cold spray.

I made only a few feet, and then I was finally halted. I could climb no farther. Flattened against the ship's side, I gripped the rope with my shaking legs and, letting go with one hand, hauled up the free end, pulling it up between my legs and wrapping it over my shoulder. It took the strain off my arms. But it didn't get me back on to the ship's deck. I began to shout then, but the sound of my voice was whipped away by the wind. I knew he wouldn't hear me, but I still went on shouting, praying that he'd come. He was my only hope. And then I stopped shouting, for I had no breath left—jarred and bruised, swung one moment out over the tumbled waters, the next slammed against the ship's side, it came to me slowly that this was the end.

And then hope came suddenly in the graze of my hand against the rusty plates. Blood oozed in droplets from my knuckles, to be washed away by a blinding sheet of spray, and I stared, fascinated, as a flake of rust was peeled off by the upward scrape of my body. I didn't look up. I didn't move for fear I had imagined that I was being hauled up. But when the sea no longer reached me as it burst against the ship's side, I knew it was true. I looked up then and saw that the falls had been hauled inboard, saw the ropes move, taut across the rail capping.

Slowly, a foot at a time, I was hauled up until at last my head came level with the deck and I looked into the haggard face and the wild, dark eyes of the Mary Deare's captain. He dragged me over the side and I collapsed onto the deck. I never knew till then how comfortable iron deck plates could be.

"Better get some dry clothes," he said.

He pulled me to my feet and I stood there, trying to thank him. But I was too exhausted, too numbed with cold. My teeth chattered. He got my arm round his neck and half dragged me along the deck and down to one of the officers' cabins. "Help yourself to what you want," he said as he lowered me onto the bunk. "Rice was about your height." He stood over me for a moment, frowning at me as though I were some sort of problem that had to be worked out. Then he left me.

I lay back, exhaustion weighting my eyelids, drowning consciousness. But my body had no warmth left in it, and the cold cling of sodden clothes dragged me up off the bunk; to strip and towel myself down.

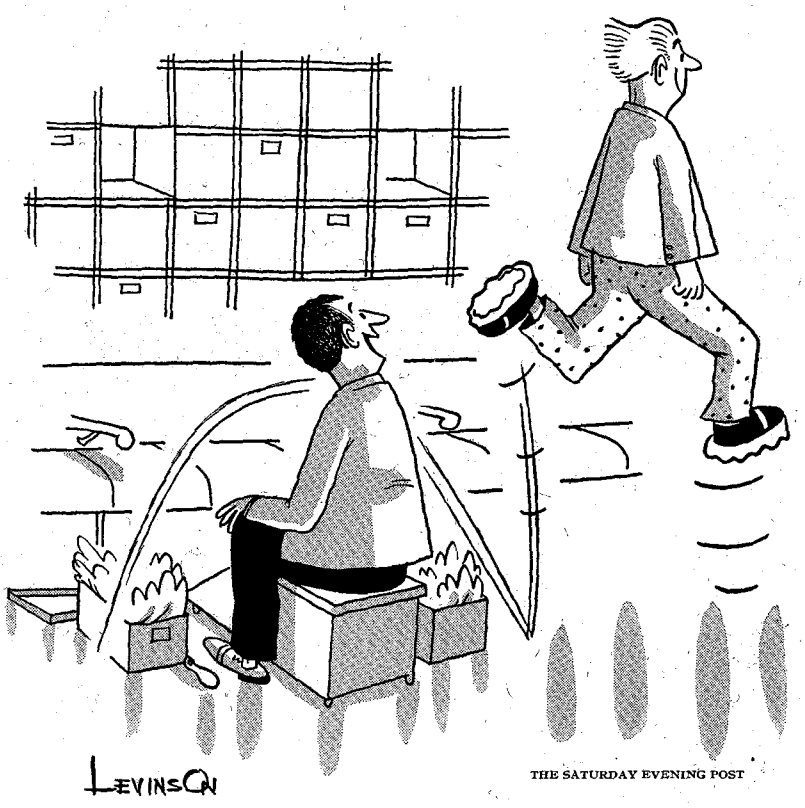
I found dry clothes in a drawer and put them on; woolen underwear, a shirt, a pair of trousers and a sweater. A glow spread through me and my teeth stopped chattering. I took a cigarette from a packet on the desk and lighted it, lying back again on the bunk, my eyes closed, drawing on it luxuriously. I felt better then, not worried about myself, only about Sea Witch. I hoped she'd get safe to Peter Port.

I was drowsy with the sudden warmth; the cabin was airless and smelled of stale sweat. The cigarette kept slipping from my fingers. And then a voice from a great distance off was saying, "Sit up and drink this." I opened my eyes and he was standing over me again with a steaming mug in his hand. It was tea laced with rum.

"How long before you expect help?" I asked. The ship was rolling heavily now, and through the open door came the sound of the wind howling along the deck.

"There won't be any help. No call went out." He leaned suddenly down toward me, his hands clenched, and his jaw, thrust into the gray light coming in through the porthole, showing hard and knotted. "Why the devil didn't you stay on your yacht?" And then he turned abruptly and made for the door.

TO BE CONTINUED



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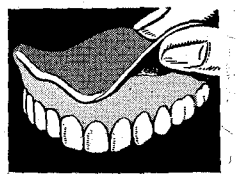

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So Now I'm Respectable (Continued from Page 45)

I'd been aware of this tremendous influx of enthusiasm and had even participated in some of it, but it wasn't until this past January, when a group of my confreres and I played a pair of invasions in Washington, D.C., and Maryland, that I realized what it really meant.

The whole thing began early in 1954, when a man named Ralph Black wrote me a letter inviting me to bring my band to Buffalo, New York, to play a shoulder-to-shoulder concert with the Buffalo Philharmonic. One sniff at that letter forced me to conclude that someone in the Philharmonic office had left a door ajar and some harmless inmate from a nearby loon-lounge had wandered in and used both typewriter and stationery.

Shortly afterward, this same Black was on the telephone. "Why didn't you answer that letter?" he asked.

"Why did you write that letter?" I asked. "Tell me, are you calling with the warden's permission?"

"I'll be in New York tomorrow to discuss this engagement," Black said.

"Bring the warden along," I said.

Black arrived—without roomies—and demanded a hearing. I took Bobby Hackett, the trumpet player, with me for insurance—against making any rash promises which might later have proved embarrassing. The whole proposition still seemed preposterous to me.

Black spoke quickly and persuasively. He actually seemed to believe that our appearing with the Philharmonic would be just what Buffalo needed.

"I'll say this for you," I said to Black. "You may be an eccentric, but you're dead game."

Hackett and I talked the whole thing over, and in light of previous experience, I was hesitant. I'd had some experience with concerts.

To reminisce for a moment, in 1938 a friend of mine, Ernie Anderson, and my brother-in-law, Paul Smith, had organized a series of jazz concerts at a Park Avenue hotel. This place was slightly on the dowager side. Its salon, into which we booked our music, was no bar and grill; throughout an average week it dispensed one Manhattan, three Pink Ladies and a couple of Green Spiders. Most of the tenants were too old to walk to the slab, and the waiters were equally infirm.

When we barged in, we brought an audience of about 500, all thirsty, and the waiters hardly had time to wake each other up.

A railroad owned that hotel, and some of its tracks ran under our bandstand. One afternoon two vice-presidents happened in for a tomato juice and sensed the clamor—we were in full cry, and so were our followers. When they saw the panic we were causing, they summoned the manager. He was fired, we were barred, and the trains got back on schedule.

"If we're going to keep up our concerts," Ernie Anderson then said, "let's move them into legitimate halls."

We invaded Carnegie to toss a celebration starring the late Fats Waller. Only Paul Whiteman and Benny Goodman had beaten us in—and they both played scored jazz, with all arrangements neatly written down and only the solos improvised. In our case, we simply went in, tuned up, and the only paper we used was for love notes to bookmakers.

The audience liked our effort at Carnegie, and we were encouraged to move to Town Hall for a scheduled series.

As Bobby and I were discussing Ralph Black's outrageous idea, he brought up those old Town Hall risks. "You couldn't call them flops," he pointed out.

"Still," I said, "we had the edifice to ourselves. We didn't have to give an inch of stage room to Toscanini or any of those big-band tycoons. The audiences that came were our audiences. What will they think in Buffalo if they go into Kleinhans Hall expecting Beethoven's Fifth and find Condon's full quart? Fruit will fly."

"I've appeared with some large string groups," Bobby said, "on Jackie Gleason records."

"Any group Gleason is in is a large one," I told him. "But maybe we'll give Black a twist."

Off to Buffalo we went, with complications. Hackett and Peanuts Hucko, our clarinetist, had a strolling date in Ohio, and had to fly in from there. Cliff Leeman, the drummer, was in the grip of a sinus condition so bad that he was scarcely polite to himself. Sometime previously, some stairs in my house had decided that it would be fun if I fell down them, and I was a walking roll of tape.

Then too, on the train, our trombone player became slightly invvolved. That second "v" is deliberate; it stands for vodka. Some idea of his invvolvement may be gathered by what happened in the Kleinhans Hall dressing room as we were standing around waiting to go on the stage.

Ralph Black appeared with a young man and said, "Gentlemen, this is Willis Page, our conductor."

"Conductor," said the trombonist, "when does this train get to Buffalo?"

There were other momentary work stoppages. I'd brought my chop—my "porkchop," or guitar—but had forgotten to pack picks. A guitarist without a pick is like a trumpet player sans lip, but Peanuts Hucko was equal to my emergency. He improvised a pick for me out of an old clarinet reed, and before we knew it we were in action.

Onstage, the Philharmonic wound up Tchaikovsky's Third Bunny Hug or some other esoteric menace. The entire hall was a sellout; there were around 3000 in residence and about half again that many had been turned away. As soon as we finished our first effort, everyone present showed that he had brought his hands and that they were extremely healthy. In fact, I don't recall ever getting such unrestrained response. And when Willis Page, the conductor, borrowed a string bass and romped with my boys in our final number, the roof was in serious danger.

"History has been made here tonight," Ralph Black said. He meant that that was the first time that symphony and jazz band had gone to the post together.

I wouldn't have put it that strongly, but I began to take a new view of our music. Don't forget, during the '20's, '30's, and even into the early '40's, there were many jazz musicians, including Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and others now famous, who would have been ordered off the sidewalk outside a symphony hall. The only times Benny was allowed in was when he took his own arrangements or became a traitor and played nosey-nosey with Mozart. The idea of going inside one of those warehouses and actually "jammin' with those symphonic cats"—as Mezz Mezzrow, the arranger, might have put it—was almost as impossible a dream as the idea of eating often was in the old days.

The thought of becoming respectable never would have occurred to most of us, I'm sure. The music was good enough for us; it was its own justification. It didn't help us eat too healthily, but now, after all those hungry years, it actually seemed

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as though we were being asked to sit down at the table.

Yet when I got back home I was still dubious. *Buffalo must be an exception,* I told myself; *the proximity of the Falls has made those people accustomed to noise. They're like foundry workers who get nervous in a quiet room.*

Word got around in some of the loftier-browed music circles of what had happened at Buffalo. Bites began coming in—from the Rock Island, Moline and Davenport Symphony, from St. Louis, and even from Texas and other Western countries. "Bring your boys out for a session with our symphony," the invitations all said. I began to suspect that Ralph Black had a flock of blood relatives all as adventurous as he.

Some of the offers we couldn't take for wallet reasons. Most classical ensembles are used to fiddling along on frayed shoestrings. By the time those symphonies would have paid the cost of transporting us by train, plane, submarine, blimp, walk or stagger, the financial jolt would have been too intense. It would have been too stiff even if we had agreed to go by goat.

So, for a time I was convinced that my symphonic days had opened and closed with that one-nighter in Buffalo. But then, around the middle of 1955, around the time the jazz boom began thundering, a call came from Washington.

Black again.

"Have you been promoted to trusty?" I asked.

"Eddie," he said, "how would you like to play a pair of concerts with the National Symphony?"

"If they can stand me," I said, "I suppose I could tolerate them."

It was settled. I called Phyllis, my wife, to tell her the news. "I'm wanted in Washington," I said proudly.

"By whom?" she asked. "The deportation authorities?"

The reaction of Misses Maggie and Liza Condon, twelve and ten respectively, in charge of house wrecking on our premises, was more enthusiastic.

"Oh, boy, Washington!" Maggie cried. "Take us with you, will you, please?"

Delighted, I said how nice it was that my little girls wanted to see our band appear with the National Symphony.

"Oh," Maggie said, "it isn't that. We want to see the sights—the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument and ——"

"And the Tomb of the Unknown Saxophone Player," Liza finished.

I made a few calls and rounded up a group consisting of Hackett, Hucko, Lou McGarity on trombone, Gene Schroeder on piano, Bob Carter on bass, Morey Feld on drums. The contracts arrived from Black, and when I saw them I was absolutely positive he couldn't be serious this time. The first concert called for an appearance at Ritchie Coliseum at the University of Maryland, a few miles outside the district. That was O.K.

But the second had us booked into Constitution Hall, which is where the National Symphony hangs out habitually. I knew that barn only too well.

To reminisce again, after Ernie Anderson and I had given our successful series of concerts in Town Hall in New York, we decided to take to the road. We played most major cities over a period of years, but in 1946 our evangelism was brought to a temporary halt on the stone staircase leading up to Constitution Hall. Those lovely ladies who ran that establishment had decided that our audience might deface their property beyond recognition.

I called Black and reminded him of what had happened when we'd tried to sit in at the Hall before.

"This time," said he, "it will be different."

We took the plane to Washington on the thirteenth—a Friday, and an omen to even a nonsuperstitious donkey like me. When we arrived, there was Squirrel Ashcraft, an old pal from my transparent-hamburger days in Chicago. Squirrel, who originally answered to "Edwin," had always made certain that jazz musicians never experienced a shortage of staples. There he was in Washington, waiting to conduct his own personal guide service for Phyllis, Maggie and Liza.

There seemed to be a good deal of interest in us, but I still didn't feel too confident, not even when I met Howard Mitchell, conductor and musical director of the National. "It's a privilege," he said.

"It's also a risk," I said, "but they can't do more than tar and feather us."

At University of Maryland in College Park that night it became evident that some folks had heard we were coming. The crowd was mostly the student body, and they kept cramming in until they were up right against the stage.

With associate conductor Lloyd Geisler in charge, the National Symphony went on first. They played Mozart's overture to The Marriage of Figaro, and followed it with Strauss' Blue Danube. We were to go next with our own version of the latter. I looked at the symphony and then at my boys.

"We're giving away poundage tonight," I said. "There are eighty-seven of them and seven of us."

We went on the stand, sidestepping an oboe here, a cello there. And we tore into the Blue Danube as though we were still sitting in my saloon.

Howard Mitchell later summed up the reaction in one word. "Sensational," he said.

I had to agree. Not only did the audience make the most gratifying noise imaginable but it was mannerly noise. The crowd was not one of those yeaman-go-go-go, whistling, screaming herds that make many performances headachy for jazz musicians. When I held up my hand to reintroduce Lloyd Geisler and his Troubadours, they quieted immediately.

The whole thing went off with impressive precision. The Symphony jammed Borodin, Beethoven, Bizet and Tchaikovsky, and we rendered everything from I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll to When the Saints Go Marching In. The climax came when Lloyd Geisler borrowed a trumpet and sat in with us for one number. That one really reduced the gym to a state of orderly panic.

"You must feel pretty good," Squirrel said later, as we were relaxing with some soothing beef tea.

"Tomorrow night," I said, "is the hospital test. If they take us in Constitution Hall, there's no place in the world jazz can't go."

The next day, while Phyllis, Maggie and Liza were out trying to memorize the Smithsonian Institution, I went around town and tried the patience of some disk jockeys. By seven that night we all forgathered at Constitution Hall. Now, this is one of those Washington buildings on which a No BREAD TODAY sign would not be at all appropriate. It is about as dignified as a place of assembly can get without looking asinine. So I was uncertain, which really means worried.

Roy Meachum, a Symphony straw boss, came backstage and said, "We're selling tickets we never sold before."

I peeked out. There were all colors of faces in that audience—black, pink, tan, white, yellow, brown; and all side by side. That was reassuring.

By the time we were ready to go on, the place was all but sold out. We did the same program we'd done the night before. Again Lloyd Geisler and his crew made certain there would be no refunds, and then we went on. I know the Symphony boys won't feel I'm slighting them or being chesty if I say the reception we got was like nothing ever heard before in that hall.

Musically speaking, it was the happiest experience of my entire fifty years. I am no social student, and the most profound thoughts that commonly trickle through my head are those concerned with the relative merits of products imported from Scotland, but I thought, as I watched the crowd react to our jazz, that this concert was at last demonstrating that the music was for all kinds of people, and that it need no longer be confined to back rooms, saloons, gutters and wastebaskets.

The blue-nosed, octogenarian bracket was heavily represented, and none of them tottered out in disgust. Similarly, the black-sweater-and-blue-jeans set sat attentively while the Symphony played.

The point I want to make is that everyone who showed up didn't differentiate or discriminate. The people regarded both kinds of music as music, to be enjoyed.

"Your appearance here," said Howard Mitchell, "caused a lot of people to come in who never would have thought of coming into Constitution Hall before."

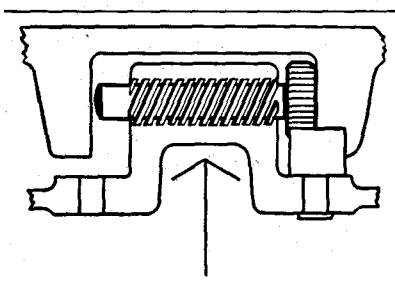
"Right," I said. "Including me."

"It would be wonderful," Mitchell continued, "if all symphonic organizations profited by our experience. Jazz bands can help symphonies by bringing in new listeners, and we can help you by introducing the music to people who previously have looked down their noses at it, if they looked at all."

Again I had to agree. And I began to see that Ralph Black, who started it all, was not the dreamer I'd thought him, but a very broad, tolerant, savvy guy as far as musical appreciation is concerned. It was a wonderful experience, and if another call comes for a jam session with a symphony, I won't cringe.

Who knows? I may even buy a baton.

THE END



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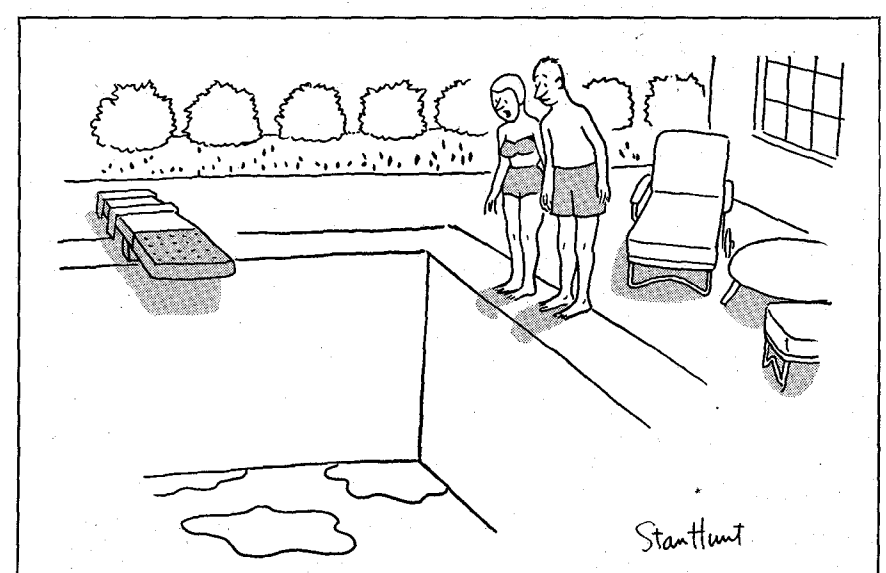

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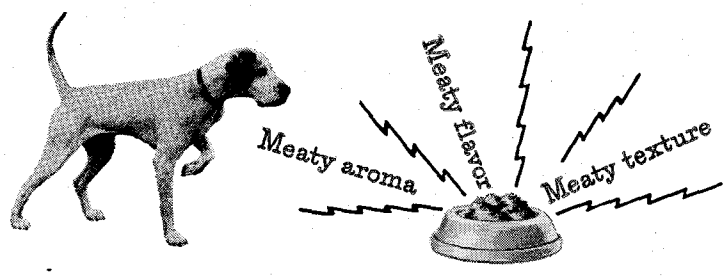

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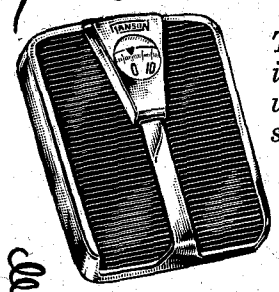

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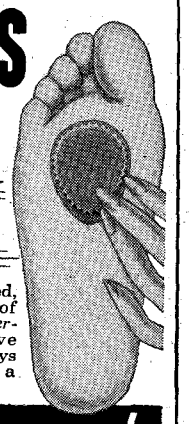

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The Terrible Game (Continued from Page 47)

upward like funnels. A few hundred feet away only a shower of pine cones fell as casualties to Russia's mightiest weapons.

As Genghis Khan and Tamerlane had waited because there was nothing else to do, so the baffled U.S.S.R. turned its attention to more immediate things and waited—waited with annoyance for a solution to the paradox that the largest country on earth had a tiny cancer in its huge body, a cancer ten miles from its most important railroad pass—the one between European and Asiatic Russia. Today, as in centuries past, the tiny country owed its independence to an ancient ritual, The Terrible Game of Ott. It guaranteed that no intruder would ever leave the little volcano land alive.

The sharks' teeth were rushing up now. He grasped the rip cord. So the general had picked him for his athletic ability—because he had won the decathlon at the Point, because he was big and tough. Falling alone through the vast empty sky, he felt anything but tough now.

The general had explained his plan—the establishment of an atomic-howitzer base to control the Trans-Siberian Railway in case of war. This would be possible only with the co-operation of the natives of Buranulke. As history had proved they could not be conquered, they must be persuaded that Americans were friends. But to them all foreigners were enemies who must play the Game of Ott.

"It's a game with the same remarkable rules for both sides, the natives and the outsider," the general had said, his eyes boring into Jonathan's. "Only one outsider has lived to tell about it." He had pushed a thin folder across his desk. "Here is everything our Intelligence research team has dug up—information pieced together mostly from ancient documents and from stories of the few natives of Buranulke who have visited the outside world."

"The Game of Ott," Jonathan mused. "Ott means 'horse.' A series of tasks on horseback." He smiled at the general. "Why don't they just kill their captives outright?"

The general shrugged. "They are a strange breed with a strange kind of morality. At least they give a man a chance." He leaned forward. "If you survive the game, we will have a chance. You will be their hero. Then you may be able to persuade them to give us our base." He sat back and reached for a cigarette. "If you survive," he repeated slowly.

Jonathan took the sheaf of papers. "Will that be all, sir?"

"One thing more," the general said. "This is no suicide mission. Dead, you will be no good to us. You must want to live. I have been briefed about the reason for your volunteering for this assignment." The general's expression did not change. He busied himself with lighting his cigarette. "Your family—your wife and son were killed in an automobile accident?"

"That is correct, sir."

The general gazed out of the window. "Sometimes when one is forced to fight for life, life becomes extremely precious. And if one has once known what love is, one learns how to find it again." Without looking at Jonathan, he made a gesture with his hand. "That will be all, lieutenant."

Jonathan remembered how he had risen, saluted, his jaw tense, his fists clenched at his sides—a vision of a flaming overturned car streaked across his brain. As he plummeted through the air now the vision came again. He sucked in his breath and yanked the rip cord. It sounded like a giant snapping a huge blanket—a tremendous jerk, then perfect quiet.

The huge nylon umbrella swaying above him was intact. He checked with his left elbow; the tiny transmitter was still there under his arm—his only contact with the outside world. He looked down.

A bare vertical cliff a mile high loomed ahead. He saw he was falling in a downdraft twenty feet from the polished black surface . . . ten feet —— He touched lightly, like a drop of rain sliding down a windowpane. Something smashed against his skull. He seemed to explode in a bright blaze of agony. A cover of darkness enveloped him.

In the week that followed, the explosion came again and again, but always less painful and at greater intervals. Jonathan was conscious of lying inside a tent—of voices speaking the soft syllables of Urdu and of hands that lifted him and ministered to him. Hot liquids were poured down his throat. He moaned and slept and was feverish, and felt the hands wipe his sweating face and stroke lightly over his forehead.

One morning the pain in his head seemed only a remote ache. He opened his eyes and everything was suddenly in focus—the cup held to his mouth, the face above it, the brightly colored silk tent above that. He stared at the face. It was a young woman, bronzed and delicate, with full red lips and high cheekbones and slanted eyes, surprisingly blue. She was aware that his vision had cleared and she murmured a greeting. When he answered her in Urdu, she smiled delightedly and rushed away. She returned with an aged man. Beneath his pointed felt hat his face was wrinkled and gray-bearded, but he had the same high cheekbones and blue eyes.

The girl pointed to him. "My father, the khan," she explained. "My name is Bebesh." To the old man she said, "The stranger is well. He can speak to us."

That began a series of questions and answers and conversations that grew longer and longer as Jonathan recovered. He spent the days half reclining on a pile of cushions under the canopy in front of the khan's tent. Here he was visited by curious tribesmen. Most of them, he noted, were tall and muscular, with Mongolian features and black hair and eyes. They rode their horses with casual, easy grace, and their bearing as they spoke to him was that of proud warriors and huntsmen.

Most of his talks, however, were with the old khan. They discussed everything—war, government, philosophy, courage, and even death. Jonathan was fascinated with the wisdom of the old man who had never been beyond the borders of Buranulke, and with his dignity and humor. The khan was curious about the outside world. He questioned Jonathan about every detail of life in America, from skyscrapers to television.

"And all this mighty country could be crumbled to dust," he asked, "by a few great Russian bombs?"

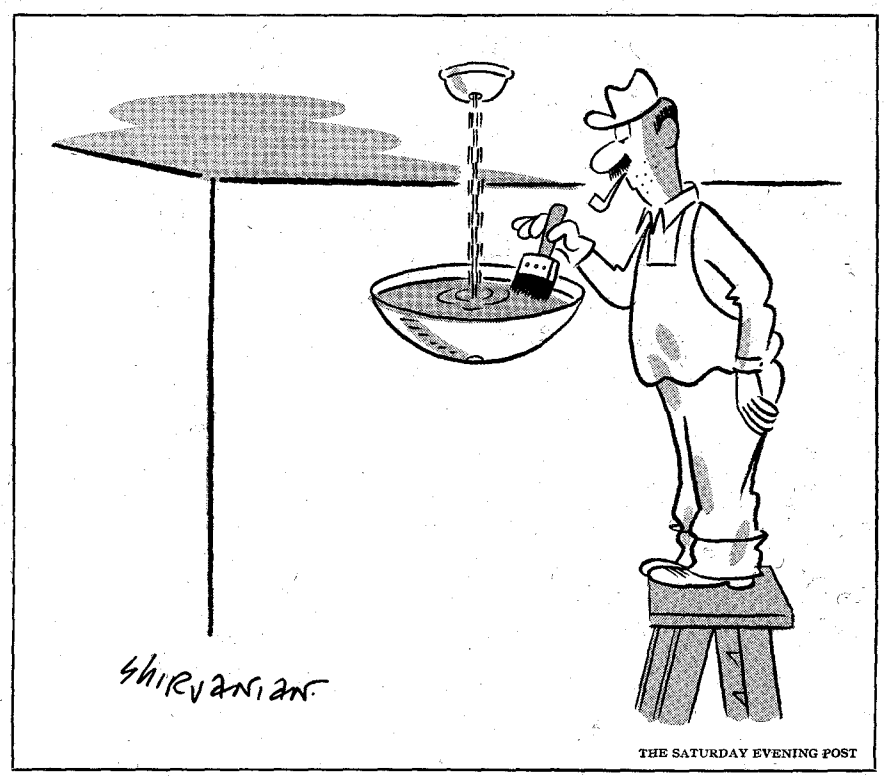
Jonathan nodded. "Unless we become so strong they would not dare attack. That is why," he urged, "I have come here for your help." And as he had done before, he explained the need for the atomic-howitzer base. But the old khan—as he had done before, too—seemed to push the explanation aside. Only a sudden shadowing of his eyes and a flicker of grief crossed his face as he looked at his guest. Then he would commence again his questions about American customs.

During the three weeks of his convalescence Jonathan had many talks with Bebesh, too, and there was one American custom he demonstrated to her. When he took his lips away from her soft red ones, she had said, "But it is good. I like it. Why do my people not know of this?" Then her white teeth gleamed as she laughed mischievously, "If we teach them, they will do it all the time, like the Americans!"

"Not all the time," Jonathan corrected. "Only when one is—is fond of a person, only with a person one loves."

"We do not kiss in Buranulke, but we love." Suddenly her expression sobered. She touched his face with her finger tips and in her eyes he saw the same shadow of grief that had been in the eyes of the khan. Then she turned and ran.

On the last day of the fourth week that Jonathan had been in the cyclone country, the three of them were sitting under the canopy before the khan's tent. A grassy slope dropped to a flat circular plain about a mile in diameter. The plain was composed of black sand so firmly packed that it looked like a lake of ink dammed in by the bright green of the surrounding mountains. Hundreds of figures were working there, their white garments highlighted (*Continued on Page 186*)



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(*Continued from Page 184*) against the blackness of the sand, hammering, sawing, erecting structures.

Jonathan knew what they were making. He looked at the khan, hoping the wise old eyes had not read the fear that made him sit thoughtfully, like a criminal waiting for the execution. He would save the generous old man the embarrassment of telling him his fate. During this short month a deep attachment had grown between himself and the khan. This Asiatic chieftain with his pointed felt hat and brilliant quilted robe, his baggy pants clasped in soft black leather boots, had become closer to being a father to him than anyone in America ever had.

Perhaps it was because the old man had never had a son—and then, Jonathan thought, one just dropped out of the night sky—a man from nowhere who belonged to no one.

Jonathan knew he had been well enough the second week. A concussion goes fast. The khan had contrived the delays after that, ruling he was not yet fit to play the Game of Ott. He glanced at Bebesh, sitting on an ottoman at her father's feet. Her wide blue eyes were staring at him. She sensed what was in his mind—they knew each other so well now. He looked at her graceful figure, and then he was aware that she was signaling to him, lifting her head slightly in the quick "no" sign of the Mongol people.

The old khan looked down at the turquoise stones that hung from the gold ring which clasped her long hair. They were still trembling. "No what, Bebesh?" he asked kindly.

She buried her face in her hands. "No, do not say it. I know what you are about to say."

"But something must be said," a voice interrupted harshly.

It was the Emir Timur. He was, Jonathan knew, the khan's cousin, the heir apparent to the khanate. A stanch supporter of the old traditions, including the Game of Ott, he stood before them now, a powerful, striking figure. He wore the same peaked hat and silk robe as the khan. His boots were red, and hanging from the black sash around his middle was a sharply curved sword. On its gold scabbard was damascened the symbol of his position as heir to the khan, a beautifully executed baby wolf looking up at its father.

"It should have been said days ago," the emir continued, ignoring Bebesh's cry of protest.

Before the khan could reply, Jonathan spoke. "Baba," he said to the old man, "the emir is right. I am well enough for the Game of Ott. In fact, I am looking forward to it." He smiled. "No one must mistake your generous hospitality for a repudiation of the old customs."

Bebesh clutched her father's knees. "But it is not a game, Baba!" she cried. "It is a murder—a contest to see who kills the helpless victim."

His hard eyes looked at Jonathan. "We cannot have foreigners in Buranulke. One spy could destroy us forever, but we give them a chance—in the Game of Ott."

Bebesh sprang at the Emir Timur and clasped his arm savagely. "When did the last visitor survive?"

The khan's voice was barely audible. "The Englishman, my grandfather, was the last to win." He turned to Jonathan. "He stayed here afterward, the great hero of the Buran Mongols, and became khan. I am the last male of the line. When I die"—he pointed to Bebesh—"there will be nothing left of my brave grandfather but that blue-eyed one."

Jonathan saw Timur's eyes appraising him. "Prince Jonathan," he said—and there was sarcasm in his use of the title—"tomorrow I must be the one to kill you. The blue-eyed one whom I will marry when I become khan is in love with you."

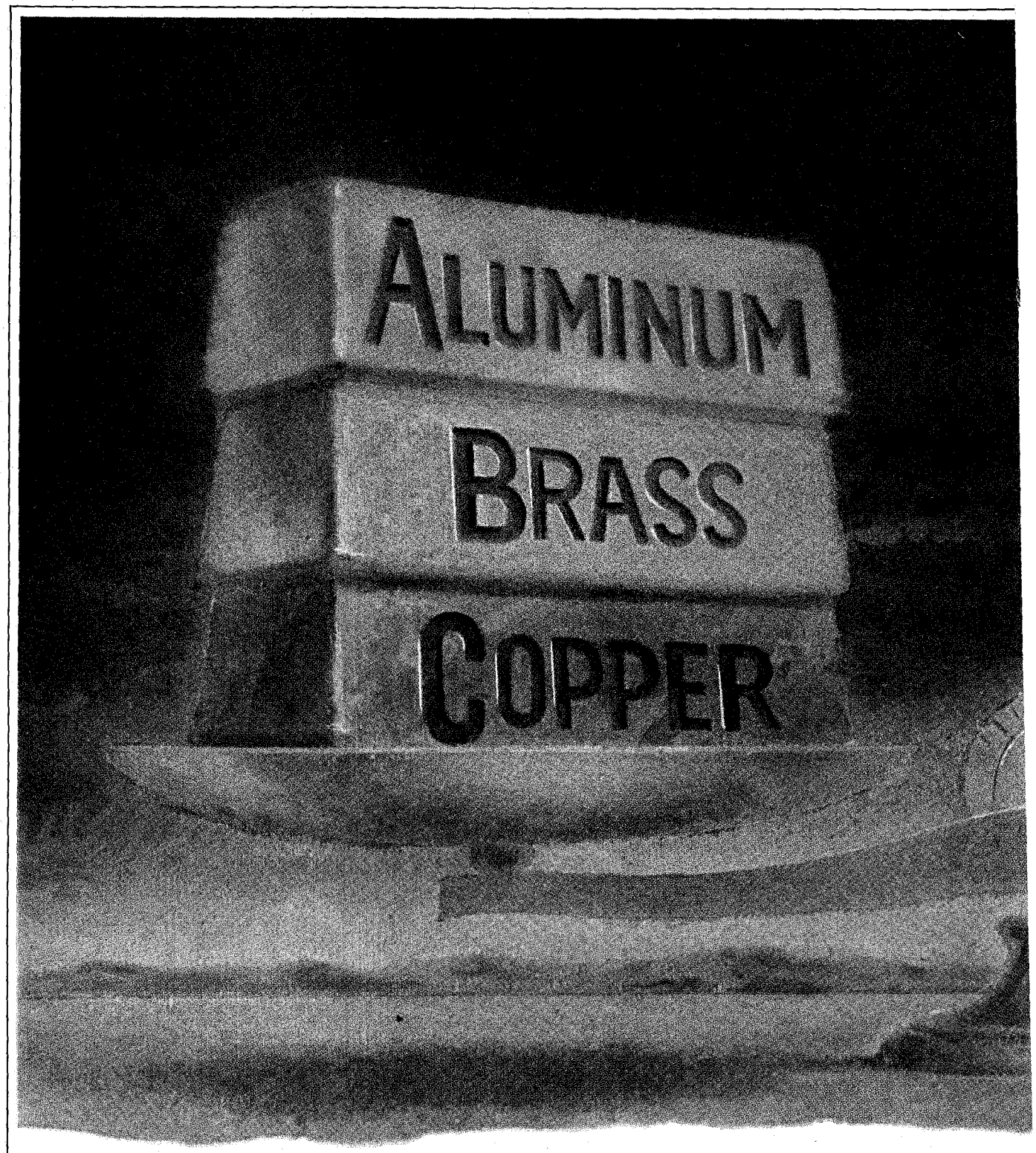
Jonathan had never seen a more formidable company. Each of this elite two hundred, chosen for athletic ability, would soon be straining every nerve to overtake and kill him.

They stood facing him in a dense double line. Each had, perched on his left arm, a high-peaked Mongolian saddle, over the seat of which were crossed the massive bronze stirrups, shaped like boot toes, and heavier than the saddles themselves.

Like himself, they wore green, peaked felt hats and green baggy pants tucked into soft black leather boots. Around their waists were long green silk sashes from which hung sharply curved scimitars. Their cashmere shirts were white, the emir's was royal black, and his own, significantly enough, he thought, was blood red.

Each man had a short, thick, laminated-horn bow and a painted wooden quiver with seven steel-pointed arrows. The emir was standing next to Jonathan, reading the rules of the Game of Ott from a yellow parchment scroll. They were astonishingly similar to those pieced together by the Intelligence research team. His training had been right on the beam.

The emir turned to Jonathan and pointed up the grassy slope a hundred yards away. Jonathan could see the peak of the khan's tent, its gray-wolf banner just peeping over the hill. The black sand plain was on the other side.



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"The horses are there—over the slope," he emir said.

He pointed to two bright red fighting ocks cradled in the arms of their han-llers. His equerry handed him what ooked like a frontier-model six-shooter.

"I am signaling with this gun," he said ravely; "then you are running. The two ocks will commence fighting. When one s killed, I am shooting again and every-ne is after you."

He cocked the revolver. "Follow the ine of crimson flags. Each task is marked y a big yellow banner. Only those working on the same task can kill you—and you them."

Jonathan knew the rules. If the pursuers did the tasks faster and caught you, they killed you and ended the game. He had been listening for something else—and sniffing the air. The wind was blowing from the khan's tent. Like heck the horses were just over the slope. Two hundred horses that near would sound and smell like Barnum's Circus. They must be farther away, out on the black plain. The emir wanted him to kill himself sprinting up the hill, only to find the horses a mile farther on—the Game of Ott would end right there. He must take it easy.

The gun went off and he was running up the slope. He felt springy and packed with energy. He glanced back. The brilliant cocks were rising vertically and drumming at each other furiously. Hoarse shouts were coming from the packed line. He hoped the birds were evenly matched and courageous. Those steel spurs—one lucky jab and two hundred men would start after him.

He looked back at the top of the hill. One cock was down; it struggled up again. Thank God for the courage in that tiny head. The khan's silk tent was on his right as he coasted down the grassy slope. Before him stretched the black sand plain. He cursed. At the far end, a mile away, were the horses. The saddle and the bronze stirrups felt heavier and the scimitar kept tripping him.

The jousting rings were on the sand to his left, hanging from scaffolds at the height of a horseman's lance—larger than those in Washington; he could spear one with his eyes closed—if he lived that long.

Then he saw the wrestlers. For the first time, Jonathan's confidence wavered. At least twenty of them, each standing in a rope circle about fifteen feet across. Their muscular bodies glistened with olive oil, put on, he knew, to make applying a hold difficult. The smallest must have weighed two hundred and fifty pounds.

The nearest laughed, "Faster, faster, my son. Please don't get killed before you reach us."

Jonathan was a hundred yards beyond the wrestlers when the second shot came. He tried not to panic, but methodically counted one hundred steps and glanced back. The whole slope around the khan's tent was white with pursuing figures.

He shifted the saddle—heavy as lead. He almost discarded the massive bronze stirrups. He counted again and glanced back. His pursuers were streaming over

●

Of course, America has boundless faith in her young people. She proves it by the size of the public debt she expects them to pay off.

IMOGENE FEY

●

the plain. One was way out ahead, gaining rapidly; he had dropped everything. With only his naked sword the Mongol was trying to catch him—kill him, before he reached the horses half a mile away. Jonathan increased his speed, but saw it was impossible. If he stopped to fight, the mob would catch him. If he didn't—a sword through his back.

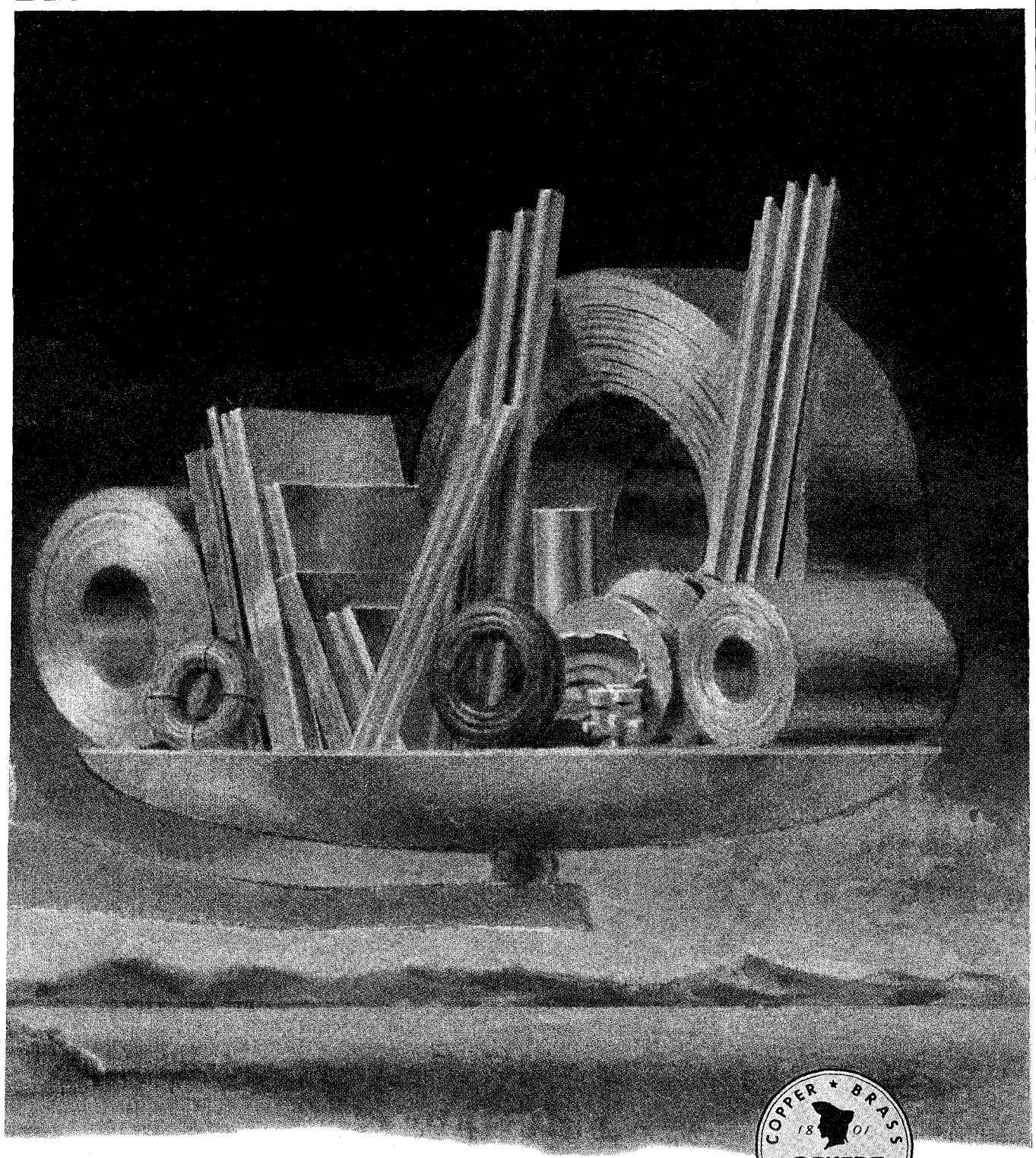
Suddenly Jonathan whirled and dropped his saddle. His arrow, its steel blade flashing in the sun, shot out in a flat, hissing trajectory, barely missing the green peaked hat of his pursuer. His second arrow pierced the Mongol's shoulder and he fell forward onto the black sand.

Jonathan snatched up his saddle and sprinted for the horses. Their reins were tied to a thick rope stretched between wooden pillars. His pursuers were closing in, and an occasional arrow hissed by. Choosing the right horse was vital. He spotted Timur's favorite mount, with its white nose markings. Thank God, Bebesh had tipped him off.

The instant he mounted, the arrows stopped. With scrupulous fairness, his pursuers observed the rules. Neither the hunted nor the hunters were permissible targets unless they were in the same stage of the Game of Ott. Jonathan knew, though, in a few seconds fifty other horsemen would be mounted, and after him. He had no chance if he just galloped away. He would be killed before reaching the next stage—the corral.

Jonathan drew his scimitar and slashed the heavy tether rope. He yelled and jabbed the nearest horse with his blade. It reared back with a piercing scream. Instantly a thundering stampede of terrified horses was heading in every direction.

With an involuntary cry of triumph, Jonathan galloped down the line of crimson guide flags toward the corral, a mile



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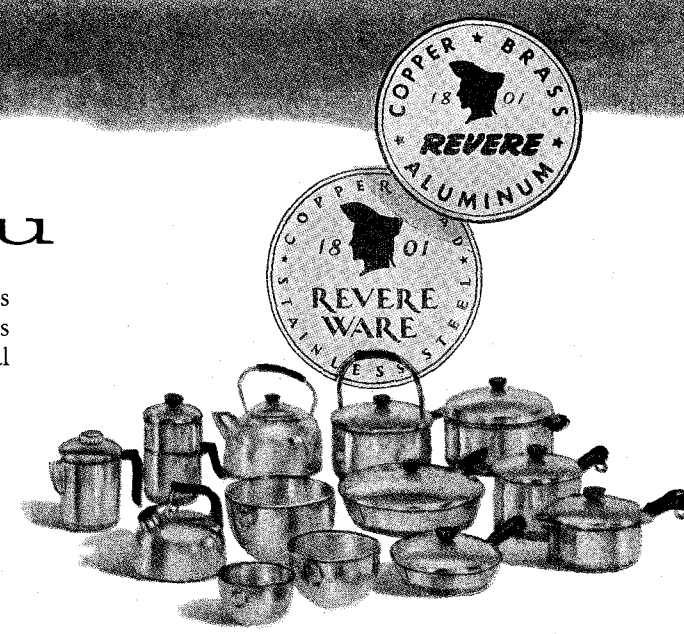

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away. As he felt the power of the magnificent animal between his knees, he was filled with exhilaration. The killing fatigue of the first stage was forgotten in a wild surge of confidence. The crescendo of confusion behind him was like a barbaric song in his ears.

The corral was on the edge of the black sand, a fenced square the size of a city block. Milling around in it was a herd of Alces, a kind of large Asiatic elk much like the American moose. The umpires stood on a platform in the center. As he approached, Jonathan nocked one of his five remaining arrows. He must stay until an animal was dying on the ground. As he galloped through the entrance, the elk stampeded. He pursued one across the enclosure and took careful aim. The heavy-bladed arrow entered just above the shoulder. The animal kept running. He spurred after it and pumped in three more arrows. Finally, with exasperating slowness, the Alces fell. An umpire yelled and waved him on. Jonathan cursed—one arrow left.

Suddenly an elk, fleeing ahead of him, tumbled end over end, an arrow sticking from his neck. An umpire yelled and waved his flag. Jonathan turned to see a lone horseman in a black shirt galloping up behind him. It was the Emir Timur. A long, impossible shot had paid off.

Jonathan spurred grimly down the line of crimson guide flags to the great yellow banner half a mile away. Under it, stuck into the ground, was a clump of steel-tipped lances. He snatched one without slackening his pace and followed the curving guide flags back toward the khan's tent. The hanging rings were directly ahead, in front of the silk tent. Thousands of spectators were massed on the green slope, shouting and waving. Jonathan glanced behind. The emir was more than a quarter mile behind, but he had his spear. Again they were in the same stage.

Jonathan lowered his lance and stood in his stirrups, knees bent, to eliminate up-and-down motion. He galloped toward the middle ring, holding his lance at its center of gravity so he could aim precisely by slight movements of his hand.

He heard a vicious hiss. An arrow plumped into the sand twenty feet ahead. His horse shied so violently that he had to grab the pommel of the peaked saddle. His lance missed the ring by three feet. It took almost a hundred yards to wrestle the frightened animal around.

Both he and Timur were now galloping at the rings from opposite directions. Jonathan raised his lance. Another arrow whistled by. His horse shied again, but less wildly. The next was very close, but his horse only quivered. This time his lance went neatly through the ring, and Jonathan spurred toward Timur.

They were galloping side by side. Timur was on Jonathan's left, holding his lance lightly, standing in his stirrups, aiming at the ring. Jonathan, ten feet away, had his thick horn bow pushed out at arm's length. The razor-sharp arrow was pulled to his ear, pointed at Timur's side. A hush fell over the crowd as they realized that the instant Timur speared the ring, Jonathan would loose his arrow. There was no sound but the thud of the horses' hoofs on the sand. At the last moment, Timur lowered his lance and purposely missed.

Jonathan knew by the howls of the watchers that the emir had lost his most precious possession—face. Shaking with rage and frustration, he jerked his horse around, and Jonathan galloped ahead to the wrestlers.

They were waiting, crouched in their rope circles. Jonathan knew the rules—there weren't any. No hold was barred. But until his wrestler lay unconscious on the ground he could not leave. He knew he had no time. Jonathan vaulted off his horse and scooped his sweaty hands through the hot black sand as he ran toward the nearest wrestler.

The huge man crouched, arms bent, a smile of anticipation on his fleshy face. Jonathan came in fast, fists clenched. He slid to a stop and pitched a handful of black sand into the astonished wrestler's eyes. He sputtered and made a lightning blind dive for Jonathan. At that moment he got another handful of sand. Jonathan's haymaker flattened him on the sand. He didn't even twitch.

As he mounted, Jonathan jeered, "So! Any old lady with a handful of sand gets through this harem. You are planted like cabbages. *Kara kum lahanalar.* Black-sand cabbages!"

The crowd roared and started to chant, "*Kara kum lahanalar, kara kum lahanalar!*" As he galloped off he saw the wrestlers scowling at the laughing crowd and shouting threats. They were scooping up great handfuls of sand and roaring for a chance to vindicate themselves.

The crimson flags stretched half a mile across the sand and ascended a gentle green slope at the end. Jonathan galloped up the green slope. Too late he realized that the top terminated in an almost vertical, sixty-foot drop. His horse slid over the edge and out into the air—a moment of weightlessness and a crash. He was thrown clear and rolled to the bottom, where he lay breathless and dizzy with shock. His magnificent horse lay crumpled and unmoving, dead on the stony bottom. Jonathan looked dazedly up the incline. The others would soon be coming. They knew the course; they would slide cautiously to the bottom while he waited, defenseless.

Jonathan felt a twist of sickening fear. He got painfully to his hands and knees and staggered to his feet. He looked wildly about for some escape. There was none. Running would only delay his death—make it all the more humiliating. It took all his will power to stand rooted to the spot, thinking, thinking. He heard the faint and distant sound of his pursuers' horses, but his brain seemed fogged and useless with despair. *So this is where it is to be,* he thought, *deep in a jungle gully in a wild Asiatic country, by an arrow or a sword, bleeding and alone.* He stared at the luxuriant forest growth on the steep hillside above him. *This is all I shall ever see,* he thought—and suddenly an image of the general's office in the Pentagon appeared before his eyes. "When one is forced to fight for it, life becomes extremely precious," the general had said.

As if something beyond himself was manipulating him, he snatched up his sword and slashed at the long, thin vines festooning the forest floor. He dragged them across the path and tied them to trees on either side, trip ropes, as many as possible, stretched across—catch the horses' feet, trip them up, tumble them over, dismount the riders. Jonathan worked with frantic haste, cutting and tying, cutting and tying, cutting and tying.

"Not enough strong, Jonathan!" He whirled around. It was Bebesh. "They will break like threads!" she panted. She had been running. Her black hair hung loose and tangled to her shoulders, her chest heaved and her eyes were wide with terror.

She flung her thick woolen cloak on the ground. "Tear it into strips," she ordered, "but be fast—be fast." She pulled her heavy woolen dress off and tore at it with her strong bronzed hands. Under the smooth flesh of her body, Jonathan saw the muscles rippling with her exertions. They tied the strips end to end and swiftly twisted them into a heavy rope. They doubled it, twisted it again and tied it across the path. Bebesh quickly piled brush over it to hide the trap.

Suddenly she raised her hand. "Listen," she whispered, "they come." The

Sentiments

By May Richstone

She doesn't deserve a
husband like you.
Among a wife's sentiments,
isn't it curious
How this seems to be her
favorite view,
Whether she's pleased with
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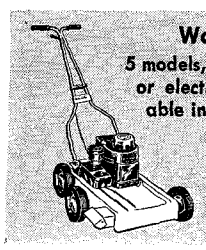

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5 models, 18" & 20" cut, gasoline- or electric-powered. Also available in a self-propelled model. Easily-adjustable cutting heights. "Sta-Temp" hardened blade stays sharper longer. Rope or retrievable starter.

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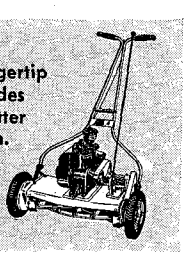

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drumming of hoofbeats sounded loudly above them. Bebesh fled into the woods.

A horseman was silhouetted against the sky and came sliding down the incline. The woolen rope caught his mount's forelegs and threw the rider into a neat front somersault. Jonathan sprang for the bridle. Above him was the thunder of many horses now. In an instant he was mounted and galloping through the forest. Three pursuers were sliding down into the trap, and one of them, he saw with a shock, was wearing a black shirt. Jonathan was horrified at the exhausted condition of his horse. Its strength must be carefully rationed even to finish the race.

The flags guided him back to the hill at the edge of the black sand. With the finish line at the khan's tent two miles away, he heard a crashing behind him in the woods.

More speed was impossible. Jonathan downed a moment of panic. "I want my life!" he cried, and his mind started appraising everything on himself and the horse as a possible weapon. He remembered the towel-snapping contests in the gym at school, and wondered if he could keep a horse away by snapping his red shirt in its face. He took it off and laid it before him on the pommel. Perhaps his scabbard could ward off a sword cut. He unfastened it and twisted it through his silk sash.

He had a mile and a half to go when the Emir Timur shot over the crest behind him. The reality of death galloping unswervingly down on him drove Jonathan's brain into a mad frenzy of ideas. Suddenly he started unwinding the green silk sash around his waist. It was tough and heavy, and over twenty feet long. He unhooked one of his massive bronze stirrups and knotted it firmly to one end of the sash. He tied the second stirrup to the other end. Timur was only a short distance away when Jonathan started whirling one of the stirrups around his head. After a few revolutions, his horse stopped shying. As the stirrup revolved faster and faster, he payed out more silk sash, until its whole length was whirling around his head in a whistling circle like an Argentine bola.

Jonathan heard Timur's laughter behind him. The sun flashed on the naked blade in his hand. When Timur was a bare ten yards behind, Jonathan let the other stirrup go. The whirling circle hit Timur's horse at the knees and the two bronze stirrups hurtled in and wrapped horse and rider into an immovable package. The loudness of the crash surprised even Jonathan.

The three of them were sitting under the canopy before the khan's tent. Jonathan was tinkering with the tiny transmitter—something was wrong with the message scrambler.

Bebesh was looking at him; so was the khan. "The people almost worship you, my son," he said. Jonathan realized he was using a form of the word which meant "son and heir." "Because of the brave tricks you played in the Game of Ott, things no one had ever done in our history," he smiled, "our scribes are engrossing them in the perpetual records—your cutting of the tether rope, the sand in the wrestler's eyes, the terrible whirling weapon which killed the Emir Timur." His eyes twinkled. "The rope trap at the bottom of the cliff," he asked innocently, "out of what American magic did you make that?" Bebesh was gazing down at the design of the Kazak rug.

"That was a Buranulke trick," Jonathan answered, "taught me here in your country, where you do not kiss, but you do love."

"Game Two calling Game One."

Jonathan snatched up the microphone. "Game One reporting success of mission to Game Two." He knew the importance of completing his message before his position was triangulated. "Parachute the atomic howitzer in and I can destroy the Trans-Siberian Railway any time we have to."

The other voice came in faintly, "Congratulations! How can you rely on the loyalty of Buranulke?"

Jonathan looked down at the damascened crest on the scabbard hanging from his sash. It was a wolf cub looking up at its father. He pressed the button on the mike. "Because the next khan will be an officer of G-Two, United States Army," he said.

"We will parachute some troops in to help you. Tip us off when and where to drop them."

Jonathan looked at the fine honest face of the old khan and then at the beauty of Bebesh; he thought of the hundreds of years the freedom-loving little country had bravely held off the rapacious outer world; he knew what would happen if anyone once established a foothold, even his own United States. It would be like Commodore Perry opening up Japan and setting the stage for Okinawa.

He pushed the little button. "You can rely on our complete loyalty and help. I pledge my word as an officer that, if it remains independent, every inhabitant of the Cyclone Country will defend with his life the ideals of freedom we hold in common." His voice became grim. "But don't send anyone in with weapons," he warned, "unless he is extremely good at the Game of Ott—even better than I am."

THE END

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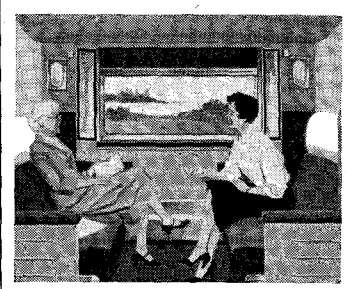
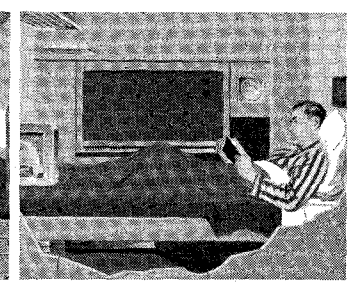


1. **Upper or Lower Berth.** Lowest priced of all Pullman sleeping accommodations, the "upper" is a fresh-white, king-size bed, built for blissful sleep! Next is the "lower," also a travel bargain in privacy and rest. Berths fold away for comfortable daytime seating.



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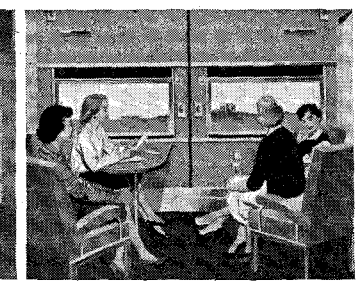

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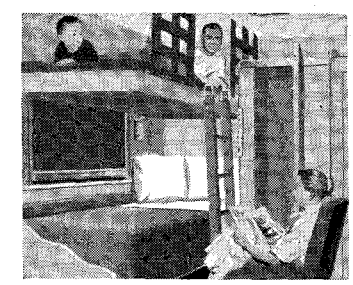
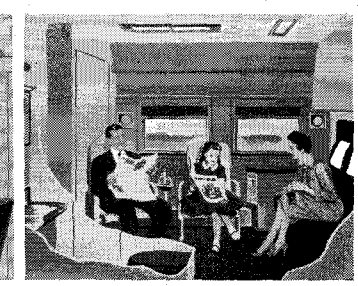


5. **Pullman Compartment.** Here is generous living and lounging space for two, or for two and a child. Two big king-size beds which fold away in the morning. Private toilet facilities. Liberal space for storing luggage, wraps and other belongings. And always, Pullman's courteous Porter service.



6. **Drawing Room.** Spacious quarters, priceless privacy, for family or group travel. By day a generous living room, with wide sofa and moveable lounge chairs. At night, three full-length beds. Completely enclosed private washroom. Extra-large wardrobe. For details, call your Ticket Agent.

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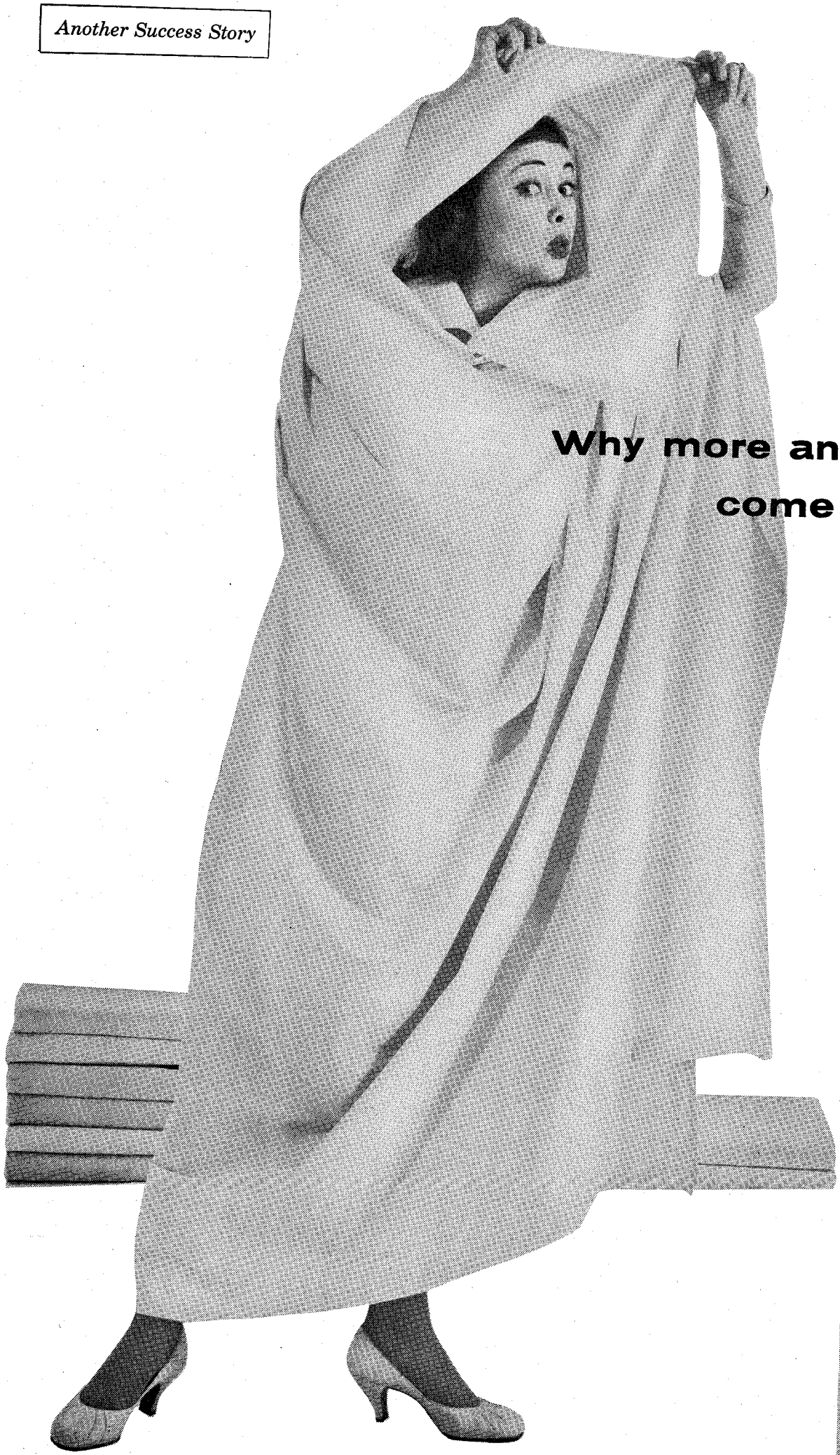

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The Pepperell story begins back in 1852. Pepperell Sheets were soft, sturdy, and snowy white. But women bought sheets simply because they were a household necessity.

Pepperell changed all this in 1928 by introducing *colored* sheets. Suddenly, sheets became glamorous, as well as useful. Naturally, this idea appealed to women. And naturally, Pepperell's sales figures skyrocketed. Over the years, the name Pepperell became synonymous with quality. And, as a result, even women who preferred white sheets began making sure their sheets were Pepperell.

A large part of Pepperell's success with women is due to the right kind of advertising to women. Pepperell began buying space in Ladies' Home Journal in 1910, and, over the years, the Journal has received a steadily larger share of Pepperell's budget. In the last 10 years, Pepperell's total advertising investment in the Journal is 25% greater than in the second magazine.

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Ladies' Home JOURNAL

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An Umpire Squawks Back (Continued from Page 37)

emember back in the 1949 Series beween New York and Brooklyn, when Tommy Henrich, of the Yankees, was rapped off second. Instead of going into he dugout, he walked over to Beans Reardon, the umpire, and whispered, 'Let me stand here for a while, Beansie, so they'll figure that it was at least close enough for me to give you a beef." Rearlon went along with him, and wound up aking the abuse which should have gone o Henrich. Tommy tells that story on himself.

Ballplayers of that kind are too used to he cheers. They can't stand a few boos. None of them could be umpires. They ack the guts. That's a strong word, but t's one we use in baseball every day. Most ballplayers of today just couldn't take it as umpires.

Umpires are caught in the middle of every emotional blowup by players who are trying hard to win. Now, aggressiveness is a great characteristic, and I don't mind aggressive players. They're usually tough, but fair. It's the alibi guys I can't stand. They know they're wrong, but they try to hold us up to ridicule. What makes it all the tougher is that we're not permitted to retaliate. I never have been able to reconcile myself to that.

Bill McGowan, the great American League umpire who died the winter before last, won the undying respect of us blue suits because he did what some of us always wanted to do—he blew his stack once in a while. One time he threw his indicator at Ray Scarborough, a Washington pitcher, who aggravated him by beefing at his calls on balls and strikes. He as much as said, "Go on, you do the umpiring!" Mac reportedly was fined $500 and suspended for a couple of weeks, but I'll bet he never enjoyed himself so much for $500.

Razzing an umpire has become as much a part of baseball as the bat and ball. I wish it weren't so. I've always admired Douglas MacArthur as a great general and American. But one day at the Polo Grounds, shortly after his return from Korea, he made a speech. It began, "I'm glad to be here and enjoy the privilege of booing the umpire in our great American tradition."

That soured him with me. This so-called "great American tradition" has not added to the decency or intelligence of our national game. Oh, umpires are going to make mistakes. I'm not trying to start a Be Kind to Umpires Week. But wouldn't modern-day baseball be faster and more entertaining if some of these players and fans would let the umpires do the umpiring?

Oddly, it often happens that players who are not in the game cause the trouble. These are the "bench jockeys." An umpire working behind home plate is right in the cross fire between the opposing benches. Unless their language gets out of hand and offends the box-seat customers within earshot, I let them go on. It gets plenty rugged when a pair like Leo Durocher and Jackie Robinson open up. Other real good bench jockeys have been Dick Bartell, Don Newcombe, Solly Hemus and Russ Meyer.

But I don't let them ride me. I won't stand for being hollered at. I had to put Ralph Branca, then a Brooklyn pitcher, out of the final game of the 1952 World Series because he tried to jockey me from the bench.

I'm a God-fearing man and I attend church each Sunday. Every day I pray before the game. I ask to be given the strength to do my job properly. I ask the Lord in Heaven to guide me in my decisions, but I don't think He sends the word down through any bench jockeys.

I am including the managers when I blame the players for the long games which probably keep as many fans away from the ball parks as free TV. I particularly recall a game last season that was delayed at least twenty minutes because Harry Walker, who had been named manager of the St. Louis Cardinals less than two weeks before, wanted Windy McCall, a left-handed pitcher of the Giants, ejected for "deliberately" throwing at Stan Musial.

While Walker was berating the umpires, Leo Durocher naturally got into the act for the Giants. Before long the two managers were going at it hot and heavy, and if it hadn't been for the umpires, they might have come to blows. When peace was finally restored and tempers cooled, what do you think Walker told the press? He said that he had no quarrel with Durocher, and that the cause of all the trouble was the umpires. They didn't know their business.

Walker is out of the league now and so is Durocher, who was no umpire's delight either. One time Leo popped off about the umpires in the National League. He said there were five of us, including myself, who had it in for him and held meetings before games to discuss ways of giving him the quick heave.

Now, everybody knows that's utterly ridiculous. Leo had to make a public apology for his preposterous charge. Actually, it's easy to kick a fellow out, and I don't have to hold meetings to figure how to do it. It's more difficult to use psychology to placate a hothead, so that he can remain of value to his team.

I eject maybe ten men a year. I don't know for sure, as I don't keep track. If a man kicks in a decent manner, I listen. If he gets abusive or tries to incite the crowd, he's got to go. I don't look for any player to love me. I once compared an umpire to a woman. Both are quick to make decisions, always get in the last word and insist that a man is never safe when he's out.

Another thing that is causing an increasing amount of trouble these days is the so-called bean ball. It leads to arguments, fights and feuds among the ballplayers and managers, with the umpires getting involved through no fault of their own. I've already cited the Walker-Durocher wrangle. A feud which still flares up occasionally is the Giant-Dodger bitterness which began in 1953, when Carl Furillo, Brooklyn outfielder, claimed that Durocher had ordered pitcher Ruben Gomez to throw at him. Furillo and Durocher had a tussle which resulted in Carl's breaking his hand.

We have a rule in the National League which demands that the umpire be the judge as to whether a pitch is an intentional bean ball. If the umpire is convinced that the pitcher is deliberately throwing at the batter, the umpire warns him. If he doesn't stop, the umpire then is supposed to eject the pitcher, who receives a heavy fine and suspension.

I don't like the rule. I don't think an umpire should have to decide intent. I can't read minds, and have no way of knowing whether a pitcher is deliberately throwing at a man. Protective helmets and cap linings are available. Let the batters wear them. Some didn't, but they will have to from now on. Our league made it mandatory this year. I don't see why the American League didn't do the same. I've been after them for years to pass that rule. It's bound to save some cracked skulls.

It may sound radical, coming from an umpire, but I'm a true believer in the duster, or brush-back pitch. I'm not talking about a deliberate, vicious attempt to hit a man in the head. I don't think I've ever seen that in the major leagues. I'm talking about the pitch which is thrown high and tight so as to have a psychological effect on the hitter. I believe this is part of baseball. Stan Musial, whom I consider one of the best ballplayers alive, agrees with me.

"A good hitter senses when a brush-back pitch is coming," Stan has told me. "He has to look for that high-and-tight one now and then. It's only natural for a pitcher to try to keep a man from getting a toehold. Most good pitchers will loosen up a hitter and try to get him in a frame of mind which will cause him to pull away from a curve ball on the following pitch."

I'll never forget the first time I saw Musial. He had just come up to the Cardinals in September, 1941. It may have been his third or fourth big-league game. St. Louis was playing Brooklyn, and Van Lingle Mungo was pitching for the Dodgers. And how that big guy could fire the ball! His first pitch sent Musial sprawling into the dirt. The second sent him down again. I was working behind the plate, and I remember saying to myself, "What a heck of a thing to do to a young player!" I wondered what the kid would do with the next pitch. I soon found out. Mungo

> The best way for a woman to watch her calories is from a distance.
>
> MORRIE GALLANT

threw him a curve ball on the outside, and Musial stepped into it and crashed it far out against the left-center-field wall for a three-base hit. I felt like yelling, "You sure scared the heck out of him, Mungo!"

A bigger problem than the bean-ball epidemic is the unnecessary length of the games. A three-hour ball game isn't unusual any more. Pitchers take more time between pitches than they used to. The batter also is getting out of the box a lot more often than he used to. Managers change pitchers, infielders hold meetings and catchers go into conferences first with the pitcher, then the coach, then the manager. What can the umpire do? All he does is to keep calling time out.

I realize the pitchers have to be more careful than in the old days, because the home run is more of a threat. Once in a while it is necessary to hold a conference, as when a pitcher has crossed up a catcher by mistaking a sign. But usually the delays are only part of a general pattern of stalling.

A good rule which should speed up the game would be the banning of protests on ball-and-strike calls. There already is a rule forbidding the manager to come out of the dugout to protest a ball or strike decision, but the player can beef as loud and long as the umpire lets him.

Also, mound huddles should be restricted to four men—the pitcher, catcher, manager and one infielder. The International League has another good rule we ought to adopt. If a manager comes out to talk to his pitcher for the second time in an inning, either he has to take out that pitcher or out he goes himself. The American League is trying a similar rule this year.

Perhaps it strikes you that I think the players, managers, officials and rules are wrong, but the umpires are always right. Nothing of the sort. We make mistakes and have faults. Some of us are guilty of not hustling. Occasionally umpires ball up their assignments, and you see such idiotic things as two men calling the same play differently or two failing to call a play at all.

There also have been charges that some umpires are "hams" who play to the grandstand and know where the TV cameras are located in every park. We had that kind even before television. In the days of Bill Klem they were called "newspaper umpires." I think it's just their way of being colorful. Klem was most colorful.

An umpire with a good memory isn't a good umpire, either. We have to have a faculty for forgetting what happened on the ball field as soon as the game ends. That's why Leo Durocher never could be an umpire. The big trouble with Leo was his memory. I'll say this, though: I traveled with Leo and the Giants on their trip to Japan in the fall of 1953, and off the field nobody ever treated me better than Durocher.

Father Time eventually mellows the Durochers, the Stengels and the Dressens, and a winning team often works miracles—Durocher was thrown out of only two games in 1954, the year he won his last pennant with the Giants. Otherwise there isn't much that can be done to change those guys. They are just born that way, and there is something within them that drives them relentlessly on.

Eddie Stanky used to annoy me more than Durocher did because he tried to imitate Leo too much. Both were sharp-voiced bantams who would try to overwhelm an umpire with words any time. Stanky got himself into a lot of trouble with his own people in St. Louis for squawking so much.

I was sorry to see him go last spring, though, because he made an honest effort to reform, and I think he was succeeding. I'm sure he's learned his lesson. I think he has a chance to become a real fine manager, starting in again this year at Minneapolis. He certainly has the baseball knowledge and is smart enough, as he demonstrated many times both as a player and a manager.

Charley Grimm is a successful manager and he's a nice guy. He never gives an umpire trouble, and he still wins ball games. Walter Alston is another of the Grimm school. He didn't get the breaks his first year, but he went all the way in 1955. He had a great record in the minors, too, and I'd be willing to stake a small bet that he didn't compile it by nagging and kicking at umpires. He doesn't say much, but he always knows the score. Don't underestimate Mr. Alston.

Birdie Tebbetts has been doing a fine job with Cincinnati, and he never gets too involved with umpires. I think he is smart enough to stick to his own job and not try to do the umpire's job too. Fred Haney, who was let out at Pittsburgh at the end of last season, is as well steeped in the know-how of handling a ball club as anybody. He did a lot with what he had, and he did it all without getting into verbal tiffs with umpires.

When Stan Hack was a player he was on my All Nice Guys Team. I haven't changed my mind about him after his two years as manager of the Chicago Cubs. I got a laugh one day last season when my partner, Lon Warneke, who has since resigned from the National League staff, put Stanley out of a game. I never saw a more surprised look on anybody's face.

"You can't do that, Lon," Hack pleaded with Warneke. "Why, you and I were old teammates, buddies, roomies on the Cubs. You wouldn't throw an old pal of yours out of a game, would you?"

Warneke just looked at him. "Seems to me I just did," he said, and walked away. (*Continued on Page 194*)

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(*Continued from Page 191*) From what I have seen of Mayo Smith, manager of the Phillies, he is strictly the kind who minds his own business and leaves the umpires to theirs. Let's wait another year before we pass judgment on him.

While on the subject, I'd like to list my All-Star squad of nice guys, based on my personal observations in the major leagues. These are past and present players who have proved that a man can achieve stardom without battling the umps:

First base: Gil Hodges, Ted Kluszewski.
Second base: Red Schoendienst, Billy Herman.
Third base: Stan Hack, Travis Jackson.
Shortstop: Pee Wee Reese, Marty Marion.
Outfielders: Stan Musial, Enos Slaughter, Terry Moore, Willie Mays, Carl Furillo, Paul Waner.
Catchers: Gabby Hartnett, Walker Cooper.
Pitchers: Carl Hubbell, Robin Roberts.

This is strictly a National League team because I haven't had the opportunity of seeing much of the American League. However, some of the real nice stars I have known from that circuit are Ted Williams, Charley Gehringer and Tony Lazzeri.

To pick a contrasting All-Star line-up of chronic gripers and kickers would not be too easy. That is, it would be hard to produce a full nine who were stars. Usually the real good ballplayer is too busy playing ball to bother with challenging umpires. There are several exceptions around today, unfortunately. However, it would serve no useful purpose for me to make their names public. Anyway, those fellows generally give themselves away.

I've had my share of trouble with ballplayers on the field, and I can't say I've always been right. Once I was severely reprimanded by Ford Frick, then president of the National League. It was in 1938, my third year in the majors. Casey Stengel, who was managing the Boston Braves at that time, became quite upset over some of my calls on balls and strikes. Finally, in disgust, he waved a towel in my direction. I felt he was trying to show me up in front of the fans. Instead of quietly warning him—or better yet, ejecting him—I took out my handkerchief and waved it back at him.

The fans enjoyed it, but Frick had me on the carpet for the stunt. "It's a disgrace," he told me. "You are lowering the dignity of your profession. Never do such a thing again."

That was the closest I've ever come to being fined. I think I deserved one. I knew I was wrong even as I did it. But I was so incensed that it seemed the quickest way to retaliate. I owe a great deal to Frick, now the commissioner of baseball. He brought me to the big leagues when I had given up all hope of ever making it. He had a great way of building confidence in young umpires.

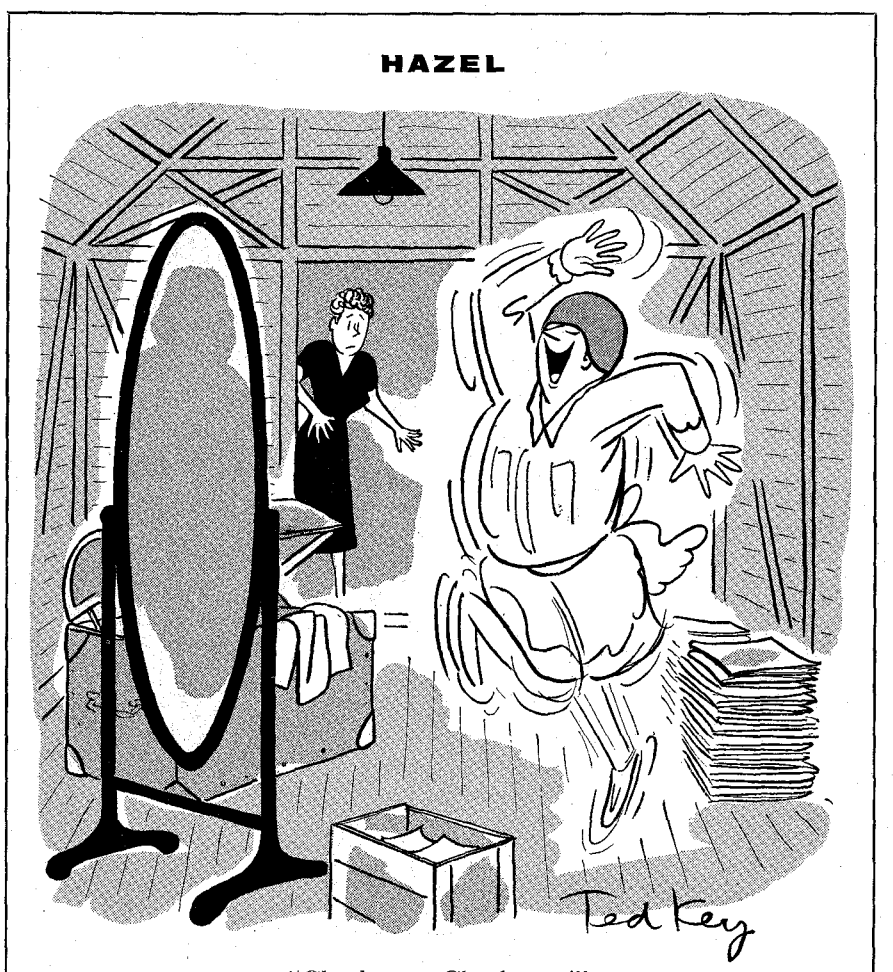
The pet peeves of umpires can be classed under three headings: Showboats, Whiners and Surveyors.

Showboats are those who not only complain but do it noisily and with gestures, so as to make the umpire look bad. Pitchers who show disgust at a call by turning their backs and walking around the mound in mad little circles fit this description, as do catchers who hold the ball for a few seconds before returning it to the pitcher.

The Whiner is the chronic complainer. Umpires know it's part of the job to listen to some complaints during a ball game, but the guys who whine continually try our patience. It's like arguing with a woman. As a rule, they are not abusive and very few have to be ejected. But they are quite a nuisance.

The Surveyors include the pitchers who, when they disagree with a call, walk toward the plate and bend over it in the manner of a road surveyor, drawing an imaginary line where they think the ball crossed the plate. The batting equivalent is the guy who steps out of the box and looks stonily at the plate, meanwhile shaking his head in pain at such a gross miscarriage of justice.

Then there are the members of the Never-Out Club. At that, the griping ballplayer isn't so bad as the lame-duck critic who is employed in the front office. Frank Lane, the new general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, was one of the loudest umpire-baiters around in his previous role as general manager of the Chicago White Sox. He did a great job of rebuilding the White Sox, but that hardly entitled him to rap the umpires incessantly.



"Charleston, Charleston!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Frank and I are old acquaintances. I worked with him when he was trying to umpire college baseball years ago. He was a good basketball and football official, but a flop at baseball. I remember how strict he used to be in college sports when a player flouted his authority. If he called a penalty against a kid in a football game and the youngster gave him a dirty look, he'd grab the ball and pace off another fifteen yards. Yet he thought it was all right for American League baseball umpires to be hounded and abused.

Umpiring is better today than it ever was. Umpires are better trained when they come into the big leagues. I'm proud to be a National League umpire. The strange part of it is, though, I always wanted to work in the American League, even though I was born in Cincinnati in 1900 and still make that city my home.

I almost became an American League umpire in 1927, nine years before I went to the National League. My contract had been sold to the American League, but the sale was canceled before the season began. That was because of a jam I got into with Joe Carr, then president of the Columbus, Ohio, club in the American Association as well as president of the National Football League.

During a fan riot in Columbus, my partner, Joe Rue, was hit on the head with a pop bottle and knocked unconscious. The bottle tosser was nabbed by the police, but freed when Carr refused to press charges. Carr said he didn't want any more trouble. I berated him for this, and he never forgave me. So I never got to the American League.

The Columbus incident was minor compared to the trouble I got into during the deciding game of the Little World Series of 1929, between Kansas City, of the American Association, and Rochester, of the International League. George Toporcer, of Rochester, pushed me around in protesting a called third strike, and refused to leave when I ordered him out of the game. Billy Southworth, the Rochester manager, let Toporcer return to his place at second base the next inning, so I had Toporcer removed from the field. After Kansas City won in the eleventh inning, the Rochester police had to escort the umpires off the field, and it took me an hour and forty-five minutes to get out of the dressing room and into a squad car.

Tom Hickey, president of the American Association, called Toporcer's action the most outrageous thing he'd ever seen. But when an investigation was held, Southworth and Toporcer merely were fined $250 and $750 respectively, and I got fired without a hearing.

I was out of a job when the 1930 season began, but umpires in the Association began to have trouble, and President Hickey, at the request of Mike Kelley, owner of the Minneapolis club, hired me back at a raise in pay. A few years later, I met Toporcer and reminded him of the incident in Rochester. George, now blind, was then beginning to lose his sight. He grinned and said, "Say, I made a fool of myself that time, didn't I?" Toporcer just loved to win. He was sincere and honest.

An umpire's life is much more difficult in the minors than it is in the majors. In the minors he's never certain he'll get the full backing of his superior, the league president. Judge William Bramham was one executive who gave his umpires complete backing. He headed three minor leagues in the mid-'20's, and each one made money. Later he became president of all the minor leagues, the job George Trautman now holds.

In 1924 I was a young umpire in the Piedmont League, which Bramham headed. One day in Danville, Virginia, my partner, Jack O'Toole, made a decision against the home club which resulted in the ejection of the manager and a victory for the visitors. The fans saw red and besieged our dressing room after the game. Whenever Jack or I would stick our heads out we'd be hit with rocks. The police finally had to spring us.

The citizens of Danville, headed by the mayor, then sent a signed petition to Bramham, declaring that if we returned, they would not be responsible for our safety. Bramham told the mayor that we would be back and named the date. He added that if police protection was not offered, the Danville franchise would be revoked. We showed up as advertised, and, except for some boos, were not bothered. That's the way to run a league!

I like to believe I was born to be an umpire. As a youngster in Cincinnati, I used to go to the Reds' ball park a lot. I was more interested in watching the umpires than the ballplayers. My idol was Bill Klem. I always admired his style of umpiring. It was a great thrill for me when I finally got to team up with him, although he was a tough man to work with. We had different ideas on how to do certain things and, both of us being stubborn Dutchmen, we had a few flare-ups.

I will say, though, that Klem never spoke behind your back. You always knew where you stood with him. I think he liked me. I'll always be grateful for his help. I was fortunate, too, in being able to work with a fellow like Beans Reardon. Beansie taught me more than anyone else.

I umpired my first game for pay when I was eighteen. I started out at fifteen dollars a game, and for two years worked in semipro games. When the Bluegrass League opened in 1920, I became one of the umpires. I was paid seventy-five dollars a week and expenses. I umpired in the minors for sixteen years all together. Umpires come up quicker now. They used to have only two umpires for each game in the major leagues, instead of the present four, so vacancies didn't open up as fast.

It was through an accident that I finally got to the majors. The National League had purchased Tiny Parker for the 1936 season, but Tiny was seriously injured in an automobile accident, which temporarily prevented him from reporting. The National needed an umpire badly, and I was sent in Tiny's place.

In my thirty-six years as an umpire I have learned that no profession in the world has a finer reputation for honesty than mine. I recall one time when I had a run-in with a baseball official who had been a banker. This gentleman insisted that Tom Hickey, president of the American Association, should fire me.

"Listen," Mr. Hickey told him, "good umpires are hard to find. As far as I know, the penitentiary is full of bankers, but I don't know of a single umpire there!"

We take all sorts of abuse, but sometimes we get razzed by a guy with a sense of humor. One Sunday I was hit on the ankle by a line drive and knocked down. A fellow in the stands shouted loud enough for me to hear, "Serves you right, Goetz! That's what you get for stealing on Sunday!" THE END

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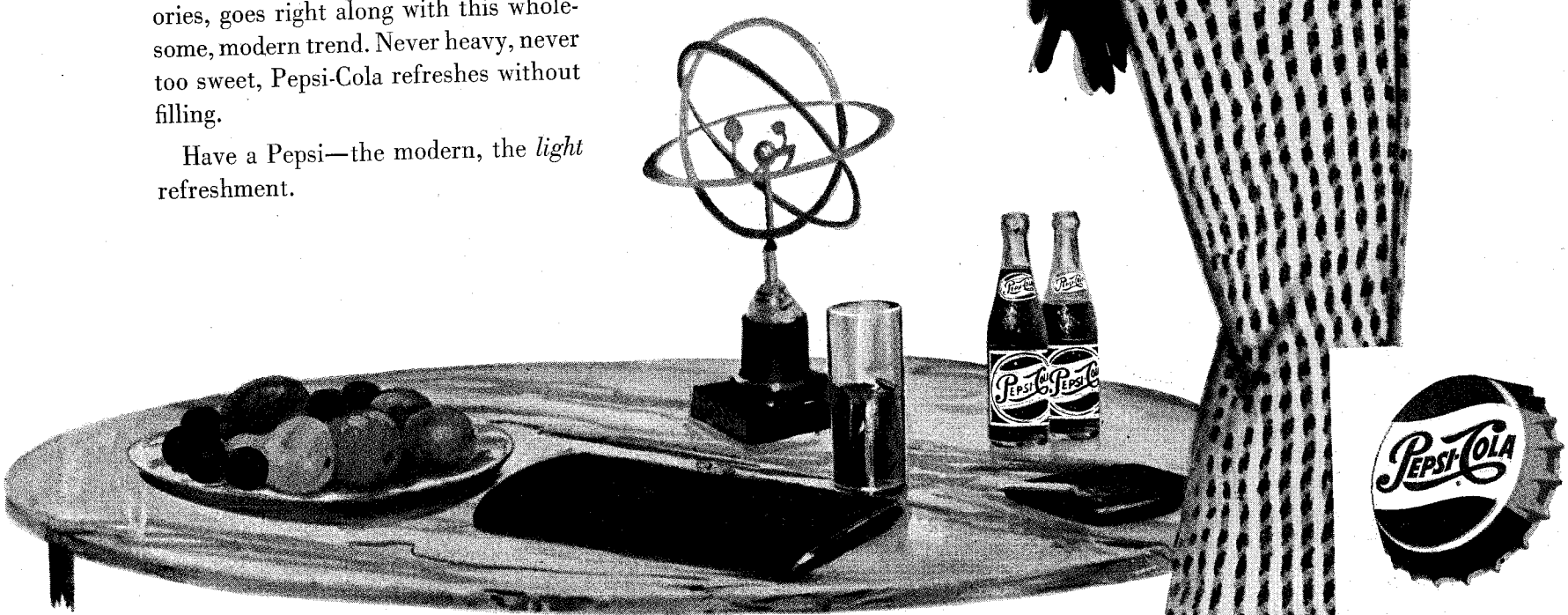

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Keeping Posted

He Had Adventures in Many Languages

Charles Thayer, during his diplomatic service here and there about the globe, learned to speak quite fluently in four foreign tongues, and middling fluently in several others. Which is why he got all upset when, having written his important series of Russian reports (page 42) and having gone on a vacation to Jamaica, he had an awful time trying to understand what the Jamaican natives were using for words. They speak English. "I do not believe they speak English," Thayer writes in high dudgeon.

Thayer fears he is something of a linguistic assassin when it comes to grammar. He says he knows nothing about the forty-two endings of a Russian adjective, and he regards genders as mere traps for foreigners. "Mark Twain once pointed out that a German word for 'woman' [*Weib*] is neuter while the word for 'turnip' is feminine, so why bother?" Asked who speaks the best Russian in our diplomatic service, he says that while several young Foreign Service officers are expert, he supposes top honor must be shared by ex-Ambassador George Kennan, the author's first boss in the service, and present Ambassador Charles Bohlen, Thayer's brother-in-law. Thayer, who learned Russian in Moscow customs sheds and warehouses as an embassy messenger, exclaims, "But there's one facet of the language in which I yield to no one. Swearing. I even know the genders for that."

To show that Thayer's Russian isn't so bad, one time during the World War, when he was chief of the U.S. Military Mission to Yugoslavia and was with Marshal Tito in Serbia, he made a long speech in Serbo-Croatian, a Slavic tongue somewhat like Russian. When he finished, a Soviet general cried happily, "That's the first Serb speech I've understood!" Tito, seated beside Thayer, gasped between guffaws, "Small wonder! His Serb is ninety per cent Russian!"

This reminds Thayer that not long afterward, he was interpreting for Gen. Al Gruenther, and the general told him to suggest to a Russian general that Vienna's city water supply be treated with hydro-salic-ferro-chloro-pheno—— At which point Thayer interrupted, "I'm sorry, but I don't even know what you're saying in English." Gruenther snapped, "Didn't you study chemistry at West Point?" Thayer replied sweetly, "Yes, but my instructor was Captain Al Gruenther." They took up the next subject on the agenda.

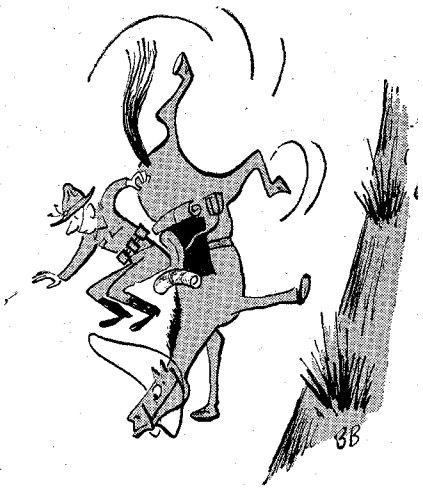
Thayer claims to worry that his four-year-old son, who has been brought up in Spain and Germany, has inherited his linguistic backwardness. Not long ago, while strolling in a Bavarian forest, the lad vainly struggled for the words to tell a long story, and finally apologized, "Papa, by me the language *ist nicht muy bien*, no?" Thayer reflects, "I have hopes that once we eliminate his Spanish, his Pennsylvania Dutch will be superb."

The Terrible Game and How it Started

Moore used to sail on Sea of Marmora; the family studies Turkish boat model.

Dan Moore's page 46 story got started during a strange event at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, when he was six years old and his father, Capt. Dan T. Moore, later a colonel, was starting at the Fort the Artillery School of Fire. Captain Moore, wishing his officers to be as hard as nails, devised a terrible game for them to play every little while. The hardening men had to catch their own horses, race to a rifle range, stay there until they broke a bottle with their name on it, race to the pistol range and do likewise. Then, at full gallop, they had to cut off a dummy's head with their sabers, and the rest of the race was just a hell-for-leather, steeplechase-style madness, which at one point went over an almost vertical precipice into a creek.

Well, one day little Dan and some of his little pals decided to help harden the officers. Part way down the precipice the tied a rope between two trees, and whe the horsemen came hurtling down, the greatly regretted seeing the rope ahea of them. As the horses were already slid ing with all their brakes on, there wa nothing more the riders could do. Reach ing the rope, the whole race looped hea over heels and hoofs, but in fairly slov motion, so that nobody was painfull damaged except mentally. Each boy ex cept one was emotionally spanked by hi father, whereas Captain Moore congrat ulated his boy for making the terrible game tougher. This boy, now in his late forties, has made it still tougher in hi story. That his hero starts things going with a parachute jump may be because the writer used to be a parachute officer.



Author Moore, an Army major in World War II and an appointee to a number of important governmental posts, free-lance-writes in Cleveland on a family sailing-catamaran on Lake Erie. He has been appointed a member of Ohio Governor Lausche's delegation to the Democratic National Convention, and he is running for county recorder in the May eighth primaries in Cuyahoga County (Cleveland)—but as his political opponents are undoubtedly loyal Post readers, may the best man win.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"How We Solve Our Teen-Age Problem"

Florida used to have one of the nation's highest juvenile-delinquency rates. Now it boasts the lowest. How was this achieved? Gov. LeRoy Collins will tell you.

What's Jake Hay Been Up To?

"The real purty girl in the photo is Mrs. Hay," assures Jacob Hay, "and that leering buffoon I never saw before in my life, officer." The real purty man, who is going on titillating people with his fiction on page 43, has switched from newspapering in North Carolina to public-relationing in Baltimore, and consequently has purchased a natty black hat to go with his charcoal-gray suit which he plans to buy some time. He reports that this is the only high adventure he has had since his previous report, except that recently he took up learning to play the accordion, but gave it up when his dog took up learning to howl. He gave back the accordion, which was borrowed, and kept the dog.

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Important Milestones in Modern Medicine: 1796—Triumph Over Contagious Diseases. First inoculation by Dr. Jenner. 1848—Triumph Over Pain. Dr. Morton's discovery of ether. 1929—Triumph Over Bacterial Infections. Fleming discovers penicillin.

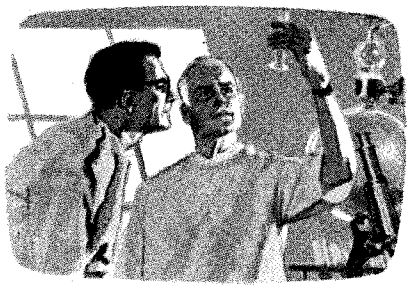
Now—1956—Procter & Gamble proudly announces . . .

TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan strengthens tooth enamel to lock out decay from within

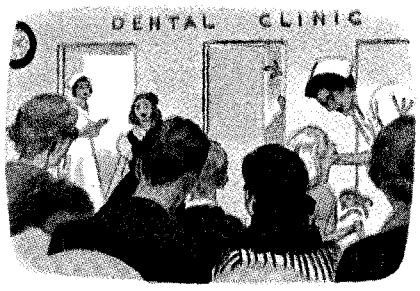
Fluoristan is Procter & Gamble's exclusive stannous fluoride formula—proven the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste

Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches. For years, children growing up in certain Western towns were virtually without cavities. Then science learned why: nature's decay-preventive, *fluoride,* was present in their drinking water!



Science Long Tried to Capture Fluoride—only medically-approved preventive of decay—in a toothpaste. At last, after years of research, university scientists discovered *Fluoristan*—the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.

Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest. Without Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. Crest protects all permanent teeth, both of adults and of children, six years of age and over.



Dentists Tested Crest for three years on 5,673 people. No toothpaste stops all decay—but Crest set decay prevention records *never approached by any other toothpaste.* Thus Crest marks a new era . . . triumph over tooth decay everywhere.

IMPORTANT

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay for everyone, everywhere, by strengthening tooth enamel. Thereby, Crest marks a turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

Instead of waiting helplessly for cavities to strike, Crest now makes it possible for you to build strong defenses against decay *within teeth themselves*...to actually *fortify* teeth so that they turn back the destructive attacks of decay (as opposed to the old-fashioned method of brushing a temporary coating of protection on the surface of the teeth). With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.

Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE PREVENTS DECAY LIKE ***CREST!***

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LIGHTER BY SCHLUMBERG, INC.

"KENT" AND "MICRONITE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY.

BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

If you smoke a lot, shouldn't it be KENT?

KENT always tastes clean and fresh . . . it's the only cigarette with the Micronite Filter for high filtration. KENT helps you keep your smoking moderate—without cutting down on pleasure! The Micronite Filter actually smooths the smoke—so you get more enjoyment from KENT's rich, custom-blended tobaccos. When it's just a few pennies one way or another, why settle for less than KENT . . . especially if you smoke a lot!

King Size and Regular length

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